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Camp-fires of the Revolution; Or, The War of Independence, ...

Henry Clay Watson

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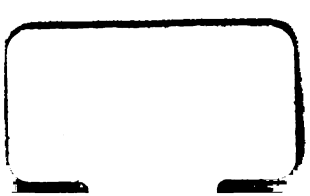

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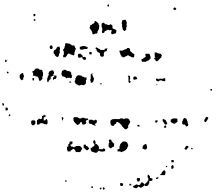

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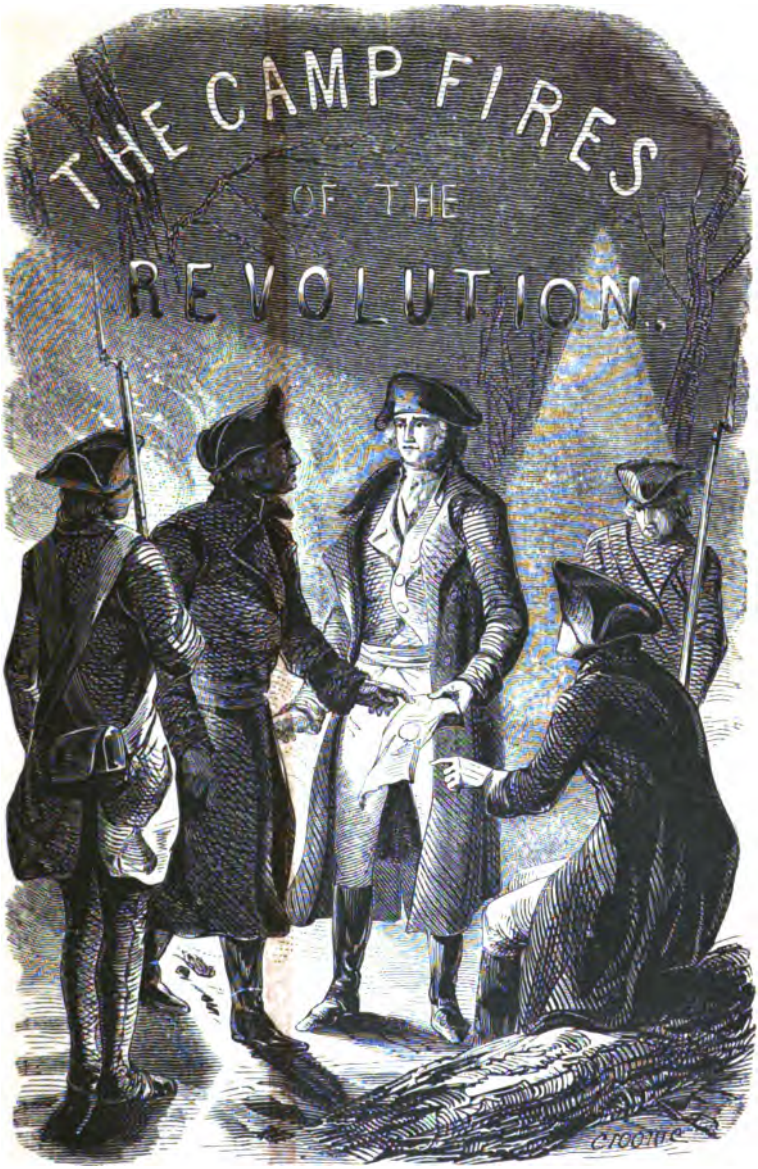

EVENING AFTER THE BATTLE OF TRENTON.

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CAMP-FIRES

OF

THE REVOLUTION:

OR, THE

War of Independence,

ILLUSTRATED BY

THRILLING EVENTS AND STORIES

BY THE

Old Continental Soldiers.

BY HENRY C. WATSON.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS BY CROOME.

PHILADELPHIA:

LINDSAY AND BLAKISTON.

1859.

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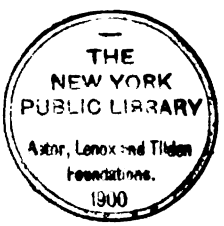

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PREFACE.

In presenting the "Camp-Fires of the Revolution" to the public, a few remarks may be necessary, or, at least, will not be *mal à propos*. The "battles, sieges, fortunes," of the war in which American Independence was secured, may be found detailed in history, with all possible accuracy, and elaborate criticism. But the sufferings of the ill-furnished soldiers during the long and dreary winters of that period, and their means of whiling away the time when forced to gather around the camp-fire and watch when they had not the conveniences for sleeping, are not to be found on the dignified page of history. Yet are they worthy of being noted; and, by the aid of the few remaining heroes of that terrible struggle, when "Saxon met Saxon," —those few remaining links which chain us to the past, we may imagine the extent of their

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suffering, and the means they made use of to draw their attention from its severity. It is thought, a work upon the plan of the "Camp-Fires of the Revolution," will bring the doings and the scenes of the "trying time" more vividly before the mind than the common history. Here we have the incidents of various battles, and the exploits of chieftains, told as if by eye-witnesses, and in the familiar, easily comprehended language of the farmer and mechanic soldiers of the American army. No later achievements of a more dazzling character should withdraw the admiration and the gratitude of the American people from those iron-nerved patriots who, destitute of most of the requisites of an army, conquered only because they were determined to conquer. Their history affords the brightest examples for the imitation of those who would be truly brave and patriotic.

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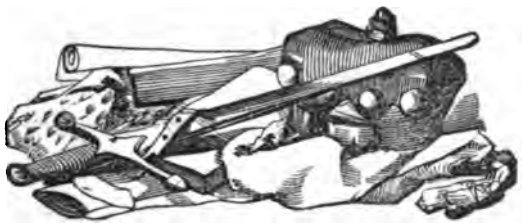

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CAMP-FIRES OF THE REVOLUTION.

THE CAMP-FIRE ON DORCHESTER HEIGHTS.

A SEASON of gloom and anxiety, harassing as that which preceded the action on Bunker Hill, had set in upon that army of patriots which during ten months had prosecuted the siege of Boston. A movement was made silently, and by night, toward Dorchester Heights; in the bright moonlight of a still March evening, the chosen band, under General Thomas, selected the ground, broke the frozen earth, and began the erection of breastworks. No words were spoken, save those of command, and they crept along the lines in whispers; none thought of rest, or complained of fatigue; but animated by the desire of liberty, by the remembrance of Bunker Hill and Concord, and by the thoughts of those who had been left at the fireside, lonely and defenceless, they toiled with an alacrity and success which astonished themselves.

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Far different was the scene on the plains. There, throughout the night, the whole park of artillery, superintended by Washington in person, played upon the city of Boston, illuminating the sky with arches of fire, and dimming the pale light of the moon. Strange and bewildering was the spectacle to many of the colonists; for even after an actual warfare of many months, they could not comprehend how brethren of the same race could embrue their hands in each other's blood. Yet the object of Washington was less to annoy the enemy, than to conceal the operations at Dorchester Heights. He succeeded; and on the following day, the British troops beheld, with admiration and astonishment, a series of breast-works, which, looming through the morning mist, seemed, in their distorted proportions, to be the work of giants.

Yet all this was but the prelude to a more exciting scene. Throughout that day, the forts of Boston, and the shipping in the harbour, maintained a heavy fire upon the frail works on the Heights; while General Thomas and his officers, mounted on horseback, perceived, with the aid of their glasses, closely compacted regiments marching toward the ferry. That an attack was intended, none doubted; and the heart of many a patriot throbbed with mingled emotions, as he thought on the prize which was to be staked on the following morning.

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The sun went down behind thin, misty clouds; and as the light grew fainter till it was lost in darkness, the bustle and animation on each side increased. The men on the Heights, no longer fearful of discovery, worked merrily; encouraging each other by every means, until the breastwork was finished. Washington crossed over from the opposite plain, that he might superintend the expected battle in person; the sturdy yeomanry, aroused by rumors of the events of the two preceding days, poured into the camp well armed, and threatening vengeance on the foe; and amid the uproar of a cannonade by night, the brave men who had labored so assiduously, raised their tents and built their fires amid showers of earth and stones, struck from the hill by the enemy's balls.

The men lay on their arms all night. Most of them were soon sunk in slumber; but there were a few whom excitement would not suffer to sleep. These, in small groups, sat around the blazing piles, listening to the sounds which came at irregular intervals from the city, or rehearsing stories of the last year's adventures. One of these groups, consisting of four men, might be seen seated with their backs against a huge bundle of hay, that formed part of the works, and partaking with great satisfaction of a slight repast; making a table, of course, of their knees.

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"I hope they'll get across the Neck," remarked one, whose name was Stuart.

"Heaven grant it!" was the answer. "If they do, they'll remember Dorchester for some years, I'm thinking. It will be a bloodier battle than Bunker Hill. Think of poor Warren, boys!"

"He shall be revenged!" exclaimed another, named Hadley. "As for me, I don't see the use of this tiresome business that they call a 'siege.' Here we've been marching, and drilling, and firing cannon, ever since—let me see—was n't it June when old Putnam fought on Bunker Hill?"

Stuart answered in the affirmative.

"Well, ever since then. I know it was dreadful hot, and we'll soon have summer again; so it's been almost a year. Why don't his excellency let us march over at once, and drive the red-coat rascals and tories out of town, as we did at Concord?"

"Because he knows better than we do," Stuart replied.

"Hark!" exclaimed the eldest of the four, named Green. "Was that cannon?"

A deep, crashing sound broke on the stillness which had reigned for a short time previous, and the echo rolled heavily in the distance. Then all was again silent, save that the breathing of the wearied men was heard around, and sounds which seemed strange and mysterious, came from the harbor. The party

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grasped their muskets, and looked one upon another, in breathless expectation.

"It sounded like thunder," Stuart said, breaking the silence.

"Not likely to thunder in the month of March," replied Green.

"But let's keep quiet, boys, till we get orders; for you may depend upon it, we'll have enough to do before many days."

"Tell us about Concord, Ben," said Stuart, addressing Hadley. "I wish I had been there with you."

"You may well wish that," was the reply, as Hadley placed himself in a more erect position, preparatory to beginning upon his favourite theme.

"It was a glorious day; and the neighbors rose in their strength, to show the murderers of our people who was going to be master. It made the blood tingle in our veins, when we came to Concord, and saw our poor countrymen lying by the roadside, and heard that ruffian Pitcairn cursing the handful of men who were flying before his bayonets!"

"Did our men run?" enquired Barry.

"Yes," resumed Hadley, "till the boys from Reading, Dorchester, and Roxbury, came up. Then we went right at them. We did n't wait for a commander; we did n't besiege them; but we beat them clean up the old road from Concord to Lexington, and from Lexington to Charlestown, till every poor fellow

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who fell on our side was properly revenged — all because they called us rebels!"

"It *was* a glorious day!" ejaculated Stuart, half-musingly.

"But tell us how it began, and all about it," said Barry.

"So I will; but let us stir up the fire first, for it's getting chilly.—You remember what a stir there was in Boston, when Gage arrived with 'reinforcements,' as he called them. A worse-looking set of thieves and rascals — for they are nothing else — you never saw. They squinted maliciously at the neighbors as they marched by; and some of them had got so used to that fashion, that they could n't look straight when they tried! I was in town then; and I tell you, lads, it was hard to keep hands off of them, even though they did shoulder muskets. Some brisk lads met, two or three days afterwards, to see if they could plan some mischief against them; but one, who had been to college and read a great many books, persuaded them out of it. I think he was half a coward, though he did know more than the rest of us.

"Things went on bad enough for more than a year, but we didn't get to blows with the soldiers, because the time had n't come. Our great men had determined not to strike the first blow, and not to take the second, without putting one in between. By and by, the Boston men discovered that Gage had spies out,

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who went through all the streets, prying into everybody's business, and reporting anything that they thought would hurt one of our men, to the officers. Many a one was treated hard enough, merely because these telltales informed on him. But still we kept quiet, only trying to get one of these villains into a by-place, where tar and feathers might be had. At last, however, these fellows became such a nuisance, that some working-men in town formed a society to watch them; and you may depend upon it, they did the business close enough. Every night, even in the depth of winter, they would be out, walking the streets in all directions, mixing with the soldiers, talking to the spies, and picking up all kinds of news about the army, sometimes before it reached Gage's men themselves. No weather could keep them from their duty. These men waded through snow-storms, breasted the rain, and travelled over the glib ice when everything cracked with the cold. Once, one of them, tired, I suppose, with working hard all day, stumbled and fell into a frozen pond in the upper part of the town, which came near costing him his life.

"There was a good deal of drilling among our boys about the same time, and we continued to store up some ammunition where Gage's men could n't find it. The women helped us mightily in this work, knowing, as they did, so many nooks and corners where things could be stowed away in safety. By and by

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our men grew bolder. They stored their powder and balls at Concord, not caring whether Gage knew of it or not; and some of them talked pretty strongly about kicking up a fuss, if the soldiers should be sent to take away what did n't belong to them."

"They were sent, though," interrupted Barry.

"Yes — but do n't drive me ahead of the story. — The battle, you know, took place on Wednesday. Well, on the Saturday previous, Dr. Warren observed a great stir among the soldiers; and before night a good number of them were off duty, and pretending to drill. But this was only a sham to deceive us; for you must know, lads, that Gage was as artful and as sly as a black snake. Dr. Warren, however, watched him close enough; and about midnight what should he behold but the sailors getting the boats ready to cross over toward Concord. Then it was he felt sure that no time was to be lost; so he sends Colonel Revere to tell Mr. Adams and Mr. Hancock to take care of themselves. These three talked over the matter together at Lexington; and it was agreed that when Revere went back to Boston he should make signals, to let the surrounding country know if the rascally soldiers were going to attack them."

"Signals," interrupted Stuart; "what kind of signals?"

Scarcely was this question asked, when the same heavy sound, which had disturbed the party before,

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again broke on the stillness of the night. Now it rolled near enough to convince them that it was thunder; and each one, on gazing around, beheld the sky overcast with pitchy clouds, and the atmosphere shrouded in thick darkness, while the wind rushed by in fitful and powerful gusts. A feeling of gloom, mingled with uneasy foreboding, stole upon the heart of even the boldest; and after a vain attempt to pierce the darkness with the eye, the little party again drew close to their camp-fire, wrapped their blankets around them, and awaited the conclusion of Hadley's narration.

"I believe I left off at the signals," he resumed. "It was managed, boys, in this way. If the soldiers should march out by Roxbury, a light was to be hung in North Church steeple; but if they crossed in their boats to the country, there were to be two lights. —Revere got back to Boston on Sunday; and he arranged matters with Dr. Warren, in such a manner that Gage knew nothing about it. All day, on Monday and Tuesday, our men were busy picking up information about what the soldiers intended to do; but the busiest time was yet to come. All the town was in alarm; folks left their own houses and ran to others, whenever anybody arrived with fresh news; no one talked loud, but only whispered. Few men worked on those two days; but you might see crowds at the corners, speaking low, but rolling their eyes

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like mad people, and clenching their hands as firm as iron. Some were afraid to speak, or to listen when others wanted to speak; and a good number, not knowing what might happen, were busily engaged in hiding their little notions where they thought the soldiers could n't get at them.

"After some time the fears of the people increased. An order came on Tuesday, that no one should leave Boston that night; but Warren had just sent Colonel Revere and Mr. Dawes to warn the whole neighborhood; so Gage was cheated, after all his pains. They did n't forget to hang the lanterns in the steeple either; and it was a sight to make one hold his breath, to see those two dim lanterns burning in the darkness, to warn the people of their danger. I was going home that night, after being out to buy some flour; and the first thing I saw on looking toward town, was the lights in the steeple. Thinks I to myself, 'There 's news, sure enough;' and home I hurried to Lexington, as fast as my horse could trot. Pretty soon, Colonel Revere rode into the town, giving the alarm wherever he went, and stating that the soldiers were crossing Charlestown Neck.

"While the news was spreading through the town, Mr. Dawes arrived. Both of them had been chased by the British; but they were true men, and were afraid of nothing. At one o'clock on Wednesday morning they started for Concord, and our prayers

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went with them; but you remember they were both taken on the road. The British left Revere behind, fearing they would be pursued. And they had good cause to fear; for the whole country was by this time alarmed, and the militia preparing to fight the minute the first gun should be fired.

"Nor had they to wait long. At five o'clock on Wednesday morning, a man on horseback, without cap or coat, galloped into Lexington, shouting that the British were coming up the road. Some called to him to stop; but he rushed on in that mad way toward Concord. Then it was that the blood boiled in our veins. We remembered the insults and threats which had been heaped upon us so long, and swore that they should be revenged that day. Some ran through the streets, waving their hats over their heads, and hurraing for their rights. The women hurried from house to house, gathering muskets for the militia, and carrying ammunition in their aprons. No one was idle, and no one was afraid to face all the British troops—yes, and to fight them, too, if fighting was to be done.

"At last the drum beat to arms. We seized our muskets and rushed to the green. Captain Parker drew us up, seventy strong, in double rank; telling us to fight bravely in the cause of freedom. It was only a little while after that, that the clouds of dust in the road told that the enemy were coming. Then

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we heard their drums beating, and saw the bayonets peeping out from the dust, and glittering in the sun. One company after another came in sight, until our little party looked like a mere handful, compared to them. But we did not fly — not when we saw the officers pointing at us with their swords, and the men lowering their guns for a charge. Our hearts were beating, but not with fear: no, we would have been cut to pieces before one of us would have acted cowardly! But what could seventy men do against nearly a thousand? We had not long to consider. Their leader galloped up lik a madman; cursing, shouting, and ordering us to disperse. It was hard to let him finish without letting fly at him; but our captain told us we must keep quiet. All at once they poured a volley upon us. No one was hurt; and as we did n't choose to run for their powder, we faced them just as boldly as before. Seeing this, they fired again; and then the dreadful scene began. How many fell, I had no time to find out, before I heard a deep groan on my left. It seemed to me that I knew the voice; and turning round, I saw my poor brother lying on his back, with his eyes turned up toward me."

"But he was n't shot?" enquired Stuart.

"Shot — dying — the blood pouring from his side. I could contain myself no longer; but pulled the trigger of my musket so that it broke in my hand."

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"And did the others fire, too?" enquired Barry.

"Yes — but I have forgotten all that followed till we left Lexington. My brain reeled; and though I heard the shouts of the British as they advanced, I did not see them. I was trying to assist poor Sam, but the tide bore me on; and when I regained my senses, I was standing in a field, with two or three other men, uttering, as they told me, the wildest language against my brother's murderers."

"But where were they first checked?" asked Green.

"Not till they got to Concord. It was then seven o'clock. All the militia in town were drawn up on the hills; and the news of the affair at Lexington filled them with fury. The enemy marched to the storehouses, broke them open, and began the work of destruction. The flour was emptied into the river; the ball, which we had gathered with so much care, stolen or sunk in wells, and our two cannon battered and abused till they were unfit for use. We let them do it all quietly, but swore that every pennyworth should be taken out of their red jackets. Next they began to break up the bridges; and this was more than we could bear. We were getting stronger every minute; for the farmers came up to the scratch like men, and all the towns were ringing their bells, and sending messengers in every direction, to get up a general rising. I had joined the party on the hills. We could n't wait any longer; but down we went,

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with gallant Davis at our head, waving his sword, and calling on us to strike for freedom, but not to give the first blow. Near the bridge they fired upon us again, and Davis, with another man, fell dead. We flung back a volley that made the old hills echo; and half a dozen of Gage's men dropped. They wheeled and fired again, and we did the same, till the guns cracked merrily all around, and we saw them falling as our men did at Lexington. The enemy did n't stand it long, but went back to the town in a greater hurry than they had quitted it. But we were after them in hot pursuit. British guns could n't frighten us as the name once did; for every one was determined to fight it out, if he should be riddled for it. You may believe it cheered our hearts as we chased the cowards, to see the old men, too feeble to fight, and wives and mothers, at the windows, encouraging us to push on, and waving their handkerchiefs, instead of flags.

"Then it was we heard the old drums, that had been with us when we whipped the French, beating along the roads to Concord, and telling us that help was at hand. And soon the hills and lanes were swarming with the boys from Reading and Roxbury, who had heard of their friends being shot, and had come to ask satisfaction. And when we saw them coming, shouting that more were behind, and heard the bells tolling for the dead, and giving the alarm to

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the living, we rushed headlong on the murderers, and drove both them and their commander out of the town. Then they began their retreat toward Boston, trying to march decently for a little while, as though not afraid of us. But we soon helped their pace, paying particular attention to their rear and flanks. The boys who did n't pursue, got among the rocks and bushes, and peppered them as they went along. There was some shouting among us, when they began to run like a flock of sheep, with their long guns over their shoulders, and their faces as white as a tent-cloth. When they were near one of the gaps opening into the road, Captain Parker lighted on them with his little party from Lexington. He galled their flank properly till they passed, and then joined in the pursuit. Militia came on as though they were springing from the ground; and the sides of the road blazed with one sheet of fire after another. O! it was glorious to be in that chase — glorious! Remember, boys, how often we were insulted by Gage, and called 'rebels,' or 'Yankees,' by his men! Yes, and cowards, too — cowards! The blood boils at the word! And then our bleeding men behind us! — It was glory, I say, lads, to chase the rascals like deer up the road, and make them feel that 'rebels' could fight as well as they!

"They were running pretty swiftly before they reached Lexington; the officers behind shouting

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as loud as they could, but to no purpose. While some were hurrying on, they trod down others; and these we took special care of. The poor fellows who had been wounded were thrown into wagons, and hurried to the front; for these brutes, if they could but save their own lives, cared no more for their men than they did for us. But at last some of the officers got to the front, and pushed their heroes back with sword and bayonet. Then they began to form, — we peppering them all the time to our hearts' content, till their ranks looked like a broken pale-fence. And believe me, boys, had that other mob of cowards stayed away a little longer, we would have read them a lesson, on the knock-down part of war, which they would have remembered as long as they were in the service."

"How many came to their help?" Green enquired.

"Nine hundred, with two field-pieces."

"But how did Gage know that we had beat them?" asked Barry.

"Know?" resumed the narrator; "everybody knew it. I told you that the old bells were talking from every steeple. One or two of the soldiers, who could run faster than the others, had got to Cambridge; and Colonel Smith, who led the party, had also sent a messenger to Boston, to give information of how matters were going.

"The reinforcement was commanded by Lord

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Percy, as he calls himself; but he's no better than a farmer or a militia-man, if he is a lord; and so he found out before the battle was over. He stopped our firing for awhile, with his field-pieces; but they could n't scare us either;—we were no more afraid of them than we were of the musketry. Percy's arrival was a welcome aid to the retreating party; and they dropped at once on the ground, unable to move hand or foot, and panting with their tongues out like dogs. His lordship placed his troops around them in a square, making a great show, and firing up the road with his cannon. Our boys were n't fools enough to attack just then, but waited for the signal of marching. This was given in about half an hour; and at the same moment we were up, creeping through the bushes, and around the hills, but keeping out of range of the cannon. When the red-coats saw what we were about, they were very anxious to get a shot at us; but seeing they could n't, then, just out of spite, they set old Billy Wilson's house on fire. The old man had been with us all day; and as he had just got over the ague a week before, he felt tired enough. But when he saw his house burning, he says, 'Boys, we must take the price out of their skins, for we won't get it any other way!" and so he joined again in the pursuit. By and by, they set fire to another house, and then another, till nearly all the houses on the Lexington road were in flames. Many a poor

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fellow, just beginning life, lost all he had; and we could see women running with their children to hide among the bushes and behind trees. All that had happened before did n't excite us half as much as this sight; and we swore to have vengeance, in spite of their field-pieces. A goodly party hurried on to West Cambridge; for we were determined to make a stand there. It was a lucky thought; for General Heath himself was there, with Dr. Warren. We cheered loud enough at the sight of them; but they told every man to be quiet, and do his duty. Then we were placed in regular fighting order; and pretty soon a whole party of our lads came up from Brookline and Dorchester. We were quiet enough till the soldiers came by, and then we rushed right at them. Some of them were for running, but the officers drove them back. They then blazed away at us with a cannon, and John Miller was shot through the breast. He was a brave fellow, and with his last breath he called to us to push on. And on we did push, till we got too near for the cannon to be aimed at us. Then each one had to scratch for himself; and you may rely on it, boys, the rebellion went on briskly. They kept charging on us with their bayonets; but we slipped out of the road; and then the way clubs, pitchforks, flails, and muskets, swung round them, was n't slow. Old Deacon Growler hit a little red-faced captain such a blow with the butt-end of his

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musket, right under the ear, as lifted him off the ground; and just as a soldier was aiming his bayonet at Jake Long's ribs, his face was smashed flat by another awful thwack from the Deacon, who quoted Scripture all the time, as if he was leading a prayer-meeting. Tom Simmons brought down a horseman, who was shouting, 'Cut down the rebels! cut them down!' and another man, who leaned over his horse to look at his companion, tumbled headforemost over him, shot through the back. The others slipped off their horses in double-quick time; but now and then we got a shot at them, if they did mix with the foot-soldiers. Everything among them was by this time in a good deal of confusion; and we could see clearly enough that some of them were more anxious to get out of the fuss, than they were to get into it. But we stuck to them close as pine-knots, sending one after another out of misery, and shouting loud enough to be heard clear over the hills. They had quit calling us 'Yankees' more than two hours before; but we were not ashamed of the name; and so we hurraed for the Yankees with all our might. It made them mad enough; but our blood was up, and they had to take it."

"How many do you suppose they lost?" enquired Barry.

"About a hundred, without counting the prisoners or the wounded. So you see it was no wonder they

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got tired of it. — At last, seeing there was no chance to get off, they began to fight desperately; but they didn't drive us back till both the cannon were brought up, and then we slipped to one side; — not that we were afraid, but we didn't want to stand there, and let them have all the shooting to themselves. As soon as they moved again, we posted after them; and a hot race it was, the whole way up to Charlestown Heights. I don't know but that we would have attacked them even there, during the night, if Gage hadn't sent his whole force over to their assistance."

"Did you get home safe?" asked Green.

"We didn't go home at all," Hadley replied. "I tell you, old man, the whole country, for miles around, was in arms. Our men were out in all directions, spreading the glorious news that a battle had been fought, and that the red-coats had got a thrashing. It was sunset before we chased them into Cambridge; yet, when I stood on one of the neighboring hills, I could hear the old drums beating far off, and see signals shot up by parties that were hurrying on to help us. No — we didn't think of going home; for, as I said before, our blood was up, and we were determined to stay and see it out. We wanted Charley Ellis to leave us for the night, and go to a farm-house a good distance from his home, where he had left his mother and sisters two days before; but he says to

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us. 'Boys, mother and Lucy, and the rest, are safe enough, so long as we keep the red-coats in Boston; and I'm going to stay and do my share at it!' And Squire Hawthorne's son, who had been married only three days, when we asked him why he stayed away from his young wife, made answer, that it was to defend her. He had fought like a dragon the whole day — all, as he said, for the sake of Lizzy. Ebenezer Grant was out, too. You know, Stuart, what a cross old dog he used to be."

"Yes, I do," was the answer. "He nearly broke my Bill's head, one morning, because he hurraed for liberty; and when I went down to see about it, I found him as crooked as a crab-tree. He swore I was wrong, and the British were wrong, and the rioters were wrong — all were wrong. People thought he was half a tory."

"So they did," resumed Hadley; "but they were wrong, too. He is as good a patriot as any of us. Early that morning, just before the fight at the bridge, who should join us but Ebenezer, with his musket over his shoulder, swearing he'd shoot every red-coat he could take aim at. We could scarcely make him wait till we moved; but the way the old man loaded and fired when the battle did begin, was encouraging. He could n't well keep up with us, on account of his sore foot; but two of them, who had no guns, helped him along, and he fired and

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loaded, saying, if they'd walk for him, he'd fight for them.

"When Hawthorne spoke about fighting from love of his wife, Ebenezer told him that he didn't like fighting from love; and that as for himself, the little he did was out of pure hate to the red-coats. We got used to the old man before the battle was over, and found there was a great deal of dry humor in him after all. He stayed with us all night."

"When did the siege commence?" asked one of the party.

"Right away. There was no time lost. Next day, old Putnam joined us, and began to put things to rights. He had left his plough in the furrow, on hearing of the battle, and rode a hundred miles to join us. Heath was also on the ground, and the 'provincials,' as they are called, continued to pour in from all quarters."

By this time, the storm was raging without, with real equinoctial fury; and the tents of the men were thoroughly saturated with the drenching shower. Hadley stopped his narrative, and with his three companions looked out of the tent-door. The darkness had increased to a pitchy gloom, and through the thick atmosphere, teeming with floods of rain, no ray of light could be seen. Hadley gazed for a moment, and then turning to the others, remarked:—

"They will not cross to-night."

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Green shook his head. "No boat could brave such a storm as this."

"We shall have no fight to-morrow," said Hadley, despondingly; "the very elements are against us."

"Perhaps it's for the best," remarked Barry; "for when the red-coats attack us next, it will be worse than Bunker Hill for both parties."

"Are you afraid of them?" asked Stuart.

"Ned Barry was never afraid!" was the answer. "All I say is, that perhaps the storm was sent by Providence, for some good purpose that we know nothing of."

"I can't say as to that," returned Hadley; "but I know we can beat the red-coats, any day they choose to try us!"

"No doubt of it, boys!" Green ejaculated; "but there's some of them on the bay, or I'm mistaken. Just listen."

"I hear men's voices," whispered Barry, after a pause.

"So did I. They seem to be crying for help."

There ensued a short period of racking silence.

"Hark," said Stuart; — "if the wind would only stop blowing for a minute."

Then came the report of a gun, pealing faintly up the Heights; — another and another followed. The hearts of the four men leaped with excitement.

"They are sinking!" Green exclaimed.

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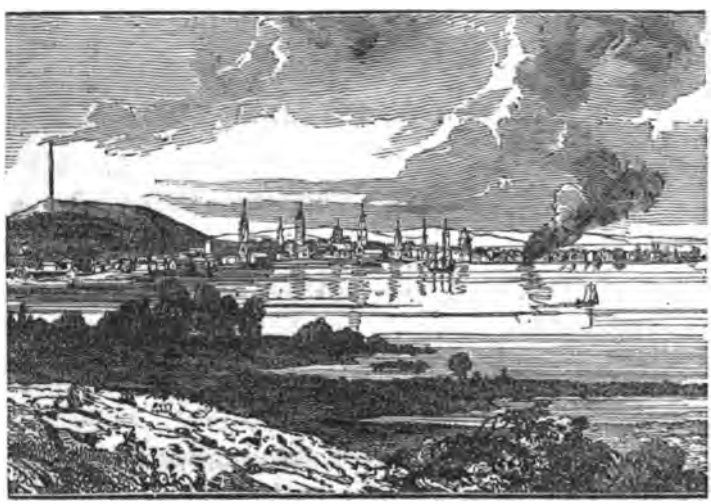
Another interval of anxiety followed; but they heard no more; and at length each one retired to his rude bed. Their camp-fire faded and expired during the storm, and when daylight broke over the Heights of Dorchester, it apprized the anxious provincials of the frustration of the plans of the enemy. An attempt of General Gage to effect a passage for his troops to the American side, was prevented by the storm; and the militia who had heard the sounds from the water during the night, believed that they were uttered by some of the soldiers who had perished in the storm.



Boston, from Dorchester Heights

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Death of Warren.

THE CAMP-FIRE AT CAMBRIDGE.

The winter of 1776 found the American army still encamped at Cambridge and its vicinity. The winter had come on, and found the army with but few tents, scarcely any clothing, very little ammunition, and about two thousand men were without firelocks. The winter, fortunately, proved to be a mild one, and little ice was formed till the middle of February, when it was so strong as to enable the troops to march over it from Roxbury to Dorchester. The Heights were secured and fortified in the night, while the attention of the British was diverted by an incessant cannonading and bombardment, kept up during three nights, from Lechmere's Point, Cobble Hill, and Roxbury. The American army was so posted as to form a complete line of siege, extending from Mystic River to Dorchester, a distance of nearly

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twelve miles. The far-seeing Washington had arranged his army in three divisions, each consisting of two brigades, or six regiments, and in such a manner as to bring the troops from the same colony together, and under the command of officers from that colony. The right wing, at Roxbury, was under the command of Major-General Ward; the centre division, at Cambridge, was commanded by Major-General Putnam; and the left wing, at Winter Hill, by Major-General Lee. The head-quarters of the commander-in-chief were at Cambridge.

It was March, of '76. The attack on Dorchester Heights having been prevented by a violent storm, General Howe had resolved to evacuate Boston; and Washington and his army saw with pride and gratification, that their object was gained. The militia who had joined the army with the expectation of encountering the enemy on Dorchester Heights, and there avenging the blood of their countrymen, shed on the day of which that was the anniversary, had been disappointed; yet were still satisfied with the knowledge that their foes were compelled to leave Boston. The night was chilly, and the troops at Cambridge had slight covering. Rudely-constructed tents, and scant clothing, were insufficient for the uncertain changes of the weather in that latitude. The moon was shining clearly, but her beams were cold as the smile on the face of the dead. Around a fire in

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one of the tents, four men were sitting. Each was dressed in the hunting-shirt, adopted by Washington to banish provincial distinctions; but the rest of their clothing differed as much as possible; the coarseness of material being about the only point of resemblance. They were sitting on logs, which they had cut as substitutes for chairs. On the fire, which was contained in the space formed by four large stones, placed at right angles, something was cooking; no doubt intended for their evening meal.

"Jonathan, hand over a little more wood this way, will you? There's no use of bein' stingy about fire to-night; besides, that 'ere fodder won't get done afore my appetite's all gone," said one of the men, whose form may be described as 'linked *leanness*, long drawn out.'"

"Oh, there's no end to your appetite! it can't all go, Zeb," said Jonathan, as he handed the wood over to the first speaker.

"How near's the vittles done?" asked another of the men, anxiously.

"Pretty near," answered the one who had not yet spoken. "It's done now for some folks. Our Judith used to like her meat very rare."

"I like rare meat myself," said Jonathan. "But I don't suppose that 'll 'zactly suit the rest of you. I think we ought to have somethin' to drink to-night."

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"I wonder if they won't get up a glorification in Boston, when the Britishers get out of it?" remarked Zeb; "I think they oughter."

"When are the red-coats goin' to leave Boston?" asked one of the men, called Hiram.

"I think it's on the seventeenth of this month," answered Jonathan. "It's a great pity the folks on the Heights didn't get a chance at 'em. I think they'd have given 'em a little louder tune than was played on Bunker Hill."

"Not much doubt about that," said another of the party, named Josiah.

"Yes, there is some doubt about it, though," continued Jonathan. "I was thar at Bunker Hill; I seed it all; and I tell you, that thar would have to be a reg'lar screamer played, to beat the tune we played for 'em that day!"

"Waal, you needn't go off so quick," returned Zeb. "I've heerd thar was some shootin' done on Bunker Hill; and it's likely thar would have been some done at Dorchester Heights."

"Yes, but I tell you that thar was more 'n some shootin' at Bunker Hill," Jonathan replied.

It was plain that Jonathan wanted to relate all he knew about Bunker Hill; so his comrades thought they might as well have the story at once.

"Jonathan," said Hiram, "you say you were on the ground, at the battle of Bunker Hill. S'posen

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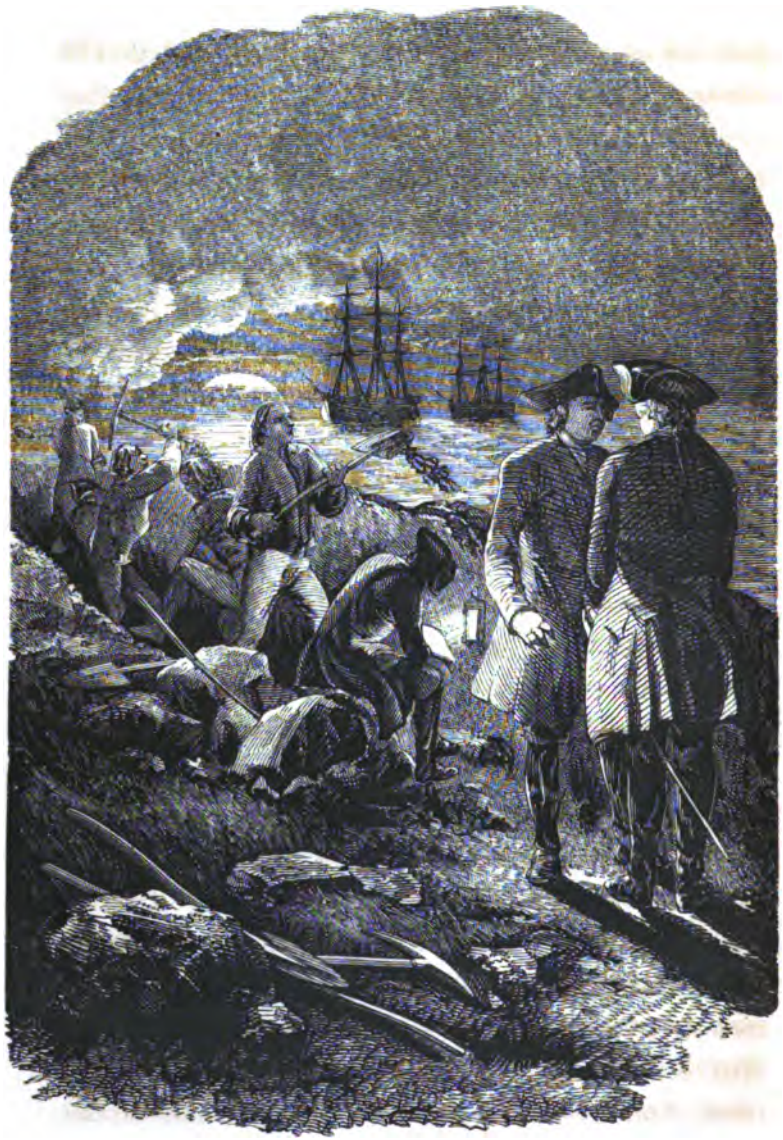

THE EVENING BEFORE THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

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you tell us all you know about the affair, and that'll settle the matter in dispute."

"Cert'inly," replied Jonathan. "I'll let you know all that I know about it, and then you can tell your folks. Take off the meat first, though; and you share it, Zeb, while I go on with the story."

Zeb took the meat off the fire, and laid it on a piece of wood, preparatory to its being divided into four shares with a pocket-knife. Jonathan commenced: —

"Waal, fellers, you must know, in the first place, that the ginerality of people are mistaken about the place where the battle was fought. They call it the battle of Bunker Hill, when it was fought on Breed's Hill. The reason of it may be, that the continentallers,—that is, we,—were ordered to march to Bunker Hill, and throw up 'entrenchments,' as they call 'em; but it bein' night-time, a mistake was made somehow, and we marched to Breed's Hill, that is just over here, a little nearer to Boston than Bunker Hill. We numbered a thousand men, and Colonel Prescott was at our head. We started pretty soon after dark, and marched as quietly as possible for a thousand men to move, but could n't begin to get on Breed's Hill, and get to work, before twelve o'clock. The moon shone bright all the time, and we could see the ships of the Britishers standin' a short way out from the land. They did n't seem to know anything about

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our bein' on the hill. Each man had a shovel, or a pickaxe, or a spade, to throw up the entrenchments with; and there were a few lanterns taken with us, to be used in case of necessity. Waal, we went to work about twelve o'clock; and the way we threw the dirt about was almost a sin. We worked in that way for about five hours, I guess. Anyhow, it was just daylight when we finished a redoubt about eight rods square. We then set to work to throw up a breastwork extendin' from the east side of the redoubt to the bottom of the hill. We had just fairly got this breastwork under way, when the Britishers discovered us, and then they commenced firin' on us from all parts; from their ships, their floatin' batteries, and from their other fortifications, wherever they could have a chance at us. Waal, we did n't mind it much, but kept on with our work till we got the breastwork finished. They kept up their firin' and bombardin' till noon; but in spite of all the bomb-shells and the cannon-balls, we only lost one man. We continued to work, makin' our redoubt and breastwork stronger, all the forenoon. We got a reinforcement of about five hundred men, and that made our whole force about fifteen hundred; but I think we men that had been at work all night oughter have been relieved. We did n't even get anything to eat before the battle. About one o'clock, I guess it was, we saw the redcoats cross the river from Boston, and land near

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Charlestown. There must have been a good deal more of 'em than we could muster. Waal, they formed on the shore at Moreton's Point, but stayed there. While they were waitin', a party of our men, under Captain Knowlton, pulled up a post-and-rail fence, and puttin' it right square with another one, filled up the space with some new-mown hay that was lyin' near. This was a slender concern; but the party that held it kept the Britishers from cuttin' off our retreat. We soon saw that another detachment of the red-coats was comin' over the river; and when they all got landed, I guess there must have been twice as many of 'em as there was of us. I don't rasly think we had mor 'n fifty bagonets among the whole of us. Old, rusty firelocks, and powder-horns, were the most we could muster. Some of the guns looked as if they 'd been in the old French war. We had five pieces of cannon, and the Britishers had four or five times that many. Waal, they come on slowly after they had formed, to give their cannon time to blaze away at our works. They come up the hill in two columns. We were all at our posts behind the breastwork and in the redoubt. I was put behind the breastwork. I knew there was goin' to be a bloody time of it, and I kept my eyes fixed on the army that was comin' up the hill."

"Where was Putnam and Prescott then?" interrupted Zeb.

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"Oh, Putnam, and Prescott, and Warren, and Pomeroy, were speechifyin' to the men, cheerin' 'em, and makin' 'em savage for the fight. Warren had his musket, goin' to fight like the rest of us. We could see the houses in Boston crowded on top with people, and the hills all around crowded in the same way. I thought I was goin' to fight for their good, and I felt strong. While the red-coats were comin' up the hill, we saw that Charlestown had been set on fire; and that made me more like a bloodhound still. I wanted to get a chance at the infernal rascals. Waal, we got our orders from Putnam not to fire until we could see the white of their eyes; and we waited quietly till they got within about sixty yards, and then such a blaze and roar of musketry ran along that breastwork as never was seen. Such a stream of fire went into the British ranks, that they fell, it seemed to me, whole rows at a time. Of course they could n't stand that. They broke and run down the hill, in spite of their officers. That give us a little breath; and we waited in the same way as before, to see if they would come up to the work again. We got the same orders as before, and kept our fire back. After a good deal of coaxin' and bullyin' from their officers, we saw the red-coats comin' up the hill again, with their general near the head, with his officers around him. We let 'em get as near as before, and then let fly at em. We picked 'em off with our true aim, till their

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BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

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ranks were thinned all along the line, and then back, down the hill, they went again, like a flock of scared sheep. We hardly thought they'd come up and try it again; the whole hill in front of the breastwork was covered with the killed and wounded. It seemed like leadin' the men up to be butchered. But Howe and some of the other officers rallied 'em again. The officers were good on the side of the Britishers; for though they were picked off by our marksmen as fast as they came to the charge, those who were still alive rallied the men, and brought 'em up again, sometimes at the sword's point. Just as they were comin' up the hill for the third time, we discovered that our powder was most gone, and that we could n't get any more then: then was when the day began to turn against us. The Britishers had changed the position of their cannon, and they began to rake our breastwork from end to end, so that we had to leave it and take to the redoubt. Then the fire from all the batteries of the Britishers grew louder and hotter than ever. The red-coats came up to the work again, and we blazed into them with what ammunition we had. It was just then that I saw that major, that led the party of red-coats at Lexington, mount our breastwork. He cried out, 'The day is ours!' but he had no sooner got the words out, than I shot him in the body, and he fell back into the arms of another officer, just behind him."

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"The day was n't for him, was it?" said Hiram.

"No; but he was a brave man," replied Jonathan. "I marked out Howe two or three times, but I always hit somebody else near him."

"Some Howe you did n't hit," remarked Josiah, with a desperate effort at a pun.

"Ezactly," answered Jonathan. "But, as I was sayin', the red-coats come up to the work again, and attacked the redoubt on three sides. Our amminition was out, and a retreat was ordered by the commander of the day, Colonel Prescott; but we did n't feel in the humor of retreatin'. We knew that if we had had enough amminition we would have whipped the red-coats, and we did n't want to give up the ground. The red-coats mounted the walls of the redoubt; but we clubbed our muskets and fought for every inch of ground we give 'em, though they had bagonets and we had none. I was one of the last to leave the redoubt, and I saw Warren fightin' like a common soldier, I guess the redoubt must have been half full of red-coats before we left it. We had still to fight while we were retreatin'; for they were upon us with their bagonets. I had to swing my musket on every side, to get clear of 'em. I saw Warren fall. I think he was shot in the body. Some of our men run up to him, and took him in their arms, as the Britishers crowded on to get at him with their bagonets. I had to fight my way to the rest of our men that were re-

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treatin', and got cut two or three times with their bagonets; but none of 'em hurt me much, and I got safe to Charlestown Neck, just as our troops were crossin'."

"Did you lose many in retreatin'?" asked Zeb.

"I think that's the time we lost the most. Their bagonets done all the damage. But if we had had amminition enough, they never would have had a chance to use their bagonets!" replied Jonathan.

"Waal, Jonathan, who brought off the troops, in the retreat?" Hiram enquired.

"Prescott and Putnam, I believe," answered Jonathan. Prescott was only a colonel, and there was two or three generals on the ground; but he had command all through the battle — and a better commander, or a braver soldier, was n't on the ground. He 's a vet'ran of the French war."

"You lost your artillery, did n't you?" was the next question.

"Yes; we had no way of bringin' 'em off the ground in time," continued Jonathan. "We held on to 'em as long as we could."

"Waal," remarked Zeb, "they bought that ground pretty dearly. Accordin' to the accounts I've heard, they lost as many in killed and wounded as we had altogether; while our loss was only about four hundred and fifty, killed and wounded."

"Yes, they did buy the ground at a high price,"

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was the reply; "and I hope they'll buy all the ground they try to get, at the same dear rate. I've heard it said that General Gage reports the loss at a thousand and fifty-four. I think eighteen hundred would n't more 'n cover it. Then there was more 'n eighty officers killed and wounded. We only had a hundred and thirty-nine killed, and two hundred and seventy-eight wounded. Then there was thirty-six taken prisoners by the Britishers; some of 'em, I know, might have got away, if they had n't stopped to see to General Warren."

"Where did Warren fall?" asked Zeb.

"Just outside of the redoubt. I do n't know whether the red-coats killed him with their bagonets or not. I suppose they did. I hardly know which he was best at doin' — fightin', or speakin'. I heard him speak about the Boston massacre; and I thought he was about the best I ever heard speak. He made the blood bile in my veins. I felt as if I could do anythin' to torment them infernal red-coats. I saw him in the battle, as I told you; and I do n't think a better soldier ever went into a battle. He was n't only brave himself, but he made others brave that were round him."

"He was always a great man," said Zeb. "They say a great man is great at all times and in all places; and if ever there was such a one, it was General Warren!"

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GENERAL WARREN.

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"That's true as gospel," Jonathan returned. "He was a great man at all times."

"It's a great pity he fell so soon in the war. I hardly know where we are goin' to get a man to fill his place," remarked Hiram.

"Why, in Washington we've got one," replied Jonathan. "Perhaps he's a greater man than Warren."

"He's at least his equal in goodness," said Josiah. "I know, from his care of us, that his heart's in the right place; and he has a reputation for bein' a complete general."

"We've got a good deal to see of General Washington yet," Hiram remarked. "I think he'll come up to expectation, though. This forcin' the British to leave Boston, is a good specimen of what he can do."

"Yes, it's a good deal for such a poorly-provided army as this to do," returned Jonathan. "There's Major-General Howe, with ten thousand of the best of the British troops, goin' to march out of Boston; glad to get away from an army of men mostly just from the plough, and a good many of 'em without muskets. It's a rare thing, I tell you!"

"I wish they had tried a battle at Dorchester Heights," said Hiram. "It would have been somethin' to brag on, I know."

The men had finished their repast while they were

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talking, and they were now anxious to obtain a little rest. The fire was fixed to keep burning all night, by a large log being put on one side, and the fire under and alongside of it; after which, the men went around the tent, endeavoring to stop up all the cracks and openings as well as they could. They continued in conversation, however, till they were wrapped in their blankets and disposed for sleep.

"I say, Zeb," Jonathan remarked, "how I would like to see the red-coats movin' out of Boston! They will look so down in the mouth!"

"Yes, I wish we could only get into it before they get away," replied Zeb. "I'd like to have a laugh at 'em."

"They threaten to burn down the town, if they're meddled with while leavin' Boston," said Hiram.

"They're devils enough to do it, too," said Josiah, stretching himself on one side of the fire.

"I believe there's some tories among the folks, that would set fire to the city to spite the whigs!" Zeb remarked, following suit on the other side.

Jonathan and Hiram stretched themselves on the vacant sides of the fire, well wrapped up in their blankets; prepared, like the rest, for the visitation of the drowsy god.

"Josiah," said Jonathan, "you're generally about the first one awake in the mornin'; just crow to-morrow mornin', will you, when you get awake? I want

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to get up early, and we 've got no roosters round this neighborhood!"

Josiah returned no answer; but the substitution of him for a rooster, caused a hearty laugh from those who were awake. One by one they joined him in his travels through the land of dreams; and the occasional crackling of the fire, and the quiet tread of the sentinels, were the only sounds that broke the stillness of the tent.

Washington's Head-Quarters at Cambridge.

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General Schuyler's Residence, Schuylerville.

THE CAMP-FIRE AT MOUNT INDEPENDENCE.

THE memorable invasion of Canada, in 1776, so full of successes, defeats, hardships, and sufferings, had terminated in the retreat of the American troops. In the place of the able and faithful General Schuyler, General Gates was appointed to command the northern army, and through his exertions it soon became more regular in its discipline, and improved in condition in every respect. Instead of meditating the commencement of offensive operations, Gates was compelled to prepare to repel an invasion threatened by the British in Canada. The army under Gates had increased, during the summer, to 12,000 men. Upon learning that Sir Guy Carleton had evacuated Crown

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Point, General Gates dismissed the militia that had joined him, with many thanks for their services; this lessened the trouble of procuring provisions, a difficulty that became greater as the winter set in.

The famous post of Ticonderoga, on Lake Champlain, was the head-quarters of General Gates. The possession of this strong position was absolutely necessary to any power which was contending for the command of the adjacent country. Its eastern side was naturally almost impregnable: being situated on a rocky promontory, it presented a rugged front to the lake. The northern and western sides were protected by strong lines of defence, aided by an extensive morass. The surrounding country, beyond the morass, was composed of a thick and tangled wood. In this fortress, a large portion of the troops were stationed. Mount Independence, directly opposite to Ticonderoga, was strongly fortified, and well supplied with artillery. On the summit of the Mount, which is table-land, was erected a strong fort, in the centre of which was a convenient square of barracks, which were occupied by the troops.

It was about the first of November. The weather was chilly and raw, but winter's approach was not yet severely felt. For about two weeks previous, there had been an anxious expectation that Sir Guy Carleton would make an attempt to capture the posts of Ticonderoga and Mount Independence; but ex-

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pectation had been disappointed; for Carleton, convinced of the strength of the works, was induced to abandon the project, and return to Canada. This, of course, gave a feeling of security to the garrisons of the two posts. They had nothing to fear till about the middle of January, when the lake would be frozen over, capable of bearing horses, and an attack might be made with more prospect of success.

It was a moonlight night; beautiful, though cold. The soft light was flowing upon the scene of lake, and hill, and valley, bathing them in beauty. The bosom of the lake was gently ruffled by the chilly breeze, and the ripples sparkled in the silvery light. The black-mouthed cannon loomed from the fort on the mount, as if to warn a foe, if such were near, of the death that awaited an attack. Most of the men were in the barracks, glad to get near a good, cheerful fire, and enjoy each other's conversation. Some, more sensible to the beauties of such a night, were walking out on the open space within the walls of the fort, enjoying the scene presented to their view. The company around a fire in one of the apartments in the barracks, shall interest us at present with their conversation. The fire was built upon a large hearth on one side of the apartment; and about a dozen men were sitting round it, in the form of a semicircle. They were comfortably clothed, but without that uniformity that would designate them as soldiers, at

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the first glance. Some of them were pale and thin-looking, as if they had just recovered from sickness. Others, and the greater portion of them, were stout, hearty-looking men, whose appearance denoted that they had encountered many hardships, but could yet brave much more fatigue and privation.

"Bill," said one of the party, to a pale, sickly-looking individual, "we must keep the log rollin'. It's your turn next. Bob come first, and then it'll come around in this direction. Tell us about anything you know, and think we don't know."

"Yes," keep it movin'," said another. "You must pour out somethin'."

"Really," said Bill, "I don't think I could amuse you with anything I know."

"You were with the army on the Canada expedition; were n't you?" enquired the one who had first spoken.

"Yes; but I suppose you've all heard about that, long ago," returned Bill.

"I've heard that there was an invasion of Canada, and that Montgomery was killed there, and our troops were forced to retreat," remarked another.

"That's pretty near the extent of my knowledge," said another of the group. "I should like to hear an account of it, by one who went through it all."

"Come, Bill, you'll have to tell us something; so you might as well give us that as anything else," said

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the one nearest the fire, on one side, who had been called Bob. "It's our law, that every one in the mess must either tell a story, or sing a song."

"Well," replied Bill, "while I run over some of the details in my mind, so as to bring them up fresh in my memory, let John, here, next to me, sing a song."

"I kick against that arrangement," said John. "I don't pretend to sing; besides, I don't know anything you'd care about hearin'."

"You can sing," returned Bob; "and you do know somethin' that I, at least, care about hearin'. You want a little coaxin', I guess. There's that song I heard you singin' the other night, about throwin' the tea overboard in Boston harbor. That's a good song."

"I can sing you that song very easy; but I don't think it's a good one," John replied. "It's called 'The Destruction of the Tea,' and is sung to the tune of 'Hosier's Ghost.'"

"Go on then," said Bob; and John, with sundry of the customary preliminaries, proceeded to sing the ditty that follows:—

As near beauteous Boston lying
On the gently swelling flood,
Without jack or pendant flying,
Three ill-fated tea-ships rode;

Just as glorious Sol was setting,
On the wharf a numerous crew,

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Sons of Freedom, fear forgetting,
Suddenly appeared in view.

Armed with hammer, axe, and chisels,
Weapons new for warlike deed,
Towards the herbage-freighted vessels
They approached with dreadful speed.

O'er their heads, in lofty mid-sky,
Three bright angel-forms were seen;
This was Hampden, that was Sidney,
With fair Liberty between.

"Soon," they cried, "your foes you'll banish,
Soon the triumph shall be won;
Scarce shall setting Phœbus vanish,
Ere the deathless deed be done."

Quick as thought the ships were boarded,
Hatches burst and chests display'd;
Axes, hammers help afforded;
What a glorious crash they made!

Squash into the deep descended
Cursed weed of China's coast;
Thus at once our fears were ended!
British rights shall ne'er be lost.

Captains! once more hoist your streamers,
Spread your sails, and plough the wave!
Tell your masters they were dreamers
When they thought to cheat the brave.

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"That's a good song, and it was well sung," said one of the men, called Jake, for shortness. "I like to hear a song that's got a chorus to it, a good deal better than one that has n't, though."

"You like to help to roar it out, I suppose," remarked Bob.

"Not for that alone," said Jake. "There seems to be a good deal more life about it."

"Well," enquired Bob, "have you 'most got your memory raked up, Bill?"

"Yes, I think I can go on with the story now," was the reply.

"Then push ahead."

"Well," Bill began, "when I heard there was going to be an invasion of Canada, I was at work on my father's farm, up here near Schenectady. I heard that they were raising troops for the invasion, both in this State and Massachusetts; and in spite of all my father's objections, I would go. Accordingly, I joined the troops under Arnold, then at Cambridge. You see, the expedition under Arnold was going through a route that had scarcely ever been explored, and that promised something new. I preferred to go with that detachment, because there would be more glory acquired by accomplishing such a march as was expected; besides, there were several other young men of our neighborhood going with the same party. I had then no thought of its being so full of hardship

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as it proved to be. Well, we started from Cambridge in the middle of September. We were to penetrate into Canada, by ascending the Kennebec, and descending the Chaudiere rivers, till we got to the St. Lawrence. We were pretty well fitted out with clothing, ammunition, batteaux for ascending the rivers, and many other things. It was n't certain how long we would be on the route, and that was the reason why we did n't take provision enough. The commander of the expedition had scarcely any idea of the obstacles we would have to overcome, and did n't calculate to be more than half the time going that we really was. Well, after sailing from Newburyport in transports, for two days, we commenced to ascend the Kennebec River. The current was very strong, and we had to work all the time against it. We would often come across a fall in the river, and then the whole party would have to get out of the boats, and carry them on the land till we got above the fall. I tell you, that one day's journey in this way was almost as much as one would want to perform. When night would come on, we would get out of the boats, and hauling them up on the shore, encamp in the woods for the night; and hard as was our beds, the day's work was so much harder, that we were glad to get ashore and rest anywhere. Some of the men, that had come from the town, and were n't used to such work, fell sick after two or three days'

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travel; and they, of course, added to the incumbrances we had to bear. It was rather a bad time and place for men to get sick. The comforts and attendance sick people ought to have, were n't to be had with us — and they knew it, too; for they held out till they almost dropped down with weakness. One of my companions, that came from the same neighborhood as I did, fell sick among the rest, and I paid him all the attention I could, but that was n't much. He had a sort of a fever, brought on by exerting himself too much. Rest being the thing he wanted most, he soon got better; and although he could n't do any work of any account, he ceased to be an incumbrance."

"That is," said Bob, "you had n't the trouble of carrying him like the baggage."

"Exactly," replied Bill. "Well, we continued on in the rough way we began, for two days; working very hard all day, rowing; and dragging the boats up places where the stream was too rapid for us to row or push the boats while in them. Colonel Arnold worked among the men, and pretty near as hard; and so did Colonel Greene, and Major Bigelow, and Major Meigs. Captain Daniel Morgan was at the head of the riflemen. He is a brave man; and I think if he 's only spared long enough, he 'll be something great."

"Whose regiment were you in?" enquired John.

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"Greene's regiment — Colonel Christopher Green," replied Bill. "You 'll hear of him one of these days, I warrant you."

"You must have had a great many batteaux, to take a thousand men up the river," remarked Bob. "Had you them all prepared before you started on the expedition?"

"Yes," was the reply. "A company of carpenters had been sent from Cambridge some days before we left there. They had built two hundred batteaux for the party, at a small place called Pittston, on the Kennebec. They were all prepared when we got there. I did n't mention that circumstance, because I thought you might have heard about it. Well, you may judge of the toil we endured, burdened with our arms, ammunition, provisions, and clothing. When we carried the batteaux around a cataract or a rapid, we had all the baggage to carry with them. That was work such as I do n't want to try again. We passed up the river in this way slowly. A reconnoitring party of six or seven men had been sent ahead, under the command of Lieutenant Steel, with orders to go as far as Lake Megantic, or Chaudiere Pond, as the French called it, and procure such intelligence as they could from the Indians, who were said to be in the neighborhood, on a hunting excursion; and another party of seven men, with a surveyor and a guide, under the command of Lieutenant Church,

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to take the exact courses and distances of a stream called the Dead River. I forgot to tell you the order in which we journeyed. Morgan went ahead with his riflemen; then came our party, under Greene and Bigelow, consisting of three companies of musketeers; next came Meigs, with four companies; and last came Colonel Enos, with the three remaining companies. On the third day of our progress, we came in sight of Norridgewock Falls. A short distance below these falls, on the eastern bank of the river, was a wide and beautiful plain, where, we were told, an Indian village had stood, belonging to the tribe that the falls was named after — the Norridgewocks. They had once been a powerful tribe, and a French priest had come to civilize them, and lived there in that village among them for twenty-six years. The village had been attacked suddenly by the colonial forces sent against the Norridgewocks, and the priest and eighty Indians killed. The foundations of a church, and the ruins of an altar, were to be seen on the plain, and they looked rather strange in that neighborhood. At the Norridgewock Falls was a portage, where all the batteaux had to be taken out of the river, and carried a mile and a quarter by land. Then came the hardest work. The banks on each side were uneven and rocky, and that made our progress slower still. We found, to mend the matter, that much of the provisions, particularly the bread, was damaged. The

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boats had been badly made, and were leaky. The men not knowing how to navigate them, was the cause of a good many accidents in ascending the rapids. The carpenters we had with us were set to work to repair the worst of the boats, and that kept us back some days. The two first divisions of the army,—that is, Morgan's and ours,—started two days before the rest. I think it was seven days, before the whole army was in motion again. Colonel Arnold rode in a birch canoe, with an Indian for a guide, and was the last one to embark, as one of the men that was in the rear told me. However, we had scarcely arrived at the Great Carrying-Place, about twelve miles below the mouth of the Dead River, before he overtook us. He must have travelled very fast. We had got along thus far tolerable well, considering everything. We were very tired. We had only lost one man by death, but some were sick, and a few had deserted, after tasting of the dangers we had to meet, and the work we had to perform. I didn't like it much; but there was no back-out in me. When I undertake to go anywhere, and do anything, I go through with it. So I resolved to brave it out, no matter what we might have to do. We mustered about nine hundred and fifty effective men, when we reached the Great Carrying-Place. We had passed four portages, or places where the boats had to be taken out of the water and carried a short distance

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on land. Colonel Arnold reported that he had twenty-five days' provisions for the whole detachment; and said he was pretty certain he could reach the Chaudiere River in eight or ten days."

"I suppose this Great Carrying-Place was where you left the Kennebec and travelled overland. Was n't it?" asked Bob.

"Yes; there we were to leave the Kennebec, and transport all the batteaux, provisions, and baggage, on our shoulders, till we got to Dead River. The distance was about fifteen miles, and there was three small ponds to cross."

"Phew!" exclaimed Bob. "What a job!"

"Yes, you may well 'phew,' Bob," said the narrator. "You would have blowed a great deal more, if it had been your lot to have been with us. We took the boats out of the water, with all their contents, and shouldered them. The road we marched along was a sort of hilly and rough, for the whole three miles that we had to travel till we reached the first pond. I tell you, it made the sweat run, although the weather was beginning to get chilly. However, we got over it at last, and took a short rest while the boats were launched. I forgot to tell you, that we left a small party of carpenters near the banks of the Kennebec, to build a block-house for depositing provisions in; — some had been ordered up from Norridgewock, and they were intended as a supply, in case a retreat

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should be necessary. Well, we crossed the pond, and marched on, carrying our boats and their contents, over rocks, and through creeks, and morasses, and deep ravines, till we reached Dead River. There is no use of telling you all that we endured in the march; in fact, I could n't. When we reached Dead River, we were completely worn out, and I laid at length on the ground to rest, as most of the men did. At the second portage of the Great Carrying-Place, a block-house was built, where the sick were left. Some of the men had caught a great quantity of trout in the ponds we had crossed, and these made a splendid feast for us. We had some oxen with us, which had been brought along to help carry some of the baggage, but were of very little use. Two of them were ordered to be killed, and the meat divided among the men. That was another delicious feast. Our hard work had earned it, though. We did n't stop there long. We thought we would have an easy time in moving along the smooth stream which was called the Dead River. It had a gentle current, with here and there a fall of short descent, at which were carrying-places. We moved quietly and slowly along, resting from our previous toil, when suddenly a lofty mountain appeared in the distance; the summit whitened with snow. As we neared it, the river was observed to pursue a winding course near its base. There we stopped and encamped, near the base of the

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mountain, for two or three days. Then we had a good rest. Morgan's riflemen went forward; while the third and fourth divisions had not yet arrived. Here it was that Colonel Arnold hoisted the American flag over his tent. Major Bigelow, who commanded a part of our division, took a small party and ascended the mountain, with the hope of seeing the hills of Canada, or the spires of Quebec; but he was disappointed, I believe. From this encampment, a party of ninety men was sent back to the rear for provisions, which were beginning to grow scarce, and then we moved on after Morgan. We had just got started again, when it commenced to rain; and it continued to rain for three days. Every man, and all the baggage, was drenched with water. It must be remembered that the water was very chilly at that time of the year, and so far north."

"I should think it was," remarked John. "It was in October; was n't it?"

"Yes," replied Bill. "One night, after we had landed at a pretty late hour, and had just got fixed to take a little sleep, we were roused by a freshet. The water came rushing upon us in a torrent, and hardly allowed us time to get away, before the ground on which we had lain down was overflowed; and the water kept on rising. In nine hours, the river rose eight feet. Everything seemed to operate against us. The current became very rapid. The stream had

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spread itself over the low grounds, by its tremendous increase, and that exposed our boats to being all the time tangled in the drift-wood and bushes. Sometimes we would get out of the main stream, into the smaller branches, in mistake, and then we would have to retrace our course; and then again, we came across so many portages, that we got along very slow. At length a disaster happened that came near upsetting the whole expedition. The water was tumbling, and boiling, and rushing with such force, that seven of our boats were thrown over, and all their contents lost. This, of course, made such a breach in the quantity of our provisions, that the men began to get disheartened. It was ascertained that we were thirty miles from the head of the Chaudiere River. The provisions we had left would serve for twelve or fifteen days. Arnold called a council of war of all the officers that had come up so far, and they decided that the sick and the feeble should be sent back, and the others press forward. Accordingly, Arnold wrote to Colonel Enos, who was in the rear, and ordered him to select such a number of his strongest men as he could supply with fifteen days' provisions, and to come on with them, leaving the others to return to Norridgewock. We learned afterwards that Enos had retreated with his whole division, consisting of three companies. Why he done it, I can't say, unless he misunderstood the order of Colonel Arnold."

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"Did he return to Norridgewock with his men?" enquired Bob.

"To Norridgewock! He retreated all the way back to Cambridge. It's my private opinion that he did n't want to understand the order. I heard he was tried by a court-martial, soon after his return; but not having the true state of the case from Arnold, at the time of the trial, he was acquitted on the ground of a want of provisions. After the order was despatched to Colonel Enos, Arnold chose sixty men, the command being given to Colonel Hanchet; intending to proceed as soon as possible to the inhabitants on the Chaudiere, and send back provisions to the main forces. The rain changed into snow — the first we had met with. All our former sufferings were as nothing, compared with what we began to endure then. Cold and hunger attacked us at the same time. Ice formed on the water through which we were obliged to drag our boats. Finally, we reached the highlands that separate the eastern waters from those of the St. Lawrence. How we done it, I can't give you an idea. Near the sources of the Dead River, we had to pass through a string of small lakes, choked with logs and other things. We had met with seventeen falls in the whole distance of the Dead River, around which were portages, and had lost a number of our boats. The carrying-place over the highlands was a little more than four

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miles; but as small as the distance was, the men of our division were so worn-out with their toil, that they found it a terrible piece of work. We reached a small stream, at last, that led us by a very crooked course into Lake Megantic, which is the source of the Chaudiere River."

"How many was in your party, then?" enquired Bob.

"I do n't know exactly how many there was," answered Bill. "We had three companies in our division. Morgan's riflemen were just ahead of us, and Meigs' four companies a short distance behind. Arnold's party of sixty men had gone far ahead of us. You must recollect that the whole party were on short allowance of provisions all the time since we left the encampment. Lake Megantic is thirteen miles long and about four broad, and is surrounded by high mountains. I think it was the night after we got into it, we encamped on the eastern bank, where there was a large Indian wigwam. I was one of the lucky ones that got under its cover, and I had a tolerable night's rest — a rare thing since I left home. The next morning we went on; a portion by land, on account of the loss of their boats. Well, our provisions were getting less and less every day, and the men getting weaker. When we reached the Chaudiere River, we had still about a hundred miles to travel before there was any provisions to be obtained.

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There we shared the last of our stock, and it only gave four pints of flour to a man. Most of the boats we had left were leaky, and didn't promise to hold out much longer. It wasn't intended that they should; for we had no sooner entered the Chaudiere River, than we encountered the greatest kind of dangers. The bottom was rocky, and falls and rapids were plenty. We had just reached a rapid, where we discovered the wreck of some boats that had been dashed to pieces, it appeared, by the violence of the rushing of the water over the rocks, and were wondering what had become of the advance-party, when, from bad management, or some other cause, most of our boats were upset, and met the same fate as the ones we had seen. The men that were in them, we rescued with a great deal of trouble; but most of the baggage was carried away by the rapid water. Then we all had to take to the toils of the land. Through woods so thick with underwood that we had to cut our way, sometimes for five miles at a time; through swamps, where we sank into the mud almost up to the waist; over rocks and crags that cut our feet, we toiled for the rest of the distance we had to travel. Morgan, and Greene, and Meigs, and Bigelow, worked as hard as the rest of the men, and kept cheering us on all the time, by telling us about the glory we would acquire by our march through the wilderness; and showing us that we couldn't be very far from a

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settlement. I do n't know what the rest thought but I had an idea that if glory was to be purchased at such a rate as that, it might stay in the market altogether, for what I cared. Well, we made slow progress, and at length our provisions gave out entirely. Then we suffered awfully. I had a pair of moose-skin moccasins, that I got from an Indian that was with the party; and — it 's a fact, I did do it — I actually boiled them, to see if I could get any nourishment from them! Some of the men done the same with their cartridge-boxes. All the dogs that were with the army were killed; and that reminds me of a little incident. I had a friend among the company I was with, by the name of Joe Harwood. You might have heard of Joe. He was a tall, slim fellow — at least he was slim then. He had light hair and blue eyes."

The listeners all professed an ignorance of an individual of that name, though each one knew a tall, slim fellow, with light hair and blue eyes.

"Well," continued Bill, "he was as clever a fellow as I ever knew. Joe had a fine spaniel dog, that had been with him during the whole journey. The dog was attached to him, and Joe thought a good deal of it. When he would lay down of a night to sleep in the woods, that dog would keep watch over him till he awoke. He was always at his side; and when the boats had been dashed to pieces on the rocks in the

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Chaudiere River, he done more than any of the men, to get Joe out of the water. Well, Joe was almost starving. All the dogs that had been brought with us had been killed but Jock; that was the name he called the dog. Joe could n't think of killing Jock. It seemed almost like stabbing himself; but he had nothing to eat. The dog might die, perhaps, and he might die, too. I told him that he had better kill the dog, or it would starve to death. At last, when Joe had got so weak that he could n't stand it any longer, he determined to shoot Jock. He tied him to a tree; the dog playing with him, as if he was going to have some sport. Then Joe went about ten yards from the tree, and raised his gun to shoot; but just then the dog looked at him in such a way, that Joe dropped his gun, and told me that I would have to do it — he could n't. He went up to the dog, and patted him on the head. I took the gun, and as Joe turned away from Jock, and the dog was looking at him, I shot him through the head, and he dropped dead without a struggle. Joe walked away, with the tears trickling down his hollow cheek, as if he had lost a child."

"It 's a desperate hard thing to treat a dog in that way, after you 've got to likin' him," said one of the men. "I know from tryin' it."

"Well, I suppose you eat the dog; did n't you?" enquired Bob. "If you saved your own lives, the dog's was of little account."

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"Yes, we did eat the dog; and that is what Joe and I lived on for the rest of the march. We had got split up into small parties in going through the woods. The one I was with was the farthest one ahead. I think it was in the afternoon of a very cold day, we were working our way slowly through the woods near the river, when we came in sight of a party of Canadians and Indians, who were resting themselves in an open space in the woods. We pressed on joyfully to them, and they turned out to be a party that Arnold had sent back to us with flour and some cattle. You never saw such an overjoyed set of men in your life as ours were. They were so glad to get something to eat, that they hugged each other. One by one the parties came up, and received some provisions; and then, having refreshed ourselves, we pushed on with vigor. As much as we rejoiced at our relief, we rejoiced still more when we caught sight of houses where human beings lived. We came out of the woods in small parties at a time, and the inhabitants received us well. At first they were struck with astonishment to see men who had performed such a march through a wilderness where a white man's foot had scarcely trod. They reported strange stories about us. Some said that we were cased in iron, and that we had great power of body. Others, that there was about twice as many of us as there really was. They all treated us kindly. Some

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of the men had worn-out their clothes to rags; and these the Canadians clothed. The sick they attended with great care. In fact, we could n't have received better treatment if we had been at home."

"How long did the march through the wilderness require?" asked Bob.

"We left Newburyport, in the transports, on the 18th of September, and arrived at the first Canadian settlement on the 4th of November. Arnold had arrived on the 30th of October," replied Bill, after a short pause.

"Had you lost many of the party, besides Enos's division?" enquired John.

"I do n't know what the return was just after we finished our march; but I know that, a short time afterwards, six hundred and seventy-five men was all we could muster."

"That was a large decrease," said Bob. "You started from Cambridge with an army of more than a thousand men, I understood."

"Yes; but Enos is responsible for about half of the missing ones. The rest either died from fatigue and exposure, or deserted in the early part of our march," was the reply.

"Well, it must be getting late," remarked Bob. "We 'll hear more about this invasion some other time; won't we, Bill?"

"Yes, when some of the rest of you do your share

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of the talking," replied Bill; "I'm so tired that I shall have to stop."

"We won't talk any more to-night, anyhow," said John. "I'm going to try to sleep to-night. We've been in continual alarm for the last two or three weeks; and now we can rest quietly."

"I'm with you," was the reply; and, one after another, the men sought their beds of straw. A blanket was the covering, and a knapsack the pillow, for each. The fire blazed cheerfully on the hearth, shedding its comforting influence upon the scene; and it did not require many moments to close the eyelids of the men, and "steep their senses in forgetfulness."

Benedict Arnold.

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Washington's Head-Quarters at Gowanus, Long Island.

THE CAMP-FIRE AT LONG ISLAND.

NIGHT had settled around the plains and the rugged hills of Long Island. It was the evening which preceded the disastrous battle of August 27th, 1776; and both armies, having lighted their fires, seemed to be holding their breath in anticipation of the morrow. The hills were dotted with watch-fires; and many an eye, which had flashed wildly when the tocsin of liberty pealed first at Concord, or when in fierce strife it met that of an enemy, looked sadly on the flames, as they slowly curled upward. Scarce a whisper disturbed the quiet of that calm and beautiful summer night.

Suddenly, a soldier issued from a pass between some hills, and advanced toward one of the tents. He was a young man, dressed as an ordinary soldier, and carrying a musket over his shoulder.

"Stand!" exclaimed a sentinel. The young man stopped and gave a pass-word.

"Your passport," demanded the inexorable watcher.

"And why a passport?" the young soldier enquired.

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THE SENTINEL.

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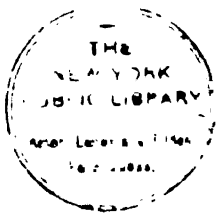

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"I've given you the word by which I passed all the sentinels behind me."

"I have just received the old man's orders, and the other sentinels will receive them also. Israel must be obeyed."

The soldier stood for a moment, as though lost in astonishment. Then striking his forehead with one hand, he exclaimed with energy,—

"I must see General Putnam!"

The sentinel lowered his gun.

"I must — I must see the general. I have information of the first importance to our cause, and which no one can deliver but myself. — Is there no exception to your orders?"

"None," was the reply; "not for the old man himself, if he should come along. So, sir, you are my prisoner."

"Take me prisoner — but take me to the general."

"You must go to quarters; he cannot be seen," was the reply.

A strange variety of emotions were visible on the soldier's countenance, as he grounded his musket, to save his life. But scarcely had the sentinel advanced to seize him, when a horseman rode through the pass as fast as his jaded horse could gallop.

"Is private Smith here?" he demanded, on reaching the sentinel.

"I am he," replied the young man, turning round,

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and facing the officer. He was immediately recognized.

"Here is a passport, to carry you to General Putnam. It should have been given you before — lose no time."

The young soldier bowed and passed on. He reached the general's tent, and delivered to him,— partly in writing, partly in words,— a message from General Greene.

"That pass!" exclaimed Putnam, springing from his seat. "O! that Greene was here to direct us!"

Orders were immediately issued to examine the Jamaica road; and all who could be spared from other points were directed to be stationed there. But the order was too late. The officers were mostly unacquainted with the ground; and, amid the perplexities of a night march over an unknown territory, so much time was lost, that even on the following morning the pass had not been guarded.

For a short time after delivering his message, young Smith had remained in the general's tent. The road by which he came was both difficult and dangerous; and he gladly accepted Putnam's offer, to remain in that part of the camp. Within the tent near which he had been stopped by the sentinel, he had observed two or three faces which seemed familiar to him; and he requested and obtained permission to quarter there during the night.

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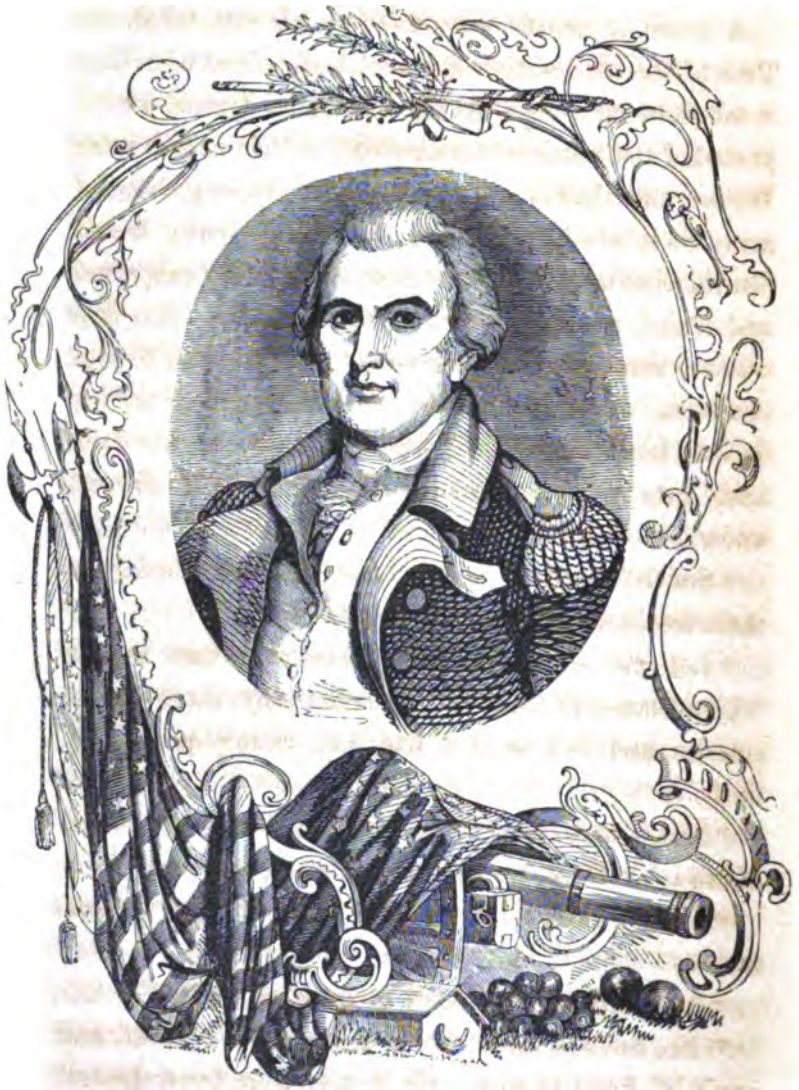

GENERAL GREENE.

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A scene of hearty joy ensued on his arrival there. Two of the men within the tent, had passed with him through many of the trying scenes in Boston, which preceded the battle of Lexington. Their names were Wilson and Hanna. They had joined the provincial army soon after that event; but their young friend Smith, unable to leave Boston without being suspected and seized, remained there during the siege. Another soldier, named Rollin, had seen Smith on that joyous occasion, when the army of Washington, having driven Lord Howe from the city, marched triumphantly into it. Two others within the tent he did not know.

"Smith!" exclaimed the three friends, springing to their feet, and grasping his hand.

"Let me sit down, lads," were his first words. "I've been travelling all this hot day, since before sunrise, and feel as if I had lost twenty pounds of flesh."

"But where have you been so long?" enquired Hanna. "Why, we used to see you every day."

"I have been with General Greene," was the answer.

"And will he lead us, in the coming battle?"

"No, he will not. He's down with a fever, and can't lift hand or foot. We'll miss him, boys, depend upon it, when the fighting comes to be done."

"I'm not afraid, when Israel's about," said Wilson.

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"Nor I, either," added a companion.

"It 's no difference who commands," Smith replied. "if he don't know what the ground 's like that he 's fighting on. His excellency himself could n't gain a battle, unless he knew something of the kind beforehand. And let me tell you, lads, General Greene is the only man that has the proper knowledge of it."

"Well, I 'm tired of this war," remarked a man named Pierce. "I wish Lord North and the other lords had gone to smash before they passed the stamp act. Here we 've been quarrelling six or seven years, and at last got to blows, without the least good to either party. Why can't they let us have our homes, and our little property, in peace, instead of murdering and destroying all before them?"

"We do n't want peace!" exclaimed Rollin, sharply. "Peace! who 'd be a subject of King George again, and call him, 'gracious majesty,' and 'kind majesty,' and 'most serene highness,' when we know he 'd cut the throat of every mother's son among us, if he only had the chance, and the knives. I go by the declaration of our Congress — and may God help them to keep it! They know more than I do of these things; for some of them have read all kinds of history, besides other books; and this makes them know how to talk in the right style. Did n't they say all people are free when they are born, and that one 's as good

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as another? I don't recollect the words exactly, but that's something like it."

"That's it!" exclaimed Hanna. "And they said also that George III. is a tyrant; which I believe with all my heart."

"Who cares for his property," resumed Rollin, "if we can get our freedom? That's what we're fighting for now, and we must fight it out. Any man that don't come up to the scratch, ought n't to be free. And, let me tell you, there are boys in this camp that never will be under a king again, unless it be his excellency. They'll live among the Indians first — yes, they'd rather stand still and be chopped to pieces. What good did ever King George do us? — that's what I want to know. He got our money, and made us fight the French, and left his armies here to be fed, and made us pay for his quarrels, and then called us 'rebels!' And all the time, we, like poor fools, as we were, kept saying, 'gracious majesty, gracious majesty, O! how gracious!' But, boys, even kittens get their eyes open at last; and all honor to the wise men in Congress, we've got ours opened — I go for the Declaration!"

"So do I!" exclaimed Smith. "Stick to it, lads, forever! I wish we had had a Declaration when the red-coats left Boston. That was the time to give it to them; but you see our hands were tied, because we were subjects, and so they slipped away."

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"Were you in Boston all the time the siege lasted?" asked Wilson.

"Yes; and many a hard scene the people passed through. We did n't care so much for ourselves, as for the women and little children. Some of them suffered enough last winter; for many families had been robbed of their money and other articles, after the battle of Bunker Hill."

"Let 's hear something about it," said Hanna.

"I can't tell you more about the battle than you know yourselves," replied the young soldier. "It was a busy day, however, in Boston, and the whole town looked like a beehive. I got on old Neddy Ingle's roof; but I could see nothing but the hill where the fort was, on account of the crowds that covered the houses before me, and on all sides. They clung to each other in bunches; and every window was filled with heads. At last, I climbed to the top of a chimney. The red-coats were just marching up the hill; and then, boys, you ought to have seen the pale faces around me, and how the poor women clasped their hands, and looked up to Heaven, with trembling lips, and sometimes with short prayers. There were some handsome young girls among them, too; but I had n't time to look at them, only now and then. Every eye was on the red-coats; and when they got quite near, so that they seemed only two or three steps off, I began to think all was over. Ah, boys, it

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would have looked bad to give up the fort without fighting, after all that had been done at Lexington."

"But they did n't, though," interrupted a voice.

"No, indeed," resumed Smith; "but a good many thought so, besides myself. You remember Passy, Joe?"

"The old, cross, ugly man, with a flat, round nose, who swears so?" enquired Hanna.

"Yes, he. He 's a bad sort of a man, but a firm patriot. When he saw, as he thought, that the Americans were afraid to fight, he broke out all at once with such a mouthful of curses, as frightened everybody. Some tried to stop him; but he swore worse at them, and nearly pushed Mrs. Johnson's Sally off the roof. If she had fallen, half a dozen, at least, would have gone with her. She began to cry; and as all hearts were full, we soon had tears enough. The girls wrung their hands, and some of the men hid their faces, saying that all was over. But just as I was hallooing to Passy, to ask him if he was n't ashamed of himself, the little fort broke out in the right way. Every one was on tiptoe. 'The battle 's begun!' shouted the men, in all directions. Sure enough, it had begun. The red-coats poured out their fire, covering themselves in clouds of smoke, and hiding our fort; and at the same moment, all the ships in the harbor vomited out fire and death, till the houses in town seemed to be shaking to pieces.

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You may guess how anxiously we looked till the smoke should clear away; for nobody doubted that the fort would be knocked off the hill like a football. In a few minutes we saw the legs, and then the bodies of the red-coats, pushing out of the smoke, and running down the hill as if they'd break their necks. 'What's the matter with my eyes, children?' exclaimed Deacon Wadloe; for he didn't dream, nor anybody else, that the British were really flying. But he had hardly cleaned his spectacles, and put them on again, when the smoke was blown away, and we saw what the matter was. Then there were more tears; but they were tears of joy. Then the girls hugged each other, and the men stamped, and the old women clapped their hands, till I expected they would tumble headforemost into the street. At first we didn't hurrah, for fear of the officers; but Sammy Cropp grabbed his son Bill by the shoulder, and shouted, 'Hurrah, my boy—hurrah for America, if you're shot for it!" Bill roared out like a thunderclap; and the way that all on the roof joined him, was a lesson to tories.

"Pretty soon, up comes three officers, through the trap-door. They wanted to know what the rebel noise meant. Charley Cannon made answer, that he hadn't heard any rebel noise, nor any loyal one either. The nearest officer swore an oath that made even Passy shudder, and drew his sword to run

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Cannon through; but he couldn't get at him, for the crowd of women. One or two begged Charley to be quiet; but he swore that if they'd clear the roof, he'd fight all three with his fists. The officers ordered him to surrender; but as he knew very well what would be done with him if he complied, he only folded his arms and looked at the officers. 'Never surrender, Charley,' two or three whispered. 'I don't intend to,' was his answer. 'Look here, Mr. Officer: you're dressed in a nice clean suit, and got a very fine long sword of your own; but I'll just tell you, on the part of Charley Cannon, you can't do everything. I don't like to brag; but I'll just say of myself, I'm no rebel. And I'll just say again, that you can't frighten me with your sword, if it ain't rusty. And, p'r'aps, I may as well add, that if either of you lays a finger on me, he'll go over this banister into the street, quicker than they are flying over there, down Breed's Hill!'"

"Good!" ejaculated Hanna. "That was the right way to make speeches."

"It was, indeed. And the way the men crowded round to help him, was the right way, too. For you see, boys, we thought that if our friends could whip an army on a hill, we might easily whip three officers on the roof of a house. But just then three more officers came up; and there would have been serious work, if an order hadn't soon after arrived, for them

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to repair with all haste to their commands. Then we gave three cheers for Charley Cannon; but as his foe had now fled, we thought it best that he should go off the roof, lest the red-coats would tell, and have him arrested. He would n't go, though; and, pretty soon afterwards, orders came from one of the British generals, to clear the roof; so we had to get down without seeing the end of the battle. We listened, between hope and fear, to the firing, when it began again; and a good many ran through the town, in spite of the soldiers, and hid themselves near the harbor, where they could see all. You know, boys, how the battle ended; so I need n't say anything further about that. In the afternoon, the wounded were brought over in boats; and a long string of wagons and carriages took them up to head-quarters. Jake White and I were peeping from behind a pile of logs in the old board-yard, trying to count them as they passed. But there seemed to be no end; and so at last we stopped. Jake was so pleased, that I could scarcely keep him from screaming out; but it seemed to me a hard thing to see so many men, who were well enough in the morning, hacked and bruised; — some with their arms or legs off, some shot in the head, others just dying. I was n't used to such sights then, and that one made me feel very uneasy for a good many days.

"After the battle, the British officers treated us

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worse than ever, and would n't allow our men to go out of the city without being examined. Every day, they searched the houses for arms. If any were found in a house, they had the family examined before a board appointed by Gage; and if none was found, they abused the people, and called them 'rebels.' At night, they patrolled the streets; and when they caught any poor fellow out, locked him up in the barracks. Once or twice, Doctor Griffin was taken; but the general let him go, when he told who he was."

"How could you live in such a place?" enquired one of the soldiers.

"It was hard living enough," Smith replied; "but let me tell you, boys, it was still harder work to get out of the town. Besides the red-coats, there were more tories than a few, watching us; and they had eyes behind as well as before. The scoundrels knew that we 'd have no mercy on them, if once they were in our hands; so they worked mischief on us, day and night. And, to be more particular, lads, for I 'm not ashamed of it, I had determined never to leave Boston while Caddy Lowell was there. I won't say much about her now, boys, — she used to talk to me of Heaven, and call it her home; and sometimes she wished to be an angel, so that I could only be with her. I did n't care much about such things then, though I believed them all, and liked to listen, be-

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cause it was Caddy that spoke. But I've thought a good deal about them since, though I am a soldier; and I believe she's happier to-night, than if she had lived to see the evil that's come on her country. She was a sweet girl, lads," continued the young man, as his voice sank to a whisper, and he seemed to be musing on some pleasant vision of the past.

"And why did n't you try to escape, and take her along with you?" enquired Wilson.

"So I did," he answered; "but I was pursued and arrested. Heaven will yet blast the cursed red-coats for it. I believe I would have escaped in spite of them, if it had n't been for that sneaking old Quaker, Jacob Browne."

"I knew him," remarked Hanna. "He's a bad man."

"He's a villain!" rejoined Smith. "He wanted to get Caddy for his son Ben, because he knew her uncle had property, which would be hers at his death. But she sent the young, long-faced, tory hypocrite, about his business; and, from that day forward, he and his revengeful father kept their eyes on me. One day, Caddy heard them talking together about me; and says the old fellow to the young rogue, 'Thee knows, Benjamin, there are more days to pay the debt thou owest him, than the day of judgment.' When she told me, in the evening, my blood boiled right up; but she made me be quiet, and sit down by

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her; and then we agreed to attempt an escape. Poor girl! it was me she cared about most. Sometimes I think it would have been better if she had stayed."

"But let's hear about it," said Hanna.

"Well, you see, lads, that was on a Friday. The weather was pretty cool, for the sun had crossed the line about a week before; and if we put the matter off much longer, winter would be upon us. So I told Caddy I'd be at her house on the next Tuesday afternoon, and we could walk to Peter Gamble's house, and stay till about ten o'clock, when we'd start away, pretending to go home, but really for the purpose of pushing over the Neck, toward Roxbury. There was an old widow lady living in the frame-house just outside the Neck; and with her I thought we might hide till we could pursue our journey without danger. It was a desperate chance, and neither of us thought of much else till Tuesday came. At two o'clock I was at Caddy's. She had hid all her jewels, and some other little notions that her parents gave her before they died, about her person, in such a manner that they could n't be found. She was as merry as a bee, and told me that we were going out of the land of bondage, as Moses, I think she said, did with his family. As for myself, I felt a little solemn, though I tried to laugh, and keep down the thoughts that would come up. We went through the garden gate, and round the little white fence, where the rose-bushes

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used to grow, so that Browne would n't see us. But we had n't gone a rod, before he came sneaking into the lane by a by-path, right opposite to us; and no sooner had he set his eye on Caddy, than he pushed up his green spec's, kind of made a halt, and looked right at her. We pretended not to mind him; but we could see his head beginning to jerk sideways, as it does when he 's in trouble. Says Caddy, when we got a little further down, 'That sight will do us no good.' I told her it would n't; and soon afterwards we struck into another street. We reached Gamble's house without being seen by the soldiers. After we had eaten supper, says I, 'Pete, how late can a fellow travel with his girl, down here, without being nabbed by the red-coats?' 'Till sundown,' says he; and to-night you had better be exact in the time, for a whole company are going to reconnoitre, near the Neck, about nine o'clock to-night.' This made me feel pretty blue; and turning to Caddy, I told her we must be going. Peter wanted us to stay all night, for he was n't in the secret; but, says I, 'We can't.' It was near sundown then; and as soon as we had turned the next corner above, we turned back again behind Pete's house, and then pushed for Mrs. Hoover's. We got along pretty smoothly for awhile, till it began to grow black, and we heard thunder in the distance. Then says I, 'Caddy, shall we go back?' but she would n't listen to it. We ran as fast as we could;

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and I knew we could n't be very far from the frame-house, but could n't see a thing before me. By and by, my foot struck the root of a tree, and down I went. Caddy did n't cry, as other girls would have done; for she could stand a great deal more than some men can, though she was so quiet and gentle. I was up in no time; but on feeling round me, I found we had lost the road. It was now time to stop; for if we ran on, we might plunge into the bay. When the lightning began to flash, we saw some tall trees before us, and a sort of ditch, that seemed to me, as well as I could guess, to have been ploughed up by a cannon-ball. That sight made me feel queer; and says I, 'Dear Caddy, I wish I had n't brought you here.' She asked me if I was afraid; and that made me ashamed of myself. I resolved, therefore, to take the worst. By and by, the rain came down like rivers; there we were, clinging to each other, drenched through, and afraid to stir one way or another. I threw my coat over Caddy, knowing she was cold; and she leaned her head on my shoulder, without speaking a word, till the first storm-clouds had blown over."

"And did you leave her there?" asked one of the men.

"Leave her!" ejaculated Smith. "What do you mean?"

"I merely asked," was the reply.

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"I did n't leave her," said Smith, solemnly. "No man that has a heart, could leave so gentle a girl, in such a storm, for a minute."

"But how did you get off?"

"I was just going to tell you. After the first shower, it grew a little lighter; so that we picked our steps pretty well, till we came to a fence which looked as if it had just been set up. Thinks I, 'If we follow this, it may lead us to the road;' and so I walked along, feeling the rails with one hand, and leading Caddy with the other. But her thin shoes stuck so in the mud, that I had to lift her at every three or four steps; and, at last, I fairly carried her. But no sooner had we reached the end of the fence, than I saw the old tall poplar-tree, where the schoolboys used to shoot squirrels, on Saturday afternoons; and I knew right away that the road was near. Caddy's ear was quicker than mine. She heard horses' footsteps in the road, and told me to stand close to her; because, if we were seen, I would not be fired at, for fear of shooting her. After listening a little while, we heard wheels; and then some one singing a psalm. Says I, 'That's no soldier.' When he got nearer, it seemed as though I knew his voice; for it sounded like Jeremiah Longacre's, who came to town on business every week, and went back again under a permit from Gage. Sure enough, it was he. I called him by name, and he stopped. When he saw what a con-

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dition we were in, he held up both hands in astonishment, telling us he never heard of such rashness. There was n't room for us both in his little wagon; so, after wrapping up Caddy pretty warm, I put on my coat, and got on the horse. I thought we were safe at last; but the red-coats were on the track; and, before long, we heard them coming down the road at full gallop. I wanted to set the horse a-going with all his might; but Mr. Longacre told me it was of no use. We kept, therefore, on the old trot; and the British were soon up with us. The officers knew the wagon, and I believe would have passed on, if I had n't been sitting on the horse. Seeing me, they turned short round, and ordered a halt. Mr. Longacre showed his permit; but it would n't do. They knew that he had gone from town alone, and demanded how I came there. He told them he had found me lost on the road; and, after a good deal of parleying, one of the horsemen ordered me to get behind him, on his horse; saying that I must be taken before Gage, and go through an examination.

"All this time, Caddy had n't spoken a word, nor had they seen her. But when she found that I was to be taken back, she began to wring her hands, and beg the men to let me go. Then I gave up all for lost; for I trembled at the thought of these British soldiers finding her in that place. They all started to hear a girl's voice; and one of them told Mr.

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Longacre that things began to look serious for him. The old gentleman replied, that he hoped soldiers had too much honor to lay hands on a young girl who had been lost on the road. Some began to laugh; others whispered that it was a good joke; now and then, one leaned over his horse's head, and peeped into the wagon. They told her, in shocking language, that she should go with me, while they would gallant us to Boston. One of them was making preparations to seat her before him on his horse; but another officer, that I had not seen before, rode up, and asked what the fuss was about. When he found out, he asked them if they were n't ashamed of themselves; swearing, at the same time, that he 'd shoot the first man who laid a finger on her. One of them began some shines; but the other, drawing a pistol, jammed it against his breast, and told him to be quiet. He was the only honorable officer that ever I saw with a red coat on; and I believe he was sent there by Heaven that night, for poor Caddy's sake. But when Mr. Longacre asked that I should be released, he would n't consent; and so I was sent back to town."

"But what become of her?" enquired Hanna.

"You 'll hear soon enough, boys. When we parted, I pressed her hand in mine, but I could n't speak. 'O! I'll go with you now,' she whispered; but Mr. Longacre told her we 'd meet again in better times.

"'You 'll not forget me, Henry?' she said, still

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holding my hand. I had just said 'Never,' when the spiteful red-coat started his horse, so that I came near falling backward. I turned round; but could only see Caddy's hand waving good-bye. Before morning, I was safe enough in Boston."

"Not in limbo?" enquired Rollin.

"Yes," was the answer. "At ten o'clock, I was brought before the 'Court of Inquiry,' I believe they called it; and who should be there but Browne and his son! They could n't prove anything; for I had no property about me, and was no spy; but I got a sentence of six weeks."

"I'd like to have hold of the judge!" exclaimed one of the hearers.

"And I, of the gaoler," added another.

"Well, boys," said Wilson, half musing; "how much we have suffered for freedom, when one only comes to look at it! It's a glorious thing, that Declaration!"

While this and similar expressions were uttered by all, each drew out his canteen and indulged in a hearty draught, preparatory to listening to the remainder of the young soldier's story. All was attention, when he re-commenced: —

"I was 'pardoned,' as they call it, in about four weeks; and went home with strict orders never to attempt an escape again, if I valued my neck. It was a hard thing to be kept in prison by red-coats;

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but I learned a good deal about them while I was there. Sometimes they moved me from one place to another; when I kept both eyes open to see all that could be seen. Often, too, I heard the sentinels, or some of the soldiers, talking together about their affairs. They said they were tired of fighting with Britons like themselves, and wished King George would make better laws, so as not to make people pay taxes when they did n't want to. They were so short of provisions, that it was said they had to eat horse-flesh; and they had no wood to burn, except what they got by tearing down frame buildings, or stealing pews and pulpits from churches! All the lumber belonging to our people, that they could lay hands on, was seized. Some ships were also sent out to get provisions from the southern colonies; but I never heard what became of them. The soldiers were busy building forts, which they made strong enough; but they were afraid to venture out of the town, because they thought that General Washington, with his great army, would cut them to pieces. When their provisions were nearly out, and most of them were on the shortest allowance, a supply arrived from England. You ought to have seen the courageous red-coats, down at the harbor, when the vessels arrived. Such kicking, and stamping, and hurraing, — all because they had got something to eat! Then they marched pigs, sheep, oxen, and cows, up to head-quarters; the

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officers going before with drawn swords, to kill the first rebel that touched one of their cattle; and a company of soldiers behind, with long guns and bayonets, smacking their lips and grinning clear across their faces. One flock after another was marched along, and then came wagon-loads of pork, ham, and vegetables. We had n't a chance to get any, though we tried hard enough; but John Baylis and Charley Clifford lamed a good many sheep, by throwing stones at them from behind houses."

"They are better at eating than at fighting," Wilson muttered.

"Some time before this," continued Smith, "General Howe had been sent over to take command. He was a good deal better liked than ever Gage was; but he called us 'rebels,' and that was what we could n't stand.

"At last, winter set in, in earnest; and I never want to see another like it. So many people had been turned out of doors by the soldiers, that three or four families lived in one house. Some had no wood, and had to chop up old benches, chairs, and such things, to keep themselves warm. Every morning, little children ran along the wharves with baskets, looking for pieces of bark and chips. When snow was on the ground, they would dig it up with their hands. They who had money, gave all they could spare to the poor; but it was such hard work

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to get provisions, that some of us did n't taste anything but barley-water for two or three days. When we managed to get flour, we boiled a little of it in water, with small bits of meat, to make it last longer. But many a one went hungry all day, or had to be satisfied with a few raw turnips, or a crust of bread. All this time, the tories laughed at us fools and rebels, and fattened themselves on the best that the British camp could afford.

"But this was n't all we suffered. One day, I saw Dr. Nott talking to some man very seriously, and knew something was the matter; for, of all men, the Doctor is the merriest. Thinks I, 'More red-coats have come over;' but I was mistaken. In a few days, it was rumored that the small-pox was in town. Then it was that people began to look pale, and to crowd to General Howe for permits to leave town. Sometimes they ran in crowds, to hear what the doctors said; and sometimes a man would hardly speak to his own brother, in the street, lest he might catch the pestilence. When any one was taken sick, his friends said, right away, that he had the small-pox; and began to wring their hands and cry out. And so, when it did begin to rage, the people were so frightened, that one could hardly help another. The poor wretches who caught the disease, were huddled together in close rooms, without any fire, and sometimes without food. At night, when the streets were

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still, we could hear them screaming for water, till their voices grew hoarse. When one died, he was dragged down the stairs, put into a wooden box, and hurried to the burial-pits. Often the body fell to pieces, being nothing but a crust of rottenness and corruption. People deserted the houses in the neighborhood that was first attacked, and moved two or three miles away; but they could n't escape. Others washed their houses, and burned lime day and night — all to no purpose. It broke out a mile from the first place; and next day was in the middle of the town. Some persons fell in the street with fear and weakness; but no one would touch them, and they died alone. When one in a family was attacked at night, the others fled out through snow or rain, leaving the poor fellow to shift for himself. But it was a sight, lads, that made many a heart ache, to see little barefooted children sitting on door-steps, shivering with cold, and crying for their dead mothers. I don't know what got into the people; but it seemed to me that their hearts were hardened, as Caddy used to say about sinners. Many a time I thanked Heaven that she was n't there."

"It 's a horrible disease!" exclaimed Pierce.

"You should have seen it in Boston," Smith replied. "The mere name of small-pox sometimes makes me shudder."

"Was it among the red-coats?" enquired Hanna.

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"A good many thought so; but the British kept matters to themselves. Still, I believe some of them died with the disease. Had our people had plenty of wholesome victuals, and warm fires, and airy accommodations, as Howe's men had, I don't think the pestilence would have spread among them, either. The British officers might have sent some of their doctors to help the sick; but they had n't feeling enough to do that. And, while I think of it, boys, I'll tell you how they enjoyed themselves, while innocent people were dying all around them. Every other night or so, there was a ball, where the redcoats were dressed, and starched, and powdered, like monkeys; and they 'd bow, and grin, and scrape, and caper, before half-a-dozen ugly tory women, enough to sicken a horse. Next day they 'd be too drunk to know whether their own soldiers were rebels or not; and we 'd see them sometimes dozing, with their red faces and dirty beards, beside the barrack windows. They got up a theatre, too, where they showed things to ridicule our army; and some of them had the impudence to ask Nancy Pierson, and some of her young friends, to attend. Nancy sent them off with a flea in their ear; and so did the other girls. One night in February, they were going to bring out a great thing, which was called 'The Blockade of Boston;' which meant the same as Washington besieging Boston. If you gave a shilling, you might get in. A paper was

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put up at the corners about it; and some red-coat wrote underneath, with a pencil, that rebels and beggars, who were too poor or too mean to give a shilling, might get in for tenpence."

"I could n't have stood that insult!" ejaculated Hanna.

"That afternoon," continued Smith, "I met Boagenes Sturdie. Says he, 'Where are you going, Smith?' and I told him. Then he said he had a notion in his head; and I asked him what it was. Says he, 'Smith, I scorn the man that goes to a red-coat theatre, and pays for going; but that paper, to-day, stings me to the quick; and I am going in without paying a penny.' Says I, 'How?' He answered, that there was to be a great rush of tories; and that some of them often got through in the crowd without paying, and he knew he could do the same. When I asked him if it would be right for patriots to go to such a place, he said that a good many brisk lads were to be there, to see if they could kick up a fuss; and that every man that loved his country ought to be near to help them. Then I agreed to go with him; and we parted, to meet in time for the show.

"When we got there, we found some of our boys taking the shillings, on the steps; for the guards were too drunk to see what was going on; especially as it was night. Sturdie winked as we went by, and they

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slipped each of us a shilling, to provide against trouble. But when the tory fools got up to the door on the second story, that opened into the theatre entry, the door-keeper demanded their money. They called him a fool; saying they had given their money to the real door-keepers, down below. He swore they were lying; for no one was there to receive money. Now some of these very chaps were officers, with tory girls on their arms; and there were some old rich tories, that were n't used to hear insults, except from us. So half-a-dozen clinched the poor fellow at the same time, and dragged him down the steps, to give him to the guards; and the whole crowd rushed up the entry and into the door, hurraing for King George and the army. We laughed in our sleeves; and soon found out that a good many of the boys were behind us, laughing, too. The hubbub brought the managers to the door; and when they found out how they had been cheated, they ran down into the street, swearing to hang the rebels who had taken the money. But they did n't find one of them; and they durst not ask those who had got in, for their money, lest there should be another disturbance.

"Our lads kept themselves straight as a pine-tree, till the show began. There was a big picture painted like Boston, and a good many fine-dressed English soldiers defending it. Some tories, dressed in rags, pretended to be the Americans. They had spades,

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picks, and broomsticks, instead of guns, and stove-pipes for hats. This was n't enough; but they had the impudence to bring out his excellency, dressed in a blanket, with a rusty sword in his hand, and a wig that reached down to his waist. I asked Sturdie how long we must bear such insults; but he was busy contriving some mischief, and made no answer. Just as Washington came out, some of the people near the stove began to jump about as if a cannon-ball had been shot among them. In a minute, we smelled sulphur a-fire; and such a fit of coughing don't often happen in theatres. The managers ran down to the stove; some ran down stairs; the women near the stove fainted; and a fellow, dressed in a red coat, roared out from the stage that there was no danger. They let in fresh air; and were just beginning to search for the one who had caused the mischief, when a sergeant ran in, and throwing down his bayonet, cried out that the Yankees were attacking Bunker Hill. Some believed that this was part of the play; but, all at once, General Howe sprang to his feet, and drawing his sword, ordered the officers to their alarm-posts. The crowd was in an uproar; — women screaming and fainting; soldiers hurrying to seize their guns; and the tories on their knees, praying that their lives might be spared. Howe told the people to clear the house; and in the rush, the lights on our side were knocked down. This was what we

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wanted. There were n't many silk dresses, nor cloth coats, got out whole; saying nothing about the damage done by the apothecaries' stuff that was put on before the alarm was given. Besides, the front ones were shoved down stairs headforemost; and there they lay until the mob behind walked over them. I kept near Sturdie all the time; and as soon as we got into the street, says he, 'It was worth a shilling—let 's scatter;' and away we walked different ways. We never found out who put the sulphur in the stove, nor how it got in; for all four stoves were surrounded with tories only."

"It was a grand trick!" ejaculated one of the hearers.

"But what made the sergeant run in?" enquired Hanna.

"I thought you remembered," Smith replied. "It was the same night that Major Knowlton marched to Charlestown, and burned some houses there, so that the red-coats could n't use them for garrisons. We thought for awhile that his excellency was coming with all the army; and the whole town was in an uproar."

"It was n't long after that, before he did come," remarked Wilson.

"Only a few weeks," the young man answered. "I can't tell you, boys, how we felt when Howe and his red-coats sailed from the town. It was a sight

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that made every heart beat for joy. When the news was spread through the country, people flocked from all quarters to see their friends once more. The streets were full of carriages and wagons; and long crowds of men, women, and boys, kept passing along the sidewalks, carrying trunks and bundles. I went down toward the Neck, early in the morning, to wait for Deacon Stackhouse's wagon to come along; for he it was that had given Caddy a home after she left Boston; and he had sent word to me, two days before, that he was going to bring her to town. After I had waited about two hours, the old man came along. Caddy was with him; but she didn't look as she did when we parted. Her cheeks were thin and white; and I saw she had suffered a great deal. But it was a happy meeting, after all; and the poor girl forgot all she had suffered from sickness and sorrow, and seemed for awhile as lively and joyous as ever. Still, she was not in good health; for, like many other poor women, she had been exposed to bad weather, and hardships, and frights, the whole winter. I don't want to say much more, lads," the young man continued, in a sad tone; "she was too good for this world; but I believe she'd have got well after all, if she hadn't been attacked with the small-pox, of which she died. We buried her in the graveyard near her uncle's farm, and, the next day, I joined the army."

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Such was the young soldier's story of the siege of Boston. The night was now well advanced; and each of the party lay down on his rude couch, to dream on the narrative he had just heard, and on the chances of the coming battle.

Siege of Boston.

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Washington crossing the Delaware.

THE CAMP-FIRE AT SKIPPACK CREEK.

WHAT heart that values American liberty, or that can appreciate its blessings, has not felt sad, while musing upon that dark period in our struggle for independence, when a British army, flushed with success, drove Washington, and his handful of continental troops, through New Jersey and across the Delaware? or what cheek has not been flushed with enthusiasm, when reading of the battle of Trenton? The page of history which contains the narrative of that glorious action, has often appeared too tame to reflect the feelings with which we peruse it; and we long to have near us some actor in the stormy event, that we may hear him dwell upon each little incident, and paint scenes and characters, as is not done by the formal historian. Alas! the heroes of '76 have departed! Yet here and there is found, among their posterity, a letter, a camp-journal, or a written narrative, penned in hours of gloom and danger; but which, rude and unlearned though it be, transports us to the troubled camp, and gives us a glimpse of

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the sufferings endured by our fathers, to achieve independence for their children.

For some days before the battle of Germantown, the American army was encamped at Skippack Creek, a little stream which runs into the east bank of the Schuylkill, about twenty miles above Philadelphia. It was autumn; and large fires were frequently kept burning, to warm the half-clad soldiers. Wearied with their constant marches since the battle of the Brandywine, the soldiers were allowed a short season of repose; and alternately companies ranged the woods in quest of fuel, nuts, and game. At night, the men lay together in small groups, in that part of their tent or hut nearest the camp-fire; and while thus endeavoring to keep themselves warm, many were the stories which they related to one another, of scenes they had witnessed in former stages of the war. It was with peculiar delight, on such occasions, that a young man named Nathan Black, who had been at the battles of Trenton and Princeton, related to the recruits who had joined since that time, the share he had taken in them. Black was an orphan, who had been bound to a maternal uncle, at the age of twelve years. So read, at least, his indenture; but many inferred, from his size and extraordinary strength of mind, that he was bound when at least fifteen. As the records of the family were lost during the tumultuous scenes with which the revolution

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opened, it was impossible to ascertain with precision; but Black always affirmed that his uncle had cheated him out of three years, for the sake of the accruing profits. All parties were Quakers; and at first all were tories. But, long before the declaration of independence, young Black had learned to sympathize with his suffering countrymen. Secretly he espoused their cause; and, contriving to escape from his tory master, he accompanied the fifteen hundred Philadelphians who joined Washington after he had crossed the Delaware, and was present in all the important operations of the winter campaign. Such a companion, in the camp on the Schuylkill, was esteemed by officers and men; and no one was oftener employed to gratify their curiosity, by recounting stories in which he had been an actor.

"What made you think of turning?" enquired a comrade, as Black sat one evening among a group of soldiers, at whose request he was relating an anecdote of a tory who had lost all his property, and become insane.

"One reason was," he answered, "I did n't like to be called a tory; and when I heard boys and men hurraing for freedom, it made my blood stir, though I could n't tell why. I said to myself, 'What good will King George do me, if he conquers? None. What good will Congress do me? Why, they 'll take off the taxes, and perhaps make me a freeman.' These

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things were up before my mind every day; especially as my apprenticeship would soon be over, and then I'd have to make a living for myself. Besides, uncle Isaac was a tory; and that was enough to set me against the whole party of them. Sometimes, a number of them would meet at his house, to drink wine, and make fun of General Washington. Uncle Isaac was worse than a Turk, when he had liquor in him, if it was only a spoonful; and some of the boys or the servants were sure to get horsewhipped before he got sober.

"One Monday afternoon, I heard the glasses ringing in the parlor, and knew that somebody would be regulated before he got to bed. Others knew it as well as myself; and so we began to prepare for the worst. In half an hour, Isaac came partly down the steps; and after looking around, beckoned with his fore-finger for me to come up. I followed him on tiptoe; but my heart was heavy. He asked me if I remembered being at a rebel meeting, the Saturday night before. I told him I had only stopped to see what was going on. 'Did thy duty impel thee to stop, Nathan?' he asked. I told him that it did n't. 'Did thy conscience, Nathan?' I saw I'd get the hiding, anyhow; and so I answered, 'Yes.' 'Then I'll not interfere with thy conscience; but thee shall be regulated, for doing more than thy duty. Thee 'll find the horsewhip hanging in the usual place, behind

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the dresser.' But just then I felt bolder than I ever had; for, since being at the meeting, it seemed as if I had got a new spirit. So I stood still, till he said the rebel was strong in me; and then I told him I was no rebel. The upshot was, I got beat half to death; and Isaac suffered severely, too, especially about the ribs. He never gave me a good word afterwards; but watched me closely, for fear I'd try to run off. Every day, he'd come into the workshop, about quitting time, and follow me up to the house; and as soon as supper was over, he sat down with the boys till dark; when every one had to retire to his room. But, one night, I slipped into the cellar, and waited there till Isaac had gone to bed, when I contrived to get the bar from the outside cellar-door, and made my escape. I hid myself, that night, in a field a little above the State-House, where some trees had been chopped down, and the logs piled together on the ground, with brush over them. Some men went down the road to town, soon after; and I knew they were tories, by their talk. Next day, I ran along Sassafras Lane till I reached the American camp. An officer took me into a tent, placed me by the fire, and listened while I told my story. He asked me if I was willing to join a party that was going to help General Washington. I told him I was; and, some days after, we were on our march. The women had been busy for a long time, making clothes, and pro-

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viding other little things, to make the party comfortable; so that we were much better off than the regulars in camp. I had never seen a camp before; and it made me feel queer, to see men walking over the frozen ground barefoot, others with their toes and feet frosted black, and some with a ragged blanket thrown over their shoulders instead of a coat. The poor fellows looked on our clothing with longing eyes; and I could almost have pulled off my shoes to give to some of them."

"Did they cross the river, in that condition?" enquired one of the listeners.

"A good number of them did," replied Black; "but you know some could n't cross for the ice. Two days after we had arrived, his excellency came to see us. He was on horseback. You know how he can ride; and what a noble way he has of sitting on his horse, when soldiers march before him. I had seen him two or three times before, at Philadelphia, when he did n't look half so fine. He was pleased with our appearance, and gave orders that we should be drilled carefully every day. And drilling enough we had, over the roughest ground, and in the worst weather. Still, our men were in high spirits; although I soon found out that the 'veterans,' as they were called, felt gloomy and suspicious."

"Were n't they out of heart?" asked a soldier named Reed.

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"They were, indeed. Sometimes they whispered among themselves, that the members of Congress kept back their pay, and neglected to send on clothes; and, let me tell you, comrades, there were more than a few under-officers there, who threatened to raise a revolt. Others thought there was no use of fighting any longer against the king. We had been driven, they said, from one colony to another; and we'd be driven further, as soon as the river freezed over. If Congress wanted them to be butchered, why did n't the members say so, and not let men drop to pieces with cold and hunger? Sometimes our men would try to talk with them; but we received answer, that it was easier to talk about order, with a warm coat and good shoes on, than to fight a whole campaign barefoot and in rags. I believe if it had n't been that their time was out at the end of the year, they would have gone off by regiments."

"Did they get no relief till after the battle?" enquired Whilden, an old soldier, who had been through the French war.

"Very little," continued Black. "Once a week, — perhaps not so often, — a small bundle of shoes, or coats, or trousers, came up from the city; but it was a poor chance among so many. Most of us lent our coats at times; but this led to some disorder, and was at last forbidden. One day, when there had been a great deal of angry talking, we saw General Washing-

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ton riding toward the veteran camp. After dismounting, he walked into one of the tents, and began to speak with the soldiers, about their condition. His kindness, and the sorrow he felt for them, brought tears to every eye. They told him how much they suffered, and showed their miserable food and ragged clothes. He passed from tent to tent, and found it was everywhere the same. The general gave them all the comfort he could; praising their faithfulness to the cause, when their reward was so poor, and promising to do all he could with Congress, and also with private citizens, for their relief. It cheered the poor fellows, to know that at least his excellency cared for them; and when they saw tears stealing down the general's cheeks, they felt ashamed of their complaining, and willing to endure as many more hardships, if they were only for his sake."

"He 's got a noble heart!" ejaculated one of the group.

"He was born to save America," Whilden added.

"There was no more murmuring after that," resumed Black; "but the soldiers rather seemed proud that they were suffering for freedom. And this was fortunate enough; for, shortly afterwards, we received orders to hold ourselves in readiness to march at the shortest notice. This threw the camp into confusion. None of the soldiers knew what enemy was to be attacked; for, as to crossing the river, it was n't

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dreamed of. Some began to think that we were to be sent to Philadelphia, to punish the tories; for there were hundreds of them there, as cruel and as bitter against the patriots, as uncle Isaac was. On Christmas eve, all the guns were examined, and a supply of provisions was dealt out. We understood, from this, that some enterprise was to be undertaken next day. This was a bad prospect; for the weather was very cold, and snow fell occasionally, in blinding showers. In the morning, all the soldiers of each regiment were placed together, and the arms were again examined. By and by, General Washington rode along the lines, pointing out the companies that had been selected; and in them were about five hundred of our Philadelphia men. Every heart beat with expectation; and when it was whispered along the ranks, that we were to cross the river at M'Conkey's Ferry, and march down upon Trenton, gladness was seen in all faces. No one doubted that we would gain the victory, if the general led us; and it was soon ascertained that he was going to do so.

"In the afternoon, the wind blew from the north, like a hurricane. Hail and rain fell so thickly, at times, that we could n't see half-way across the encampment; besides, the weather grew colder every hour. The general was on horseback through it all; but the soldiers were allowed to stay in the tents till nearly all the arrangements for marching had been

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made. The last order was, that we should be careful of our guns and powder; and in a little while after, we were on our road to the ferry, which we reached about dusk. A great many of the men had become discouraged by the storm; and when they heard the ice in the river crashing in all directions, and the water lashing the banks, from the force of the wind, they were almost ready to throw down their arms in despair. But it was too late either to turn back, or stand still. We heard the officers giving orders, yet could see nothing, for the storm and the darkness. When the soldiers embarked, they had to cling to each other; so strong was the wind, and so high did the waves toss and turn the boats. After the first loads had started, those who remained behind were numbed with cold, and harassed with doubts. Some said we could n't cross; others thought the boatmen were calling for help; and all of us could hear, plainly enough, the ice dashing against the boats. It was a long time before the second division could embark; and still many were left behind, I being among them. At last, our turn came; and, hard as it had been to stand on the shore, I found it nothing, compared to that passage of the river. Sometimes, sheets of ice would strike the boat, and carry it for some distance down the river, before the boatmen could row clear of them. Then large waves broke over the sides, wetting us through, and half filling the boat with

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water. Our fingers froze fast to our guns; and we had no other way to keep ourselves warm, than to sit close together, exposing our hands and feet as little as possible. When we first landed on the Jersey shore, some could n't stand, but had to be lifted ashore by the others. The artillery arrived safely; and then such of the officers as had remained behind, came over in the last boat. By this time, most of the soldiers had formed in regular order. The general and his staff passed from point to point, exhorting the men to do their duty, and assuring them that if they did, their present sufferings would be ended.

"It was now four o'clock in the morning. We began the march in two columns. One, under General Sullivan, moved down the river road; and the other, down the Pennington road. General Greene led the second division; while his excellency passed from one company to another, exhorting his men to do their duty. It snowed and hailed during the whole march; and our road was marked with blood from the bare feet of the men. But I did n't hear them complain; for their spirits were now roused for the battle. When it grew light enough for the general to see their condition, he told them that there was warm clothing, and plenty of food, in the enemy's quarters, which he hoped would soon be ours. On hearing this, they marched faster; and, in half an hour, we were near the hills among which the town

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is built. The officers galloped along from one company to another, waving their swords, and telling us that now was the time to fight for our country, and drive the cruel Britons from the soil. They reminded us of the outrages in the Jerseys, of the manner in which peaceable people had been treated, even after surrendering, and of the great cause for which we were fighting. I had never seen a battle; because, as I told you, I had been brought up among the Quakers; but these words of the officers filled me with new life, and I marched with as great an air, and as little fear, as any veteran. We were n't to make any noise till the attack commenced; but then to hurrah with all our might, to let the other division hear us, if they should be near. About eight o'clock, we approached the bridge, at the cross-roads, where the red-coats were posted. The first we met, was a guard of only a few men, who were so drunk that they did n't see us coming, till we were too close for them to escape. They had had a merry Christmas together; eating pies, puddings, and chickens, and cursing the rebels. Three or four, who were in the tent nearest to us, ran out without their guns, to ask what was the matter. I saw Greene in front, waving his sword, and heard the line ahead of us, firing. Thinks I, the battle 's begun, and we must take our chance. In a moment, his excellency dashed along toward the front, another volley was fired, and then

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BATTLE OF TRENTON.

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we heard the boys in front, hurraing. At the same moment, the other column was firing, further down; and soon we marched, in double-quick time, toward the British main party. These were the Hessians; and, after all their cruelties to our women and children, we could have bayoneted them without mercy. But strict orders had been given, to spare all prisoners; yet we could n't be stopped from shooting as many as possible, when we did fire. Colonel Rahl, who commanded them, fought bravely, trying to save his field-pieces; but he was picked off by some of our men. The rest of us rushed on, carrying all before us, and driving off the cannoneers in every direction. Three cheers were given for the guns, by the officers as well as men; but we did n't stop — no, not for a moment. Washington was n't to be seen; for he was giving orders about stopping the red-coats, if they made a push for Princeton. General Mercer galloped by us, waving his hat, and shouting that America was still safe. He had hardly gone, when one of Greene's aids dashed along on the other flank, ordering us to make one more charge. On we drove, through the camp, overcoming all opposition, and chasing the fugitives toward Princeton. After a short time, we saw the detachment that his excellency had thrown in their rear. These veterans hailed us with loud shouts; and as soon as the Hessians observed that they were Americans, they threw

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down their muskets, and bawled for quarter. They were all surrounded and taken prisoners. Sullivan's division was now in sight. They had also captured a great number; besides securing a large quantity of clothing. The Hessians stacked their muskets, which amounted to a thousand; we also got six field-pieces. By and by, his excellency, with some other officers, rode up with their hats off, when the very air rung with the hurraing. Some of the boys behind forgot to stop, after they had given eighteen cheers; and kept shouting for America and Washington, till the general began to laugh, and sent to tell them that he was satisfied."

"How many were killed at that battle?" asked one of the soldiers.

"Only two of our men. But two poor fellows froze to death, crossing the river. The Hessians lost their colonel and six other officers, besides twenty or thirty men. After all was over, and the prisoners had been secured, the general said we must have something to eat. In the camp, we found everything of the best, which the Hessians had left from their Christmas dinner. We soon put it to a better use; and as large fires were burning in the houses that formed the British quarters, we had the most comfortable meal that had been eaten by us since we were an army. I saw tears of joy rolling down the cheeks of the old veterans, which they tried to brush

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away with their ragged sleeves. The officers were as happy as the men; for they believed that affairs would now take a turn. As there was plenty of rum in the cellars, the general ordered that our canteens should be filled, before we started. What remained, with the enemy's baggage, provisions, and other things, was packed for easier carriage.

"After breakfast was over, we got ready for marching. The other troops, who were to cross the river, above and below us, had n't been able to do so, on account of the ice; and therefore the general resolved to cross the river immediately, in order to place his prisoners in safety. After defeating the Hessians and eating a good breakfast, we found marching much pleasanter than when we came up from the river; and nothing was talked of, along the way, but the victory. We were received, on the opposite side, with loud cheers. When the soldiers had reached the camp, the muskets were distributed among those who were without arms, and the clothing in like manner. It was lucky for our men, that baggage and clothing was taken that day, as well as prisoners."

"What was done with the prisoners?" enquired a listener.

"You remember they were Hessians," continued Black. "This made us think it would go hard with them; especially as they had carried on all kinds of outrage in the Jerseys, during the winter. Most of

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our soldiers thought they would be shot; and many said that they deserved a still worse death. But his excellency had determined to deal with them in a way of his own. When they had been placed in quarters, he visited them, in company with an interpreter; and his officers told them what the Americans were fighting for, and how much the soldiers of other nations ought to feel interested in their cause, rather than consent to oppose it. They answered, that the British had told them that the Americans were only a parcel of rebels and savages, and the army nothing but a mob of ragamuffins. The general asked them if they had ever known our people to act like savages. They acknowledged that they had never seen anything of the kind; but said that the British had told them that the rebels never gave quarter in battle; that they chopped their prisoners to pieces, just to try their swords, or else stripped off their skins, to make drum-heads of; and that the women were far more fierce and cruel than the men!"

"And had the British told them such tales?" asked Whilden.

"Yes, and still worse ones. They even said the young rebels were taught to eat Hessian meat, instead of pork; and that the prisoners were fattened for the purpose! This, you know, they did to make the Hessians fight better; and these simple Dutchmen believed every word, and were ready to kill every

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American in cold blood; whether men, women, or children. Our officers would have laughed out, had not his excellency looked quite sober, and proceeded with the conversation. He asked the prisoners if they had received quarter or not at Trenton; and they had to confess the truth. Then he asked how many of the dead they had seen insulted after the battle. To this they gave no answer; knowing that the killed on both sides had been buried with equal decency. The general asked many more questions, until, at last, the poor Dutchmen were utterly ashamed of themselves, and acknowledged that they had not been so kindly spoken to, since landing in America. Some of them could hardly speak, for joy, when they learned that their lives would be spared. His excellency told them, that if they would lay down their arms, and become farmers, he would account them the same as his countrymen, and defend their rights as he did his own. They consented willingly enough; saying that if the other Hessians in the British army heard of the offer, they would desert in a body. And, not long after, they did hear about it; when they ran off in such numbers, that the officers had to watch them closer than they would prisoners.

"News of the battle reached Philadelphia that night, and threw the town into an uproar. The bells were rung, and crowds of people flocked toward Gen-

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eral Putnam's camp, to hear the details. But the tories were nearly as strong as our men; so that, two or three times, there came near being a riot. They said it was plain enough that Washington had been defeated, else why would he return across the river on the same day he crossed it; and as to the report of prisoners and muskets being taken, they laughed at it. But, in two or three days, the Hessians were sent down in wagons, and lodged safely in the city; so that the enemies of our freedom could see that the report of the battle had been no joke. The tories now began to be afraid. Some of them, thinking the war was over, and that Howe would be in Philadelphia as soon as the river should freeze, had acted, for some time, pretty much as they pleased — that is, when they were out of old Putnam's hearing; for I want you to understand, that no one spoke ill of the cause when he was near. It was told in camp, that these tories held secret meetings every week; when they talked about helping Howe, if he attempted to attack Philadelphia. The news of our victory at Trenton, frightened them a little; but they still kept up such an excitement, that Putnam was employed, with his whole force, watching them. People were afraid to stir from their doors at night, as they heard so much about plots and secret enemies; and a soldier, who joined our company after the battle of Princeton, told us that some of the tories were persuading the

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inhabitants to burn the city; so that, as they said, it would n't fall into foreign hands. This they did, pretending to be in favor of our cause. He said that all the citizens who had guns, saw that they were loaded and primed every night before venturing to sleep; and that, for some weeks before Christmas, a rising of all the tories in Philadelphia was expected. But they were frightened out of this attempt, by seeing the Hessian prisoners, and by the watchfulness of old Putnam, who seemed to be all over town at the same time. After New-Year's day, they became quiet enough; but I suppose that they 're merry as crickets now, since their red-coat friends have joined them."

"How long was it before you crossed again?" enquired one of the listeners.

"Four days. His excellency wanted to give us time to rest, after so much exposure. But we learned afterwards, that Colonel Cadwalader, with a considerable body of militia, had crossed below us, on the 27th, and moved toward Burlington. On learning that Washington had not remained in Trenton, he would have crossed again; but his officers, and Colonel Reed, advised him to push on. He did so; and was driving the enemy before him, when we crossed over to Trenton. His excellency joined us next day; and Colonel Reed was sent out, with six horsemen, that morning, to reconnoitre. He returned

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with twelve prisoners, that he had taken in a house near Clarksville. They had pistols and swords; but the Colonel charging them boldly, they surrendered. The sergeant escaped through the back-door, and did n't stop running till he got to Princeton; where he told them that he had fought his way through fifty horsemen. We understood, also, that Colonel Reed brought information of a large force preparing to march against us; but the soldiers could n't learn the particulars. It was certain that we could not stay long in Jersey, without at least one more brush with the enemy; and those who knew the strength of Howe, concluded that it would be hotter and heavier than it was at Trenton. But our officers were confident of victory; and all the militia who had lately arrived, rejoiced at the prospect of being able to do something as great and honorable as had been done the week before.

"But, just at this time, the camp was filled with confusion and alarm. For some time, none of our battalion knew what was the matter. Officers stood ready to receive orders, and the men looked one at another, not knowing what to do or say. It was not that the enemy was near; for none but our own men could be seen; and even if an army had been marching toward us, there was time to retreat, if necessary. At last, an aid to one of the officers passed along by the tents, and left orders for us to be ready to move

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at the shortest notice. He had scarcely passed the house where we were cantoned, when one who seemed to be a straggler, whispered, as he hurried by, that the veterans were in revolt. This was news indeed; yet only a few believed it. We could n't think that the men who had suffered so much, and fought so well for freedom, would now desert the cause. Still the confusion seemed to increase; and many officers rode backward and forward in the streets; but so fast, that we could learn nothing from them of the state of affairs. After a long and anxious watch, we were allowed to retire to our quarters again; but we did not hear the true cause of the alarm till the following day."

"Was n't that the time they wanted to be disbanded?" enquired Whilden.

"Yes," was the reply; "for their time had expired. It was n't a revolt; but it was almost as bad for the army, as though it had been. They had a right to go home on the last day of the year, according to their bargain with Congress; and this they asked to be allowed to do. But you remember what a blow this would give to our cause; in Jersey, too, where the British were preparing to attack us. The general and his officers saw what would be the result, and determined to keep them a little longer, if it could be done. But all remonstrances seemed in vain. They said they were no longer soldiers, and would go off in

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a body. When mention was made of Congress, they cursed the members, and thanked Heaven they had got free from them. They told the general that they honored and loved him; but asked what use it was to depend on promises any longer, when they received no pay, no clothing, no food fit to eat, and no real encouragement for the future. When they were preparing to move, and there had been, for some minutes, deep silence, Washington walked toward them, with some of his officers following, and made so stirring an appeal to them, that some paused, and put down their bundles. Seeing this, half-a-dozen low fellows began to swear; but the others made them be quiet. Several of the officers also addressed them; and, at last, a bounty of ten dollars was offered to every one who would remain six weeks longer. About half of them agreed to accept the offer.

"It was well for our army, that this affair was settled so easily. Next day, we heard that a large army was moving toward us; and some said it was commanded by Lord Cornwallis. Colonel Reed was out all day, examining the ground, and picking up information; and Cadwalader, with his men, was ordered up from below. That night, the camp was in a bustle; and, early next morning, we took post in Trenton. Here we remained till the scouts brought the intelligence that the British were approaching. The marching and turning of the troops bewildered

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me very much; and I'm most ashamed to say that, at last, when we did stop, I could n't tell whether we were facing north or south. I whispered to Samuel Cresson, who stood next to me, if he knew where the enemy were; but he was as ignorant as myself. Still, most of the men were in high spirits; for they imagined they would get another victory as easily as they had the day after Christmas; besides, as the weather was cold, the excitement warmed them.

"By this time, some British cavalry had been discovered coming down from Princeton. A large party followed them, but, on seeing our scouts, turned back. We could do nothing till we heard from our advanced guard, who were in a wood, some miles further up, behind Shabbocunk Creek. Parties of riflemen were there, to harass the enemy; and it was thought that, if they gained any advantage, the main body could improve it, either by defeating the enemy, or keeping them back till night, when Washington would be able to cross the river. Our officers were all on horseback, talking with great earnestness, and they appeared to be much perplexed. A number of aids rode one by one to his excellency, and, after saying something in a hurry, and receiving orders, galloped away. At last, General Greene, with a few men, hurried forward, in double-quick time, to join the party in the woods. The battle had begun; for we heard sharp firing ahead, long before Greene was out of sight. It was

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now twelve o'clock. Our whole army was in motion, crossing the little bridge over the Assanpink; for the ground on the other side was higher and better than that we were on; besides which, we would then have the creek in our front. About half were across, when we saw the riflemen, and the rest of the advance-party, retreating as fast as they could; and, soon after, the enemy commenced firing on that part of the army which still remained in Trenton. At first, they were disposed to run; but the officers maintained order, and hurried the march over the bridge. Now, for the first time, I saw a large army in motion; for the British had got into the road, and were marching on toward our front and left. Their bayonets, as the sun shone on them, seemed like a forest on fire; and they stepped so smooth and regular, that if I had n't been busy with our own concerns, I could have gazed at them all day. But when the artillery began to thunder, a great deal of the beauty wore away; and our men quickened their movements across the bridge. Both armies were now firing musketry and cannon-shot; and we expected that it would continue the whole afternoon.

"It was then that a comrade, next to me, was shot dead. You know, soldiers, we do n't mind such things now, because we 've seen them so often. But it was n't so with me, then; for you know I had only been at Trenton, where there was little bloodshed.

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Besides, I had n't got over some of uncle Isaac's notions about war. But, not to run before the story, John Andrews, a young soldier, about my own age, was next to me. We had been in camp together from the time we left Philadelphia, and generally marched in company. He was always talking of his mother; and he sent her nearly all his money. She was poor, and made her living by sewing; yet her great comfort was to have a son like this young man. It was a dreadful day for her, when he joined the army; yet she told him that, since he was going, he must fight bravely. In the camp, he used to tell me all the plans he had formed to help her, after he should get home; for he never seemed to think there was a chance of being killed.

"But the poor lad was not to see his home again. The skirmishing, as I told you, was now going on very sharply, and some had fallen on both sides. I was looking toward General Greene, who had brought off the advance-party safely, when a terrible scream caused me to turn suddenly. John had been shot through the forehead. His eyes turned upward toward me, and stretched wide open; sending a shudder through me, that I felt for many days. How gladly would I have stooped to help him! but we hurried on, over his body, leaving him to die. I was sick enough of the battle, though it had just begun; for I thought of nothing but poor Andrews and his

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mother, and the misery his death would cause her, during the whole day."

"Did the battle stop, when you were over the bridge?" enquired a soldier.

"No; it had just begun. His excellency formed us on the hills and high ground, where we had the advantage over the enemy. All our artillery was ranged along the creek; and it kept the British at bay till night. Still, the firing was n't regular. Sometimes it stopped altogether, when we would be alarmed with reports that Cornwallis, or some of his officers, were crossing above, so as to march down and attack our rear. Then the firing of musketry would begin again, and continue, briskly enough, for a good while, assisted occasionally by the artillery. At times, the creek seemed to foam with the shot which fell into it. Our men kept their ground bravely; though we could see plainly enough, that the enemy's force was much greater than ours. Nor were they, like many of us, militia; but the best troops of Brunswick and other garrisons. Yet, seeing that they did n't attempt to cross the creek, our officers began to think that the real battle was to be on the next day. And this we were sure of, as the afternoon wore away; for, about sunset, the firing ceased. We had hoped, all day, that the river would freeze strong enough to allow us to cross; but, instead of this, the weather became so warm, that whoever moved, sank in mud at every

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step. The ice in the Delaware was half broken up; large cakes of it were carried down by the current; and sometimes the frozen part, near the shore, cracked with a report like a cannon. Hence we could neither cross on the ice, nor in boats. Now it was that we began to see the danger of our situation; now we felt sure that Cornwallis had driven us over the creek, where we were shut up by the hills and the river, only that he might cut us to pieces on the following morning. The soldiers and militia had behaved well enough during the day; but when they found out, as they thought, that we were to be slaughtered, or captured, in the morning, they were almost on the point of deserting. Tired as we were with fighting and marching for nearly two days and a night, none thought of sleep. You might have seen little groups of three or four in every tent, whispering together, with wild, rolling eyes, and clenched fists. They declared that his excellency had been tricked by the officers; that the scouts sent out were traitors; and that our army ought to have crossed the river before the British came in sight. Some talked of crossing the high grounds, without waiting for orders, and marching up the country; and others swore that they 'd not fire a shot on the next day, since they had been deceived in the first place. The under-officers attempted once or twice to interfere; but they found their authority, in a good measure, gone; and had to

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wink at the violation of order. If the army had stayed there all night, I believe all the men, continentals as well as militia, would have run, next morning, at the first fire."

"That was a 'cute trick of his excellency, to march away, at night, to Princeton!" ejaculated one of the soldiers.

"It saved America!" replied Black. "Besides, we learned a lesson, not to find fault with our officers, even if we did n't see all at once into their measures. While the soldiers were complaining, Washington and his generals met in council, at General St. Clair's. This quieted the murmuring; but there was great anxiety to know what was going to be done. By and by, a report was circulated, I do n't know how, that we were to retreat up the Delaware, and cross some miles above Trenton. This threw the soldiers into fresh disorder. They complained of wanting rest; and asked how they were to march through the mud, dragging cannon after them. It was n't because they were not brave men; but, somehow, they had become discouraged, and, for awhile, did n't care whether they obeyed orders or not.

"This state of things did n't last very long. While the men were disputing among themselves, a line of fires was kindled along the creek, opposite those of the enemy. Every one in our tent, and as far as I could see around, turned out to look at them. This

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perplexed us more than anything before; and Edward Gillon, who was standing near, asked me if we were to stay all night. I told him I did n't know; when he said he knew one thing, which was, he 'd be off in the morning, if they should. One of the men,—I forget his name, but he was wounded, next day, in the shoulder,—said it was best to be quiet, till we found out, for certain, what was going to be done. A sergeant came in about that time, and told us to wrap ourselves up warm, for a north-easter was coming. At first, we did n't believe him; but, in two or three minutes, the wind increased almost to a hurricane; and, after the first gust was over, it became so cold, that we were glad to wrap blanket, coat, or rag, about us. This encouraged the men a little; for what they had most dreaded, was to travel through mud. The fires blazed higher every moment, hiding us completely from the British. At the same time, we heard a dull noise, like the working of pickets; and, before morning, learned that several parties had been set at work by the general, to make Cornwallis believe we were going to stay all night. Sentinels were also posted at the fires, to show themselves occasionally to the enemy. While we were in suspense, to know what these movements were to end in, orders ran through camp, to prepare for marching. We were glad enough to hear them, now that the weather was bitter cold, and the ground frozen hard

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enough to bear cannon. For more than an hour, the camp was in a bustle of preparation; but we were forbidden to make the least noise, or to whisper, except to the officers. But some were so full of curiosity, that they chose to break orders, rather than be ignorant of where they were going. This was soon put a stop to; and afterwards the deepest silence reigned among us. About twelve o'clock, the baggage and part of the artillery was sent to Burlington; and, about an hour afterwards, the whole army was in motion — not following the baggage, but pushing up the country, towards Princeton. The road was as hard as stone; and we marched fast and quietly, without the slightest disorder. The left flank of the British was turned, and all hearts beat with joy, as we looked down the line of their fires, and felt that we had nearly escaped. Our own fires were burning as bright as ever; for parties were attending to them. On we went, ready to cheer the minute we got leave, and whispering words of joy, when the officers were not near. About daylight, we reached Stony Brook; and a halt was ordered, that the rear might come up. General Mercer was again sent in advance; but the Pennsylvania boys remained with Washington. On reaching a wood, below the meeting-house that stands on the brook, we struck into it, while Mercer pushed up the creek, to destroy the bridge on the road leading to Trenton. It was now near sunrise; but no enemy

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was to be seen, nor was any news heard of Lord Cornwallis. But while we hurried on, hoping to enter Princeton without a battle, sharp firing was heard ahead; a sign that Mercer was attacked. Washington no sooner heard the first gun, than he marched, with a detachment, to his aid. Arriving near the wood, he saw Mercer's militia flying, and their colonel wounded; but nothing of Mercer himself. His excellency galloped along our line, ordering us to form in the wood. We wanted to push on; but he reined up his horse in front of us, and gave orders to halt. Every eye was on him; for he was opposite the enemy's fire, and we expected to see him fall. But, the next minute, he galloped directly through their shower of cannon-shot, and rallied Mercer's men on a little ridge, near the road. By this time, the Virginia boys joined us, when we could wait no longer; but rushed on, cheering as loud as we could, and pouring our fire, hot and heavy, on the regiment that had defeated Mercer. Then Washington opened with his cannon, from the ridge; and for awhile they made the earth shake. I was in a regular battle, at last; yet it did n't seem like one, after all. I always expected to be frightened half to death; and that I 'd run, if I could get off, without looking behind. But it 's true, soldiers, I was n't half so cowardly as I had been the day before, in camp."

"That 's the way I felt at first," remarked one,

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whose first practical acquaintance with war, had been at the Brandywine. "Before I saw a red-coat, thinks I, Tommy, how will you stand up to it, when cannon-balls are coming; seeing you never fired at anything more dangerous than rabbits? But when the fighting had begun, there was so much shouting, and marching, and confusion, that I was more bewildered than afraid. Then the smoke covered us and the British, too; so that I did n't see many fall. I cheered as loud as the rest, and forgot all about the danger, till the battle was over, and we had time, in our tents, to think of the poor fellows who had been killed."

"The British could n't stand before our men," continued Black, "when we were all together. Washington kept in front, waving his hat, at times, to cheer his troops to do their duty. The enemy tried to drive us back, through the woods; but we stood our ground, pouring a heavy fire into them without ceasing, and encouraging each other with loud shouts. They next tried to take our artillery; and, for a short time, the ridge on which it stood was hid behind fire and smoke; so rapid were the discharges. The British were driven back in confusion; and, at that moment, we gave them another volley of musketry, which at once broke their line; Washington pushed after them with his cavalry, when they fled in all directions, and were soon followed by two other regiments, that were near Princeton. Washington then

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despatched a party, to break down the bridge; and afterwards, with his whole army, entered the town."

"What became of Mercer's body?" enquired one of the party

"After he was bayoneted by the British, he remained on the field—not dead, but mortally wounded. When the battle was over, Major Armstrong found him on the ground, insensible from the cold, and with all his wounds frozen stiff. The major and his men carried their general to Clark's farm-house, where he was laid upon a bed. Two young Quaker women attended him, and did all they could to ease his sufferings. While they were dressing his wounds, a party of British approached, and Mercer advised the Americans to fly. The general was made prisoner, but he died the next day. This British party was a detachment from Lord Cornwallis's army. When he found out, in the morning, that Washington had escaped, he retreated so fast towards Brunswick, that he reached Princeton just as our rear parties were leaving it.

"When his excellency started from the Assanpink, he designed marching at once to Brunswick, where the British had large stores of ammunition, provisions, and clothing, without much of a guard. But the battle at Princeton had hindered him; and now, since Cornwallis was so near, he began to think of the condition of his men. We had n't slept any for

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two nights, nor tasted food since the morning before. Some were so weak and tired, that they had to be supported by their companions; and if Cornwallis had attacked us while in this condition, the whole army would have been cut to pieces. Washington therefore turned aside from his first route, and proceeded, as fast as he could, first to Kingston, and then to Pluckemin. Every bridge we crossed was torn up, to stop the enemy's pursuit. We learned afterwards, that the British did n't dream of pursuing; for they were very much alarmed, on hearing of the battle at Princeton.

"When our men reached Pluckemin, some of them fell down in the woods, and could not be roused, although the weather was bitter cold. They were carried into quarters, half dead, rather than asleep. The others sat down on the ground, waiting for fires to be kindled, and the food to be dealt out. They tore the bread and meat like wild beasts, and then fell asleep. Many caught colds and other diseases, from which they did n't recover all winter; and none of us were able to march straight for more than a week."

"Why did n't the British cross the river to Philadelphia, then, when they had so good a chance?" enquired Whilden.

"Their chance was n't so good," Black answered. "Sometimes there was too much ice for boats to row

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against; and when the river did happen to be frozen across, the ice was too weak to bear an army. Neither had the British any notion of making the attempt. They thought Washington's army was a great deal larger than it really was; and all the garrisons which had lined the river-side, before Christmas, left their quarters, and hurried as fast as they could toward New York. Besides, you know Washington soon went into his winter's camp, at Morristown; and here he watched them close enough all winter, ready to march down and attack their rear, the moment they made any such attempt.

"It was at Morristown, that we got full information of the sufferings of the poor inhabitants, while they were under British rule. They had been promised security if they remained in their own houses; and as great numbers did so, General Howe gave them papers, which he called 'protections.' They were to show them to the soldiers, if they came to their houses; after doing which, Howe pretended the people who had these papers would not be injured. But, as soon as Washington had been driven across the Delaware, the British and Hessians spread themselves over the whole country, to hunt for plunder. Every house that they came across was robbed; the fowls were seized and put into bags; and not an ox, horse, or cow, was left in the barn-yard. When the farmers showed their papers, the Hessians laughed,

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and swore in Dutch; and the British would n't read them, because they said they had as much right as any one, to have some of the plunder. If the people were n't tories, their chairs, tables, and other little articles, were piled together and burned; the windows and doors were broken to pieces; and men, women, and children, beat and abused. Hundreds were stripped naked, and turned into the woods; and, in different places, such horrible cruelties were committed by these savages, that our blood boiled when we heard of them. Sad it would have been for our country, if they had got to Philadelphia, before the battle of Trenton; but you see, soldiers, Providence did n't allow it. There would have been a rising in the Jerseys, at any rate; for the inhabitants could n't endure their sufferings much longer. Many of them had to live in the woods, in the coldest weather; for their houses had been burned down, and the savage Hessians were hunting for them in all directions. In some places, the inhabitants had nothing to eat except roots, and potatoes, so bad that they had been kept for hogs. But, as soon as the enemy had been defeated, the people flew to arms. For some weeks, they came pouring into camp, swearing vengeance against their oppressors. They never, they said, would show quarter to a Hessian; and, in spite of the general's orders, they cut many a prisoner's throat, in the woods. This was one thing that struck terror

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into the British; for they knew that when the people they had abused should once rise, there would be no mercy shown them. It was the remembrance of these outrages, that made the militia fight like veterans; and in a few weeks we cleared nearly all the Jerseys of the British and Hessians."

Such was the young soldier's narrative of the winter campaign in New Jersey.

British Uniforms in the Time of the Revolution.

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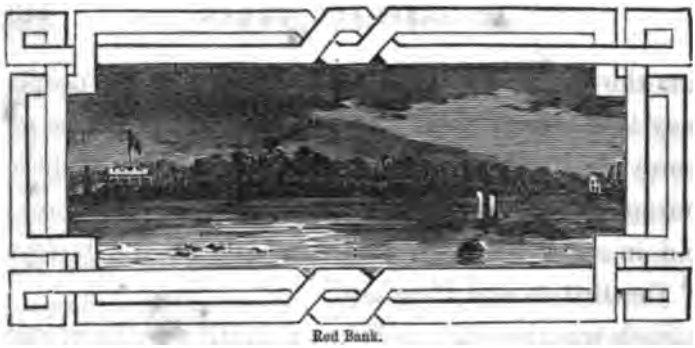

Red Bank.

THE CAMP-FIRE AT GERMANTOWN.

TOWARDS the close of a pleasant day, in the autumn of 1777, there might have been seen, sitting by a fire, in the camp at Germantown, three veteran officers of the American army. One appeared, by his attitude and gestures, to be entertaining the other two with a recital of some adventure which he had witnessed. Let us listen to their conversation.

"Ah!" said Captain Peterson, the narrator, "I remember him well — that brave young soldier, Arthur Stewart. I will tell you what I know of his history; it will serve to pass away the time."

His companions drew their camp-stools nearer the fire, evidently expecting a rare treat; for Captain Peterson was celebrated for his good stories, and was as fond of "spinning a long yarn," as a sailor; but *his* narratives were generally strictly true.

"Arthur Stewart, poor boy," began the Captain, "was born and reared in the old Bay State — a State worthy to claim such a native. He manifested, very early in life, a fearless and warlike disposition. He

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accordingly joined a company of volunteers, at the beginning of the war, in the year '75, and is in the army now, I believe, but I can't tell where he is stationed. When he first enlisted, he was in that division of the army, which was under the command of General Putnam. Captain Wetherbe commanded the company to which he belonged. The captain well understood the warlike merits of the stripling; but Stewart was not personally known to Putnam — indeed, it would have been mere luck and chance, if he had been. He had already signalized himself in two or three hard-fought battles; and, but for his extreme youth, would, at the time of which I am about to speak, have been promoted to the rank of ensign, or lieutenant. The incidents which I am about to relate, occurred just on the eve of the battle at White Plains.

"The British army was encamped within two miles of the Americans. The two armies had been watching each other's movements for several days, without coming to a general engagement. At length, one evening, both armies were making the necessary preparations for the night's rest; expecting, on the morrow, to try the precarious fortunes of a general engagement. The captains of the several companies had already designated those who were to stand guard during the night, except Captain Wetherbe, who had selected all his, with the exception of one. He was

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busily engaged in looking through his company, for a soldier to fill the vacancy, when, as good or bad fortune — I do n't know which — would have it, General Putnam passed that way. As he approached, the captain was in the act of calling Arthur Stewart, a beardless boy then, from the ranks, to act as a sentinel during the night. The general, with mingled emotions of surprise and anger, stepped up to the captain, and taking him a little on one side, said: 'Captain Wetherbe, what is the meaning of this? Are you so thoughtless and imprudent as to select this boy for a sentinel? a boy who has just left his leading-strings, to discharge the most responsible duties of a soldier! You know that the British army is almost within musket-shot of the American lines! Are we not in imminent danger of being attacked to-night? or, at least, of having the British spies discovering our movements? I beg you to look a little to this matter.' 'Your fears are entirely groundless,' replied Wetherbe. 'I know the boy; and I would be willing to sleep under the very guns of a British fort, with Arthur Stewart to watch over me. There 's not another soldier in my company, I would choose sooner than him — either for sentinel, or anything else. I am certain that he will do his duty to-night.' 'Do as you please, then,' answered Putnam; 'I have confidence in your judgment;' and he turned, and walked away.

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"It so happened, that this conversation, though intended to be carried on aside, was overheard by Stewart, and several others. I do n't know how it is, but there is an unaccountable sensibility in the organ of hearing, whenever we suspect we are ourselves the subject of remark — especially animadversion.

"Stewart had taken his post as sentinel, during the first part of the night. It so happened that General Putnam had occasion to pass outside the lines. On his way, he did not encounter Arthur Stewart, but another sentinel; who, ascertaining that it was the general, immediately allowed him to pass. After being absent a short time, he made towards the lines, as though he intended to return. In his course, he encountered Stewart. 'Who goes there?' enquired the sentinel. 'General Putnam,' was the reply. 'We know no General Putnam here,' Stewart answered. 'But *I* am General Putnam,' returned that person; by this time growing somewhat earnest. 'Give me the countersign,' returned Stewart. It so happened, that the general had somewhat unaccountably forgotten what the countersign was; or at least could not, at the moment, call it to mind. 'I have forgotten it,' was the reply. 'This is a pretty story from the lips of General Putnam. You are a British officer, sent over here as a spy,' returned Stewart, who was well aware that he was addressing Putnam; for the moon was shining brightly, and revealed the

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features of the general; but he had the staff in his own hand, and he meant to use it. 'I warrant you, I am not,' said the general; and he attempted to pass on. 'Pass that line, Sir, and you are a dead man!' exclaimed Stewart, at the same time cocking his gun. 'Stop where you are, or I'll make you stop!' continued the sentinel, as the general disregarded his first notice. Hastily raising his gun to his shoulder, and taking a somewhat deliberate aim, he pulled the trigger; but, from some reason or other, the discharge did not follow. 'Hold! hold!' exclaimed Putnam. 'I do hold,' was the reply. 'The gun holds its charge a great deal better than I intended it should;' immediately priming his musket for a second trial. 'You are not priming that gun for me?' asked Putnam, anxiously. 'That depends entirely upon circumstances. I warn you, once more, not to pass those lines.' 'But I am your general,' continued Putnam. 'I deny it, unless you give the countersign.' Here the general was at fault. He strove to recall the important word; but all was in vain. 'Boy,' said he, 'do you not know me? I *am* General Putnam.' 'A British officer, more like. If you are Putnam, as you say, why don't you give me the countersign? So sure as I'm my mother's son, if you attempt to pass the lines, I'll make cold-meat of you. I'm a sentinel. I know my duty; though there are some people in the world, who are marvellously in-

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GENERAL PUTNAM AND THE SENTINEL.

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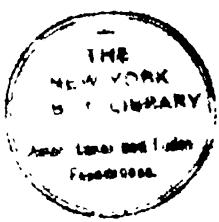

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clined to question it.' At this, Putnam, finding that further parley would be useless, desisted; and the boy, deliberately shouldering his musket, began, with a great deal of assumed haughtiness, to pace the ground as before.

"Here was the redoubtable General Putnam, the hero of a hundred battles, kept at bay by a stripling of seventeen! This scene, in my humble judgment, would have been a fine subject for a painter's pencil. Putnam, finding that the boy was in earnest — for he had had alarming proof of it — durst not, for his life, proceed a step further. He waited until Stewart was relieved; when the other sentinel, finding he was, in truth, General Putnam, allowed him to pass without giving the countersign. But the general's feelings were terribly excited. He knew, in his inmost soul, that the boy had done nothing but his duty; still, he felt that he had been most egregiously insulted. Had Stewart permitted him to pass without giving the countersign, and he had proved to be a British spy, the boy, according to the rules of war, would have been shot for his negligence. This was the manner in which Putnam's intellect reasoned; but his feelings by no means coincided with it. It is a terrible warfare, when a man's feelings come to an open rupture with his sound judgment; and such cases are by no means rare.

"General Putnam had determined, on returning to

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his quarters, to punish the boy severely; but, after a little calm reflection on the subject, he felt somewhat differently about it. A sense of honor and justice returned; and, sending for the boy on the morrow, he thus addressed him: 'You are the lad who stood sentinel, on the left wing of the army, last night, I believe?' 'I am,' replied Stewart. 'Did you know the man who encountered you, while at your post?' continued the general. 'I suspected who he might be,' returned the boy. 'Then why did you not permit him to pass?' enquired Putnam, rather sharply. 'I should have forfeited the reputation of being a vigilant sentinel, had I done so,' replied Stewart, without any hesitation. 'That's right,' said the general; 'you did just as I myself would have done, had I been in your place. We have nothing to fear from the British, or any other enemy, with such soldiers as you. Discipline is the soul of an army!' and taking from his purse a piece of gold, he presented it to the boy; at the same time charging him never to forfeit the character he had already acquired. Arthur was, shortly afterwards, promoted to the rank of ensign."

"A fine fellow, that same Arthur Stewart!" ejaculated one of his auditors, after Captain Peterson had concluded.

"My sentiments exactly," replied the captain. "He will yet distinguish himself, I warrant; for

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he has every qualification requisite in a soldier, and I should not wonder in the least, at hearing that he had signalized himself at Saratoga; for that is where I think he must be at this time, with General Gates s army."

General Putnam.

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Washington's Head-Quarters at Valley Forge.

THE CAMP-FIRE AT VALLEY FORGE.

THE name of Valley Forge will long be remembered, as one of the remarkable places of the Revolution. It is situated about twenty miles from the city of Philadelphia. When, on the 18th of December, 1777, Washington gave orders to establish a fortified camp on this spot, which is bounded, on one side, by the river Schuylkill, and on the others by ridges of hills, the ground was covered with woods. The trees were felled, and huts constructed of the logs; the dimensions of each being sixteen feet by fourteen. One hut was assigned to twelve privates; and one to a smaller number of officers, according to their rank. These rude dwellings were arranged in parallel lines, where the shape of the ground would admit; and, when the encampment was completed, it had the appearance of a town, with streets and ave-

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nues. The soldiers from the same State, inhabited the same street or quarter. The whole encampment was surrounded, on the land side, by intrenchments; and a bridge was thrown across the river, to establish a communication with the country in that direction.

Here it was that the American army underwent sufferings such as have scarcely a parallel in military history. On their march to the spot, over the hard, frozen ground, such was their destitute condition, with respect to clothing, that they presented a pitiable spectacle; and their course might have been traced on the ground, by the blood drawn from their bare feet upon the march. While hutted at Valley Forge, at one time, no less than 2898 men were unfit for duty, because barefoot, and otherwise naked; and this, be it remembered, in the depth of winter. Only eighty-two hundred men, fit for duty, could have been mustered to resist the attack of General Howe's numerous and well-appointed army, had that officer seen fit to march but twenty miles from his comfortable quarters in Philadelphia, for the purpose of trying the fortune of war.

Washington's letters, written at this dark period of the war, disclose not only the melancholy facts of the case, but the causes from which they resulted; namely, the inertness of Congress, the apathy of the people, and the wretched system, or rather no system, of supplies, which prevailed at that time. He remarks,

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in one of these letters: "Upon the ground of safety and policy, I am obliged to conceal the true state of the army from public view, and thereby expose myself to calumny and detraction."

Incapacity in the commissariat department of the army is glaringly apparent, from the fact, that, at the very time when the army was suffering so severely for want of clothing, hogsheads of shoes, stockings, and other wearing apparel, intended for the soldiers, were lying at different places, upon the road and in the woods, useless, for want of teams and proper management, and of ready money, to pay the teamsters for their transportation.

On a certain night, in the middle of this disastrous winter, in one of the huts appointed for the accommodation of the Massachusetts line, three men might be seen sitting around a fire, and discoursing on the events of the war, by way of beguiling the dreary hours of darkness. These men were literally compelled to sit up by the fire all night, for want of a sufficient supply of blankets to accommodate the whole twelve who occupied the hut. The other nine, having blankets, could sleep; and, on the next night, three of them would have to take their turn of watching.

They conversed in a low tone, so as not to disturb the sleepers in the surrounding bunks, or berths; but, occasionally, exciting themes raised their voices, till

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a warning snort, from some half-awakened sleeper, would remind them of their want of caution; and then their tones would sink into a stern whisper.

"I say, Ira Lawrence," said one of these soldiers, John Downing by name, a stalwart fellow, standing some six and a half feet without shoes; "I say, Ira, what would our friends in Groton think, if they could know what we are doing, and what we are suffering at this blessed minute?"

"I guess," replied Ira, "they would think we were tarnation fools for 'listing in the army at all. I don't care, though, what they might think. I aint a-going to write home about it. My old man told me I might go; though I was only nineteen, and he wanted me desputly on the farm; and I won't make him and mother uneasy, by telling tales out o' school. We're in for it now, and I go for facing it out as a man ought to."

"Well said, Ira, — well said!" replied Downing. "You're a little fellow; but you've got the real grit in you. You're a regular full-blooded Yankee, and an honor to the Bay State, though you're but just tall enough to pass muster. I like your sentiment; I honor your spunk!"

"It's mighty aggrivoking, though," said Joe Shaw, the third man of the party; a raw-boned, keen-looking fellow, of middling stature, in a ragged uniform, and three-cornered hat, seldom removed from his head;

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"yes, it is a leetle too prevoking to think how nicely them tarnal red-coats are enjoying themselves in their snug quarters in the city, while we, the rightful owners of this here sile, have to sit up all night, over a fire of pitch-pine knots, for want of blankets to sleep in! It is a leetle too much for human patience to stand."

"Well," said Ira, "it is hard. That's a fact. But it's a great comfort to me, to know that we are bound to pitch it into 'em pretty strong, next spring. We'll make 'em suffer!"

"Don't you think," said Joe, "that the army will be in a nice, suitable 'frame of mind,' as Deacon Tibbets calls it, for fighting, next spring, if this freezing and starving goes on all winter?"

"Well," replied Ira, with a long, slender, nasal drawl, "I guess they will. I feel as if I could kill a red-coat, and eat him, too, this minute."

"I like your sentiment, Ira," said John Downing, stretching out his herculean arms, and bringing his fists together with a crushing blow; at the same time, grinning a formidable defiance, and hissing out an "Ah! ah! hah! Would n't I like to have here, at arm's length before me, any one of the murdering blackguards, that gave the people so much trouble over in Jarsey, last winter, burning, plundering, and ravishing! If I stay here in these clearings for one thing more than another, it is for the chance

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of a dig at some of those infernal villains, with my bagonet!"*

"With them etarnal long arms of yourn," said Ira, "you could stick a grenadier half a mile off, and lift him clean over your head. You must be a mighty ugly customer, John, in a bagonet skrimmage. Have you had much practice in that 'air' line?"

"I have had some, I guess, before you j'ined our company. There was that kick-up we had about the oxen, last fall, over on t' other side of the Jarseys. Did n't I never tell ye about that?"

"Never a word," replied Joe.

"Well, that was warm work, I guess," rejoined the tall soldier.

"Pray tell us all about it," said Joe.

"Well, it 's a long story, and we must have some more pitch-knots on the fire, before I begin;" and, at the word, both of John's comrades hastened to heap more wood on the fire. This done, they assumed the most comfortable sitting posture for listening, while Long John stood up at his full length, before the blazing light of the pitch-knots, and commenced his narrative.

"It was in the airly part of last fall — in September, I guess—when I was one of a detachment of light

* All of the Continental rank and file with whom the writer has conversed, used this pronunciation for 'bayonet;' and they called a three-cornered hat, a 'bagonet-hat.'

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infantry, some three thousand strong, that General Washington had sent to guard some fat cattle, that had been bought by the commissary, for the army. I vow, Ira, I wish we had one of them same oxen here now, for our mess!

"Oh, go ahead with your story," said Ira, "and let the mess alone."

"Well, as I was saying, these cattle were feeding on a piece of intervale land; I guess there was about three hundred acres in the lot, with all the timber and wood cleared off; and it lay between a piece of thick woods and the river."

"What river?" enquired Ira.

"Why, the North River, to be sure. I told you it was on the other side of Jarsey, right over against York State."

"Oh, yes, I understand," returned Ira; "but who commanded the detachment?"

"Who but the Marquis de La Fayette!" was the answer.

"Du tell!" exclaimed Ira, with wide-open eyes and mouth.

"Well! I never!" ejaculated Joe; these exclamations expressing the very acme of Yankee astonishment.

"You never told us before, that you had been in a fight under the Marquis."

"Well," returned John, "if you will only shut up

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your eternal clam-shells, I'll tell ye all about it, now. We'll never have a better chance; for we've got the whole night before us; and we may be frozen or starved to death, before our turn comes round to watch again."

"Go ahead, then — go ahead."

"Well, as I was a-saying, our detachment was stationed about five miles from the intervale lot that I spoke of, where the cattle were being pastured; and our business was to see that the cattle were not stolen away by the enemy. The intervale, you understand, was on a point of land running out into the river; and our men were on the neck; so that the cattle could n't have been reached, from the land-side, without a bit of a brush with us."

"But the regulars could come in sloops and transports," said Ira.

"Yes, you may say that," replied John; "and they were always mighty hungry after fat beef. But you shall hear the upshot of the business. One morning, just about the break of day, I was standing sentry, on the side of our encampment next to the cattle, which, as I said before, were full five miles from where we lay. I was thinking about home, and calculating that father might be pretty well through with harvesting his winter rye, when I heard some fellow trotting along over the ground pretty considerable hard, and coming right towards me. I hailed

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him just as he came out of the bushes. 'Who goes there?' 'A friend,' says he. 'Advance and give the countersign!' says I. 'I do n't know the countersign; but the regulars is landing from the river; and if you do n't make haste, they 'll carry off all your fat cattle, in their launches!' By this time, the man, who was a Jarsey countryman, was standing right before me. Seeing he was a little fellow, not more than five feet ten, I just grabbed him by the collar, with my right hand, and cocked and discharged my piece in the air, with my left.

"'Now,' says I, 'my good fellow, if what you say is true, you 'll get rewarded for your news; but if you 've been giving a false alarm, you 'll catch it, or my name 's not Jack Downing.' 'It 's as true as preaching,' said the countryman.

"In five minutes, the guard was upon us in force. They carried off the fellow to the Marquis's quarters; and, in fifteen minutes more, our regiment was ordered to march down to the point in double-quick time. Our colonel was Rufus Putnam, a nephew of the general."

"What — Old Put?" enquired Ira.

"Old Put, himself. This nephew is a chip of the old block, too, I can tell you; as cool as a peach, and as wide awake, when the smell of gunpowder is about, as Old Put himself. We were mustered in a hurry, and the way we marched over that five miles

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of rough ground, was a caution to continentallers! It was n't running; but it was a sample of the tallest kind of walking that ever I experienced; and you know I aint slow at that exercise."

"When we had got pretty near to the edge of the woods, the colonel ordered the adjutant to go forward and see where the regulars were, and how many they mustered. The adjutant came back pretty soon, and reported that they were forming, on the shore, in three columns; and that each of the columns, as near as he could calculate, was about a thousand strong. The colonel rose right up in his stirrups, and pointing back with his sword, he says, 'Then ride back to the camp, as fast as you can go, and tell Lafayette to come on!' Off went the adjutant, like an arrow from King Philip's bow, and Colonel Putnam rode right up to my captain. It was Captain Daniel Shays — a good officer, and a right clever man to his soldiers. 'Well, Captain Shays,' says he, 'shall we be a-playing with them a little, till the general comes?' 'That must be as you please,' was our captain's answer.

"In a minute after, we were ordered to advance out of the woods, to the open land upon the point. Here we could see the whole force of the enemy, and the whole game the rascally red-coats were playing. There were their three thousand men, all ready to steal our fat cattle, and carry them off, or to shoot us down, if we said 'Nay.'

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"Pretty soon we received some volleys of musketry from the regulars, and the cannon from the shipping began to roar. Says I to myself, 'Jack Downing, you'll never see old Groton again; for there are regulars enough to eat up your regiment without salt.' But Colonel Putnam rode back and forth, before his regiment, as cool and as calm as though he was only parading us for inspection, while the balls were whistling about our ears in every direction.

"At length we commenced; and we worked mighty fast, boys, I can tell ye; and, for one regiment, made a pretty considerable noise. That loading and firing, to keep an enemy, five or six times your number, in check, is raythor warm work. Presently, the corporal at my left hand was shot right through the body, and fell at my feet. There he lay, — bleeding, gasping, dying. I had never seen a man killed so near me before, and I must say I felt kind of streaked. Captain Shays stepped forward, close to me. 'John,' says he, 'never mind it; I will take his place;' and he was as good as his word. He took the corporal's gun, and began blazing away with it, at the enemy, as cool as if he was beginning a day's work, in the haying season. I always liked that Captain Shays. He was the best captain I have ever served under yet. He is bold to the enemy, and always kind to his men. He stood shoulder to shoulder with me, through the rest of that fight.

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"I was loading my gun for the twenty-second time, when General Lafayette, with the main body of the infantry, came dashing out of the woods in our rear. Never shall I forget the feeling of that moment, when I first heard the sound of their old continental drums! 'Now, John,' said Captain Shays, 'we'll give it to them!'

"The main body formed at once on our left; — coming up beautifully into line, all eager for the fray. Lafayette rode along in front of our line. He is a splendid officer; and never did he so completely fill my eye, as at that moment. Though he is slight — a mere stripling in appearance — his eye is full of fire, and his motions are all alert, and full of soldierly spunk and decision.

"As he came near to the colonel of our regiment, he said: —

"'Colonel Putnam, how dare you fire before I arrived?'

"'Oh," said the colonel, "I thought I would be playing with them, a little.'

"Lafayette at that moment seemed full of energy and fire. Turning towards the line, with a loud and distinct voice, he gave the order: —

"'We fire? — no! Let the whole line charge bayonets! — Rush on, and drive them into the river!'

"At these words, the boys seemed to feel the breath of a new life breathed into them. We did

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rush on, with bagonets levelled; and such a horrible carnage I never saw.

"At first, the British charged to meet us; but they could n't stand against the Yankee boys that day. The reinforcement of fresh troops, added to our regiment, who had already shown that we could keep them at bay, seemed to strike a sort of panic into them; and when our line struck theirs, and we were all engaged, they fairly turned tail, and ran with all their might for the shore, in hopes to escape to their boats. We were not slow in following them, and we drove them pell-mell into the water. Hundreds that escaped our bagonets, were drowned before their boats could take them up; and, out of the whole three thousand men who landed on the point that morning, full of hope and courage, and hungry for our fat beeves, scarcely fifteen hundred made out to get on board of the vessels!

"Now, boys, you 've heard a great deal of bragging about the *British* bagonet. Here was a fair stand-up fight, of equal numbers; and that was the way we walked into British soldiers, with the *American* bagonet!"

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THE CAMP-FIRE AT WHITEMARSH.

After the disastrous repulse of the American forces, at Germantown, they encamped in a strong position, at a place called Whitemarsh, about fourteen miles from Philadelphia. Here, after the hard service of the campaign, the soldiers were glad to secure a little rest. The winter was coming on, and they suffered beyond description, from the want of clothes and shoes; even provision and forage were obtained with difficulty; it being sometimes necessary to procure them by coercive measures, which Washington, with his usual judgment, was loth to make use of. His army had received several reinforcements from the north; but Washington determined not to meet Sir William Howe, who had also received a reinforcement from New York, and was anxious for another battle. He kept the position he had chosen, but sent out light infantry to skirmish with the enemy, who took post at Chestnut Hill, about three miles from the right of the American camp, and manœuvred, for three days, in the front and on the flanks of our army.

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It is one of these parties of skirmishers who will now engage our attention. The company consisted of about a hundred men, and had been detached from a larger force. Night had overtaken them in the midst of their service; and it being too dark to proceed any further with safety, they encamped for the night, on the edge of a wood. Great precautions were taken, to prevent the party from being discovered by the enemy; but, in consequence of the intense cold, it was necessary to have fires, to keep life in the men. Accordingly, a large fire was made at some distance in the wood, in such a manner, that it could not be seen by persons out of it. The whole party, by cutting down some of the small trees around the fire, made themselves comfortable positions near it, while two of their number were stationed on the edge of the wood, as sentinels. These were to be changed every two hours during the night, in order to give a share of the burden to each. The party around the fire seated themselves, and partook of the scant fare which they had with them; after which, those who were nearest the fire tried to snatch a little repose. The sentinels warmed themselves thoroughly, and having borrowed some little addition to their poor clothing, which their generous comrades could not refuse, they repaired to their post. They were a singular-looking set of men — these soldiers — with their ragged dress and gaunt forms. Their sufferings

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were expressed too well in their faces; but, amidst them all, they still had that love for their country, that hatred of tyranny, and that undaunted courage, which, in the end, made them triumph over the best-disciplined and the best-equipped armies. But it is the conversation of the two sentinels which must now interest us.

It was a bitter cold night, and the two men paced up and down, over the frozen ground, flapping their arms against their sides, to keep the blood in circulation; their muskets being occasionally laid upon the ground, as a troublesome incumbrance. The night was very dark, and the wind whistled through the branches of the trees, which creaked in harsh accompaniment.

"John," said one of the sentinels to his comrade, at length, "what would you give for a bowl of hot coffee, and a pleasant fire, such a night as this?"

"Phew!" replied John, "don't talk about it. I'd almost give victory to the English, in the next battle we have with them; and that's about the most valuable thing I know of, just now."

"I was thinkin' how it would go down; and the very thought of such fare, almost makes me a traitor," continued the other. "But, by the bye, a victory to the English is something we could n't afford to give just now, after that murderous affair at Germantown."

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"Well, Bob," said John, "if there had been a few more men at Brandywine, and had those that were there been in a little better trim, there would n't have been any affair at Germantown."

"Ah!" Bob replied, "there's a Providence in all these things, depend upon it."

"You were sick at the time most of the fighting was done; were n't you?" enquired John.

"Yes; but I've heard most of the particulars since," was the reply.

"Though we were whipped in the end, there was some tough fightin' done there, mind I tell you," said John. "You ought to have seen young Lafayette — the French general that's just appointed."

"They say he's not of age yet," returned Bob. "I do n't think it was quite right, to appoint a mere boy a major-general, when there's plenty of older and more experienced men in the army."

"Yes," answered John; "but you must recollect what he has sacrificed for the sake of our cause; besides, if you had seen him that day, you would n't think that Congress had gone far wrong, in appointing him a major-general."

"Well, if you saw him, let me hear what he did, and I'll tell you, afterwards, what I think of him," said Bob. "But let us walk a little quicker, for my limbs are getting stiff.'

"Well, d'ye see," commenced John, quickening

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his pace, and blowing upon his hands to warm them, "I was with the troops under his command that day. The whole detachment was commanded by General Sullivan. When we got wind of the crossin' of the Brandywine by Cornwallis, and that he had posted himself on the heights there, near Birmingham meetin'-house, we marched to meet him. We had just arrived there, and General Sullivan was formin' his line for battle, when the whole of Cornwallis's force rushed down on us. We fought there for a while like men; but they soon broke our right, and the lines were thrown into confusion. The men were all retreatin' as fast as they could, when Lafayette, the young French general, rode in among 'em, and with his sword raised, and eyes that looked as if he felt ashamed to see them run, tried to persuade 'em to stop; but no, the British were on them in a hurry, and they either could n't or would n't. Then, — I 'll never forget it,—that 'boy,' as you called him, showed how much man there was in him. He threw himself from his horse, and rallied some few men, who were ashamed to run, like himself, and took a stand. A few more rallied to support him, and I was among 'em. We fought there like bull-dogs, with the red-coated bulls, and kept 'em at bay, too. But there was too many for us, and we could n't stand it long. Just then, Lafayette, who was fightin' among the men, like the rest of 'em, got a wound in the leg; but he

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still kept on, and if we had had any support, we'd have come off with a victory. Several of the men ran and caught the brave young general, and bore him away with us, or he would have been taken prisoner."

"Well, that was a brave beginnin' for a young officer, that's a fact," said Bob, as his companion paused. "Accordin' to the tales they tell, there was many a brave thing done that day."

"Yes," replied John, "I have heard tell, that Mad Anthony fought like a lion. He commanded the division at the ford, where Knyphausen crossed. His one division there fought one-half the British army. But he only fought as he always does. Mad Anthony never gives ground without fightin' for it."

"The cause of the loss of that battle was n't in the want of pluck in the men, or of skill in the officers, I believe," remarked Bob.

"No," John replied, "it was that infernal lie about the movements of the red-coats, that did it. If Washington's first orders, in regard to crossin' the Brandywine, had been carried out, without payin' any attention to the contradictory news, the battle would have had a different end; but Cornwallis was left to cross the Brandywine without bein' molested, and then there was no hope for us."

"Well," said Bob, with his usual consolatory remark, "I suppose it was to be so."

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By this time, the two sentinels were nearly chilled through, and it needed all their exertions, of trotting up and down, blowing their fingers, and flapping their arms, to keep them from freezing. However, the two hours were soon up; and they hastened to the fire as soon as they were relieved. Part of the men were asleep near the fire; some with their heads in the laps of their comrades, and others on scraps of blankets, which they had with them. The rest were seated on logs, in small groups, talking about their adventures and sufferings, to keep themselves awake. One of these groups, close to the fire, our quondam sentinels joined.

"Well, John," said a lanky individual, lying on his back on a log, "how did you find the weather, out there?"

"Ugh!" ejaculated John, shivering. "Wait till your turn comes, and you'll soon find out. It'll freeze all the little morsel of flesh you have on your bones, off of 'em in a hurry, I know."

"What were you fellows talking about just as we come in?" said Bob, after a pause.

"Oh! we were tryin' to beat somethin' into Joe Hawkins's head; but it's no sort of use. You might as well try to make a block understand," said Lanky Bill, as he was called.

"Well, what were you tryin' to beat into his head?" asked Bob.

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"Why, we were talkin' about the battle at Germantown, the other day, and Joe Hawkins was contendin' that it was Chew's House that caused the defeat, when it 's plain enough that that little stoppage did n't decide the battle," said Lanky Bill, with a self-satisfied air.

"No doubt," said Bob, "the obstruction offered at Chew's House helped considerably to do the business. But still I think the fog had the most to do with it."

"Where were you that day, Bob?" said John. "You was n't along with the company, I know."

"I was sick still," said Bob.

"Then you missed a greater fight than you 've ever seen," said John. "You should have been with us. You missed seein' the glorious revenge the boys took for the massacre at Paoli."

"Did they do the thing right?" asked Bob anxiously. Bob had but lately recovered from a long spell of sickness.

"Yes, indeed," answered John. "but I'll tell you all about it, just to keep you awake; for I see your eyes gettin' stupid-looking. "You see, of course, we were with the right wing of the army, under our old commander, Wayne: Sullivan had the command of the whole wing, which was composed of the division of Wayne, the division of Sullivan, and Conway's brigade. We marched to attack Howe's army at the upper end of Germantown, and Sullivan and Conway

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marched to attack them on the South. The fight becomin' pretty general, we advanced on the red-coats with charged bagonets. You see, our boys were a little savage about that butcherin' at Paoli, and I think they could have eaten the Britishers right up. They did n't wait for us; I have n't the least doubt they got frightened at our savage looks. They give way, but soon formed again; and then we peppered away at each other like all the world for a spell. The red-coats again gave way, but bein' supported by the grenadiers, returned to the charge. You see, we had the enemy's right wing to encounter, while about two-thirds of our soldiers were too far north to give us any help. However, we made the want of men up in pluck, and stuck to 'em till they broke and run pell-mell; and then, Bob, you ought to have seen the men. They did n't show any mercy. I was among 'em, as bad as any of the rest. The men seemed really mad; and when the red-coats would ask for quarter, they 'd scream in their ears to "remember Paoli," and finish them at once. The officers were runnin' about, tryin' to save the poor wretches, but it was n't of much use. Mad Anthony lost his fine roan horse, when we were close to the enemy, and a spent ball struck him in the foot, and one grazed his left hand; but he stuck to his post on foot, and cheered on the men. The fog and the smoke made the place almost as dark as night; and I come near shootin' Joe Hawkins in mistake for

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a red-coat. Several of our men were shot in the same way: you could n't see twenty yards from you. We pushed on, however, and took possession of their whole camp; but here comes the worst of the story, and I 'd just as leave not tell it."

"Oh! finish your story, John," said Lanky Bill, "Bob knows we were defeated, so let him hear how it was."

"Well, it 's a disagreeable thing to be talkin' about retreatin' after such a fight as we made there; but I may as well finish my story. You see we were in possession of the camp of the red-coats, when a large body of men appeared on our left flank. The fog bein' so thick, of course we could n't tell whether they were our own troops or the enemy. The men thought they were red-coats, and would fall back, in spite of all the officers could do. After we had retreated about two miles, we found out that they were our own people, who were comin' up to attack the right wing of the enemy. After the fog cleared away, Howe followed us with a large body of foot and light horse, and Mad Anthony, who was in the rear of the army pickin' up stragglers, thinkin' it about as well to fight as run, drew us up in line of battle, and waited till the enemy come up. We had just a chance to throw a few cannon-shot into 'em, when the cowardly rascals run. They may glorify as much as they please about our loss and repulse, but it was only the weather that

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kept them from gettin' as complete a defeat as they ever had."

"How was that affair at Chew's house?" asked Bob, interested.

"Oh, that was with the other division; we had nothing to do with that," replied John.

"Well," continued Bob, "from all that I can hear about it, it was an ill-advised piece of business. But it's not for us to criticise the doin's of our superiors; I suppose that we were to be defeated, and that's enough."

As Bob concluded this usual remark, he stretched himself out in front of the fire, and there was a silence of about half an hour. At the expiration of that time, John, who had been looking in the fire very intently all the while, musing on home and its comforts, we suppose, raised his head, to see if his companions were asleep. Lanky Bill and Joe Hawkins, were still awake, but Bob was snoring melodiously, in the arms of Morpheus.

"Joe," said John, "give us a song, to keep up our spirits; won't you?"

"Oh, I'm not in the humor of singin' now," replied Joe. "Besides, I've got a cold, and my voice is hoarse."

"That's the usual prelude of all good singers," returned John. "Come, sing us something; never mind the hoarseness; and as for your humor, people

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must n't wait till they get in a good humor, or else there 'd be very little of it. Make your humor good."

Those of the party who were awake, joined in the call for a song; and Joe at last consented, and sang the following, to a sort of music like the chanting of the prose psalms, in cathedrals: —

Since you all will have singing, and won't be said nay,
I cannot refuse, when you so beg and pray;
So, I 'll sing you a song, — as a body may say,
'T is of the king's regulars, who ne'er ran away.
O the old soldiers of the king, and the king's own regulars.

At Prestonpans we met with some rebels one day,
We marshall'd ourselves all in comely array;
Our hearts were all stout, and bid our legs stay,
But our feet were wrong-headed, and took us away.
O the old soldiers, &c.

At Falkirk we resolved to be braver,
And recover some credit by better behaviour;
We would not acknowledge feet had done us any favour,
So feet swore they would stand, but — legs ran, however.
O the old soldiers, &c.

No troops perform better than we at reviews,
We march and we wheel, and whatever you choose;
George would see how we fight, and we never refuse,
There we all fight with courage — you may see 't in the News.
O the old soldiers, &c.

To Monongahela, with fifes and with drums,
We march'd in fine order, with cannon and bombs;

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That great expedition cost infinite sums,
But a few irregulars cut us all into crumbs.
O the old soldiers, &c.

It was not fair to shoot at us from behind trees:
If they had stood open, as they ought, before our great guns, we should have beat 'em with ease;
They may fight with one another that way, if they please,
But it is not regular to stand, and fight with such rascals as these.
O the old soldiers, &c.

At Fort George and Oswego, to our great reputation,
We show'd our vast skill in fortification;
The French fired three guns; of the fourth they had no occasion;
For we gave up those forts,—not through fear, but — mere persuasion.
O the old soldiers, &c.

To Ticonderoga we went in a passion,
Swearing to be revenged on the whole French nation;
But we soon turn'd tail without hesitation,
Because they fought behind trees,—which is not the regular fashion.
O the old soldiers, &c.

Lord Loudon, he was a regular general, they say;
With a great regular army he went his way,
Against Louisburgh, to make it his prey,
But return'd — without seeing it,— for he did not feel bold that day
O the old soldiers, &c.

Grown proud at reviews, great George had no rest;
Each grandsire, he had heard, a rebellion suppress'd:
He wish'd a rebellion, look'd round and saw none,
So resolved a rebellion to make — of his own.
O the old soldiers, &c.

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The Yankees he bravely pitch'd on, because he thought they would n t
fight,
And so he sent us over to take away their right;
But lest they should spoil our review-clothes, he cried braver and
louder;
For God's sake, brother kings, do n't sell the cowards — any powder!
O the old soldiers, &c.

Our general with his council of war did advise
How at Lexington we might the Yankees surprise;
We march'd and remarch'd, all surprised at being beat;
And so our wise general's plan of surprise was complete.
O the old soldiers, &c.

For fifteen miles they follow'd and pelted us: we scarce had time to
pull a trigger;
But did you ever know a retreat perform'd with more vigor?
For we did it in two hours, which saved us from perdition;
'T was not in going out, but in returning, consisted our expedition.
O the old soldiers, &c.

Says our general, "We were forced to take to our arms in our own
defence:"
(For arms read legs, and it will be both truth and sense:)
"Lord Percy, (says he,) I must say something of him in civility,
And that is — I can never enough praise him for his great agility."
O the old soldiers, &c.

Of their firing from behind fences he makes a great pother:
Every fence has two sides; they made use of one, and we only forgot
to use the other:
That we turn'd our backs and ran away so fast, do n't let that dis-
grace us;

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'T was only to make good what Sandwich said, that the Yankees could
not face us. O the old soldiers, &c.

As they could not get before us, how could they look us in the face?
We took care they should n't, by scampering away apace.
That they had not much to brag of, is a very plain case;
For if they beat us in the fight, we beat them in the race.
O the old soldiers, &c.

The song was lengthy, and the manner in which it was sung, made it seem twice as long. The rest of the party could n't join in the chorus, as it would have made too much noise, which might have been taken advantage of by some straggling party of the enemy, and have led to their surprise.

"Where *did* you get that song from, Joe?" asked Lanky Bill; "and where on airth did you come across the chune?"

"Oh, I heard it in Philadelphia, and learned it just to amuse myself."

The whole party agreed that the words of the song were well enough, but voted the tune a regular bore. This was but natural; as they no doubt expected to hear something livelier. All hands were sinking into listlessness again, except those whose business it was to keep up the fire, when the two sentries rushed into the midst of them, with the intelligence that they had discovered a small party of the British approaching, who were evidently unconscious of being in the vicinity of the encampment, and had probably wan-

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dered from some detached party of the enemy, till night had overtaken them. All the sleepers instantly sprang to their feet, and some busied themselves in covering the fire, while all secured their arms, to await the orders of the captain. The moon had risen in the meanwhile; which circumstance, it was, that gave the sentries an opportunity of seeing the enemy as they approached. The whole party of Americans posted themselves near the edge of the wood; but so separated, as to let the other party pass between them, when they would have them in a trap. On they came, unsuspecting; their advanced guard beating about negligently, till, without a forethought of the consequences, they were fairly in the wood, when they were instantly surrounded. A voice called out, "Surrender, or you die!" which staggered the British for awhile; but concluding that it was a trick of a few men, they did not comply. A volley of musketry brought them to their senses; and the leader of the party, seeing the dangerous position they occupied, called out that he surrendered. The Americans instantly appeared from all sides; thus showing the enemy that they had been completely surrounded. Several of them had been wounded, but none killed, by the volley of musketry sent among them. The prisoners were all secured, and no further incident occurred till morning, when they were all marched to the American camp, at Whitemarsh.

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THE CAMP-FIRE AT WHITE PLAINS.

THE continental troops encamped at White Plains, soon after the battle of Monmouth. There they remained till very late in November, when the severity of the weather forced them to go into winter quarters at Middle Brook, in Jersey. White Plains is the place where Washington encamped in October of 1776, after the evacuation of New York. The camp was on elevated ground, defended in front by two lines of intrenchments, nearly parallel to each other, and between four and five hundred yards apart. The right wing rested on the Brunx, which, by making a short bend, encompassed the flank and part of the rear. The left wing reached to a pond, or small lake, of some extent, by which it was effectually secured. Here the army was encamped from an early day in July to a late one in autumn of the year 1778.

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It was about the middle of November. The night was cold and dark; and there was a prospect of snow. The soldiers were in their tents, and no sound disturbed the hovering stillness of the time, save the howling of the frost-burdened wind, and the slow, steady pacing of the sentinels. The severity of the weather visited the men while still occupying their canvass tents, and they were forced to endure it as well as they could. Fires were blazing in every tent, but they could not more than keep the men from freezing. Under one of these uncomfortable coverings four men were sitting round the fire, so close as to be very nearly scorched by it; but close as they could get, every time the wind would shake the tent in its sweeping through the encampment, a shudder would follow from the men; and they would try to get closer still to the fire. The blaze made the tent look cheerful, however, whether it felt so or not.

"Luke," said one of the men, "if it's going to be as cold as this all night, there's no sleep for us, that's certain."

"Oh! I don't care about the sleep so much; it's so cold it makes one shiver all over when setting as close on to the fire as you can get," replied Luke.

"Ugh!" said an individual, known by the name of Zephaniah, "Its cold enough to freeze a feller into stone; or a pound of butter into a brickbat."

"Well, I care about sleeping," said the man who

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had spoken first, "I had a very little bit of a nap last night."

"You're a sleepy concern, anyhow. You're almost asleep when you're on duty," said another of the men who had not yet spoken.

"I can't help my nature, Jim," replied the lover of Morpheus, "but the last part of your assertion is as far from the truth as you generally are."

"Keep yourself moving, Dick," said Luke, "there's nothing like action for getting clear of drowsiness. I've seen men use themselves to going without sleep for three or four days at a time, and not feel any the worse for it; but you're always moping round the fire. I don't wonder you're sleepy."

"There's not much danger of my goin' to sleep to-night, anyhow," said Dick, "so, if either of you have got a yarn to tell, or a song to sing, you can go on with it. Luke, you're as good as any body I know, for doin' either."

"Yes," said Zephaniah, "he's got a voice like a night'gale, and can talk as fast and as good as a minister on a Sunday mornin'. So, drive on Luke."

"Hold on," said Luke. "you must do a little yourselves. You must n't expect me to do all the labor. Jim, there, can sing. Let him sing a song first, and then I'll go on with my story."

"What shall I sing?" asked Jim.

"Oh, anything, so it's a song. 'Rule Columbia,'

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'Liberty Tree,' or 'The American Star.' Or, if you do n't know any of them, anything else will do," said Luke.

"Well," said Jim, "I 'll try 'Liberty Tree'; that 's a favorite song of mine."

"And of mine, tu," said Zephaniah." Clear your pipe, and try to du it as it ought to be done."

Jim was a little hoarse from cold, but had a good, strong, musical voice. The song he sang was a great favourite in those days, and is still occasionally sung. It was written by Thomas Paine, the author of the 'Rights of Man," in 1775. It is as follows:—

In a chariot of light from the regions of day,
The goddess of Liberty came;
Ten thousand celestials directed the way,
And hither conducted the dame.
A fair budding branch from the gardens above,
Where millions with millions agree,
She brought in her hand, as a pledge of her love,
And the plant she named LIBERTY TREE.

The celestial exotic struck deep in the ground,
Like a native it flourish'd and bore;
The fame of its fruit drew the nations around,
To seek out this peaceable shore.
Unmindful of names or distinctions they came,
For freemen like brothers agree;
With one spirit endued, they one friendship pursued,
And their temple was LIBERTY TREE.

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Beneath this fair tree, like the patriarchs of old,
Their bread in contentment they ate,
Unvexed with the troubles of silver and gold,
The cares of the grand and the great.
With timber and tar they old England supplied,
And supported her power on the sea;
Her battles they fought, without getting a groat,
For the honour of LIBERTY TREE.

But hear, oh, ye swains, ('tis a tale most profane,)
How all the tyrannical powers,
King, commons, and lords, are uniting amain,
To cut down this guardian of ours!
From the east to the west blow the trumpet to arms!
Through the land let the sound of it flee;
Let the far and the near all unite, with a cheer,
In defence of our LIBERTY TREE.

"That's a song I allers liked," said Zephaniah, when Jim had concluded.

"The words of the song are excellent," said Luke. "They breathe the pure spirit of patriotism. We endure a good deal in defence of "our Liberty Tree."

"Yes," said Zephaniah, "I wish it was big and strong enough to take care of itself."

"Ah!" said Luke, "its roots will have to strike deep in the soil, and it will have to grow to be a large trunk, to make it strong enough to take care of itself. It's a sort of tree that needs a good deal of attention. The worms attack it, and try to destroy it, and the winds do their best to level it with the ground."

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"I hope we'll be able to take care of it," said Jim.

"Amen," added Luke.

"But you promised to tell us some sort of a story, Luke, when Jim sang the song. Let's have it, and make it as long as you can, or we'll run out of talk," said Dick.

"Never fear, Dick," said Zephaniah, "Luke's a mine that never fails to yield somethin', whether it's real gold or not. But go on, Luke."

"Well, men, I don't care about inventing any stories to amuse you, just now. I'll tell you something real. I was with the army of General Gates that captured Burgoyne, and, if you're willing, that shall be the subject of my narrative. You've heard, I suppose, all the principal movements that brought about the surrender, and that there was two battles fought, and so on; but I think I can amuse you by telling you about some incidents that came under my knowledge while I was there, either by seeing or hearing of them," said Luke.

"That's a part of this war that I know least about," said Zephaniah. "If you can give us an inkling of how things went on there, you'll do us a favor."

"You must n't expect me to give you all the details of everything that occurred at Saratoga. All I shall do will be to give you an idea to whom we are most indebted for the victory, and how the men acted, and so on," said Luke.

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"Enough said," struck in Dick; "go on."

"Well, I was with Livingston's brigade," began Luke. "James Livingston's it was, not Henry's. On the 19th of September, the day of the first battle, our regiment, with Learned's brigade, and three Massachusetts regiments, formed the centre of the army, and our position was on a high plain. Our commander, General Gates, had determined to maintain a defensive position, and we accordingly waited for the approach of the enemy. The morning was clear and calm, and everything was white with hoar-frost. We were so near the British that we could hear their reveille; and we could see, through the openings in the wood, the glitter of bayonets and sabres, and scarlet uniforms moving about. About ten o'clock we knew that the whole British force was in motion, yet we were still in our position on the plain. About noon, at the suggestion of General Arnold, Morgan's light horse, and Dearborn's light infantry, were sent out, and they made a vigorous attack on the Canadians and Indians who swarmed upon the hills. The furious charge of Morgan broke the enemy; but his men became scattered in the wood, and a reinforcement of the British coming up, drove them back in their turn. I could see only a part of this, from where I was standing; but I was told the rest, and I'll tell it to you as if I saw it myself. Well, as I said, the detachment of Morgan was broken, and a captain, a lieutenant, and

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some privates, fell into the hands of the British. For a moment, Morgan found himself alone, and he thought his band of sharp-shooters was ruined; but he blew his loud signal-whistle, and his brave boys soon gathered round him. He charged again, and was joined by Dearborn, Cilley, and Scammel."

"That's a great band — them sharp-shooters of Morgan's," said Zephaniah. "I've got a notion of j'inin' 'em, if I can get a chance. It's a style o' fightin' I like. Besides, Morgan's one of the never-fails."

"Yes," said Luke, "you may well say that; Morgan is a never-fail. You may always depend upon him and his band showing the toughest kind of fighting. He dashes on the foe with such resistless force, too, after the rifles of his men have done their work. But to return to my story. Both parties fought with great bravery; and, in the end, each retired within their lines. General Frazer, who commanded a portion of the right wing of the enemy, then made an attempt to turn our left flank; and Arnold resolved to make a similar attempt on Frazer. He put himself at the head of our division, and attempted to cut off General Frazer from the main army. We advanced through a dense forest, and over the roughest kind of ground. It appeared that neither party could make out what the manœuvres of the other were for, till we came upon each other suddenly, on

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the level ground near Mill Creek, I think they call it. It was a short distance from a cottage. Arnold was at the head of our men, and he fell upon the foe with the fury of a lion. I was near him, with the troops in advance, and I don't think I ever saw a man display such fire and such bravery in action. He shouted at the highest pitch of his voice, to cheer us on; and we dashed upon the foe with the force of a hurricane; but the numbers of the enemy were overwhelming, and they kept their ground. We had to give way for awhile; but Arnold rallied the troops, and we received a reinforcement of four regiments. Then we went to the work again. We pushed them so hard, that they began to give way and to fall into confusion; when General Philips appeared upon the ground, with some artillery, to reinforce the British troops. The victory seemed to be ours, just before his arrival, but then we had to fall back to our line. It was then about three o'clock. The desperate contest ceased for awhile, for both parties wanted breath. I was almost worn out. I had been in the van, where the hardest fighting had been done, and I was bespattered with blood; — not my own, but from my comrades and the troops of the enemy. I sat down on the ground, to rest a little, before I should be called to the contest again. We were just beyond musket-shot from the enemy; and between us was a thick wood, and a narrow clearing. We kept the deepest silence, and

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could hear the officers of the enemy give their orders along the lines. They broke the short peace, by opening a hot fire from a large battery; but it did very little damage to us. We did n't answer them, but still kept silence. Then we saw their infantry coming across the open plain, with their steady tread, and we knew they were going to try the bayonet. We kept close behind our entrenchments, till they fired a volley, and came on to the charge, when we sprang upon them like tigers that had been crouching to wait for their prey. We drove them back across the clearing; and then followed as bloody and as hard-fought a battle as ever these States saw. The enemy were reinforced, and we were obliged to give way; and then we advanced with such force, that they were compelled to fall back; and so it continued for three hours. The way men were maimed by the shot, and mangled by the bayonet, was most horrible. I received a bayonet-wound in the leg; but it did n't prevent me from keeping the field. I knew every man was wanted there. The killed and wounded of both armies were lying together. I helped to take the cannon of the enemy, two or three times; but in the end we had to leave them, having no horses to drag them away. The battle continued in this manner till dark. Our regiment, with most of the army, retired to our lines; but some of our troops remained on the ground, and skirmished till eleven o'clock at

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night. I never was so worn down in my life before. I could not sleep, I was so tired."

"I should think so," said Dick. Four hours' hard fighting is enough to wear the stoutest men out."

"Was Arnold in the whole of the battle?" asked Zephaniah.

"Yes, through the whole four hours' contest; exposing himself to all the dangers of the common soldier," replied Luke.

"I heard that General Burgoyne was with the army engaged durin' the battle," said Jim.

"Yes, I saw him two or three times, myself. He came near being shot, once. The ball that was intended for him, struck a captain in the arm. Indeed, it was generally reported that he had been killed," was the reply.

"What was the number engaged on both sides?—did you hear?" asked Dick.

"Yes," replied Luke. "But, before I tell you, put a little more wood on the fire. I'm shivering all the time." The request was complied with, and Luke went on to answer the question. "The force that the British had engaged in the action, numbered about three thousand men. Ours, about two thousand five hundred."

"Very nearly matched," said Zephaniah.

"Yes; but the advantage was on their side. They claimed the victory, too; but I can't see how that

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could be. We acted on the defensive. They were the assailants. Now, if we kept our ground, they must have failed in the object of their attack; and we were victorious. The mere possession of the ground where the action was fought, was nothing. We retired within our lines, in order to rest more securely. But to go on with my story. I did n't sleep much that night, my leg pained so severely, though I had had the wound dressed. If Burgoyne had attacked us the next morning, he would have made a sure thing of it; for it was discovered that we had only one round of cartridge left. But for an arrival of some provisions, on the 20th, we should have been put on short allowance, too. The British did n't seem disposed to renew the fight, though they had slept on the field of battle; and they retired to their camp on the river flats. Arnold wanted to commence the battle early in the morning; but we had to wait for powder and bullets to come from Albany, and that put a barrier to anything of the kind. Well, both parties set about strengthening their works. We lay within cannon-shot of the British, from the 20th of September to the 7th of October. We had skirmishes with small parties of them every day; for the pickets were so near each other, they could n't help taking an occasional skirmish. Besides, when we would send out foraging parties, they would often come across a party of the

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enemy, out on the same business; and, of course, there would be a fight. I was with one of these foraging parties, when they met a party of British at the same place where they intended to get some provisions. I think there was about fifty of us in the company, and we were under the command of Sergeant Horton. We proceeded to a farm about two miles from the camp, and were marching up to the house, before we caught sight of the red coats of the enemy. It appeared that they discovered us about the same time, and began to form, to wait for our approach. They drew up in front of the house. I guess they were about as many as our party numbered. We halted as soon as we saw them forming, and drew up in a line for attack; for we were all anxious to give them a specimen of what our boys could do. Well, as soon as we could get everything prepared, we didn't stop to enquire whether there was any more of the red-coats about than what we saw drawn up, but rushed on to the attack; shouting and whooping as loud as possible. They waited till we got within musket-shot, and then poured into us their fire, which we returned with a pretty good effect — several of the enemy falling, to my knowledge. Two or three of our party were wounded, but none killed. We pressed on to the attack, with our bayonets, and they waited steadily to receive us; and then came a fierce contest, with that deadly weapon.

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Clashing against each other, the bayonets went; and gashes were given and received. They stood the onset steadily, for awhile; but seeing that we were resolved to make too desperate a fight, they broke, and we pursued them for some distance from the house. We wounded two, and took them prisoners, and then returned to the house. As we were making arrangements with the owner of the farm, for some provisions, some of our men observed the approach of a larger party of the enemy; and we secured all the provisions we could lay hands on, and hurried away from the house. I don't think we had got away more than a hundred yards, when the party of British came round the house, in pursuit of us. You see, they had come towards the farm-house from the side opposite to the one from which our party came. We immediately turned and gave them a volley, and then got away just as fast as our legs would carry us. We held on to the provisions till we got into the wood where we had left our horses, and then our flight became easier. The British party were afraid to pursue us any farther, then; because there were so many different parties and detachments from both armies out, that the greatest care was necessary to keep from being surprised, or from falling in with larger parties than they could stand against."

"Well," said Zephaniah, "I suppose you got safe into camp with your provisions?"

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"Oh, yes," replied Luke, "we arrived safely in camp, without further molestation. But I forgot to tell you that we had received a reinforcement of two thousand New England troops, under General Lincoln, just before that affair of the foraging party. General Gates gave up the command of the right wing to him, and took command of the left; — that is, the one that had fought the battle, and which our regiment belonged to. Some say that Gates was jealous of the laurels Arnold had won, and wanted to have a share of the glory himself. I don't know how that was; but I know that Arnold was deprived of his command, and stayed with the army merely that his reputation might not suffer by his leaving when another battle was hourly expected."

"I suppose Gates treated Arnold as meanly as he did General Schuyler, when Schuyler was deprived of his command of the northern army," said Zephaniah. "I've heard he acted a close and narrow-hearted part towards Schuyler."

"It may be true," replied Luke. "General Gates never stood very high in my estimation. But to return to my narrative. Our army increased in numbers very fast, after the battle of Stillwater, as the fight of the 19th of September is called. Troops came in from all parts of the surrounding country; and we were thus enabled to send out small detachments to harass the enemy, without weakening our

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lines, or endangering the safety of the camp. About three days after the battle, we were joined by about a hundred and fifty Indians, belonging to the Mohawks, Oneidas, Tuscaroras, and some other tribes. They were a fine, lusty set of men, and they looked as if they would be a valuable aid to us. The Indians of Burgoyne's army began to desert him about the same time. You see, they expected to get plenty of scalps and plunder; but being mistaken, and the hunting season coming on, they wanted to go and provide for their wives and children. This, and the want of provisions, put Burgoyne into a perilous condition. Our pickets and skirmishing detachments were so numerous, that he could n't even get a letter to Clinton for some days. Not an ounce of provisions, nor a man, was allowed to get to him from any quarter; and about the first of October, I heard, he put his troops on short allowance. He was compelled to fight or fly. To fly was impossible, for we had every passage guarded; and so he resolved to fight."

"He was compelled to fight or surrender, then," said Zephaniah; "and he chose to fight?"

"Yes, exactly," replied Luke. "British pride could n't think of surrendering a finely-equipped army, like Burgoyne's, to an army principally composed of raw troops, like ours, without having a hard fight. Well, the morning of the 7th of October came. General Gates had ordered a detachment of three

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hundred men, under the command of Colonel Brooks, to gain the rear of the enemy, and fall upon his outposts; and Colonel Brooks was at head-quarters, receiving his instructions, when a sergeant brought intelligence of the advance of a large body of the enemy, under Burgoyne, towards our left. The order to Brooks was revoked, and the general sent out an aid, to ascertain the exact position and probable intentions of the enemy. Before I heard what intelligence was brought, news came that the Indians and Canadians had attacked our pickets, near Mill Creek. I soon caught sight of the pickets retreating; and they were pursued by the Canadians and Indians, and a detachment of grenadiers, to within musket-shot of our lines. Then there was a hot fight for about half an hour, at the breastwork, till Morgan, with his riflemen and a corps of infantry, charged on the enemy with such effect, that they were thrown into confusion, and driven to the British line, which was forming on a newly-cleared field."

"Jim, put more wood on the fire; will you? you've got it handy. I suppose we'll have to sit here and talk all night, if it's goin' to be this cold," said Dick, crowding as close to the fire as possible.

"I'm pretty certain I shall be up all night," said Jim; "and I want to hear the rest that Luke has to tell about Saratoga."

Blankets were brought into use, in which the men

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wrapped themselves, and prepared to make themselves as comfortable as circumstances would admit, and pass the night in talking, or listening to Luke's narrative of the events which led to the capture of Burgoyne.

"Now, Luke," said Zephaniah, after they had all got fixed a little more comfortable, "we 're ready to hear the rest of the story, as soon as you 're ready to give it."

"Always ready," said Luke. "It was about two o'clock, I think; about the same time the bloodiest fight of the 19th commenced. Morgan had been sent, with his riflemen and other troops, amounting to fifteen hundred men, to fall upon the flanking party of General Frazer at the same time when the attack should be made on the British left. Our brigade, under General Poor, was to make the attack on the British left, aided by a portion of Learned's brigade. Well, at the order being given, we marched steadily up the slope of the hill on which the British artillery and grenadiers were posted. We had received orders not to fire until after the first discharge from the enemy; and we were true to them. We were marching up to the cannon's mouths, amid an awful silence, when suddenly they let their grape-shot and musket-balls fly; and they made great havoc in the branches of the trees above our heads, but did n't hurt us any of account. This was our signal. We sprang for-

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GENERAL MORGAN.

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ward with a loud shout, and poured our fire, in rapid volleys, into the British on the hill, and opened right and left, to get the cover of the trees, so that the artillery could n't rake us. The fight soon became bloody. We rushed up to the mouths of the cannon, and struggled with the enemy among the carriages of the field-pieces. They fought as desperately as we did. They knew how much depended on that day's work. For a long time, the scale seemed almost equal. We took their cannon several times; and as often did they retake them. One piece I saw taken five times; but at last it remained with us, as the British fell back. Colonel Cilley, who had been fighting at the head of his troops, leaped on the captured piece and waved his sword; 'dedicating,' he said, 'the piece to the American cause.' He turned the cannon's muzzle to the enemy, and we opened a fire on them with their own ammunition. This seemed to give our men stronger sinews and fiercer courage. We went into them with more force than ever, but the fight was obstinate on their part. They were brave and skilful. At last, Major Ackland, the foremost man in the fight, on their part, was severely wounded, and Major Williams was taken prisoner; and then the grenadiers and artillery-men fled in confusion, and left the field in possession of the American troops. About the time of our attack on the British left, Morgan, with his corps, rushed down the

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hills that skirted the flanking party of Frazer, in advance of the enemy's right, and opened on them such a storm of well-aimed bullets, that they were driven hastily back to their lines. Then, with the speed of the wind, Morgan wheeled, and fell upon the British right flank with such force, that their ranks were at once thrown into confusion. It seemed as if the attack in that manner came upon the British unexpectedly. While they were in confusion from Morgan's attack, Major Dearborn fell upon them in front, with some fresh troops. They broke and fled in the greatest terror, but were rallied by the Earl of Balcarras, and again brought up to the work. These shocks upon the right and left shook the British camp, but it still stood firm. While we were waiting on the hill where we had beaten the grenadiers and artillery-men that formed the right of the enemy, I saw a horseman coming towards us, from our lines, at full speed. He rode a large brown horse, and seemed flying as if pursued. As he neared us, we discovered that it was the gallant Arnold; and a loud hurrah went up from our brigade. He put himself at the head of three regiments of Learned's brigade, ours among the number, and led us against the British centre. How soldiers will fight under a leader in whom they have confidence! Arnold rushed into the thickest of the fight, with the fury of a madman, or rode along the lines, brandishing his broad-

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sword above his head and giving his orders. I saw an officer on horseback, who seemed to be trying to get to speak to Arnold; but after following him about for half an hour, he gave up the chase. I afterwards learned that the officer was Major Armstrong, and that he had been sent to order Arnold back from the field. The Hessians, who formed tne greater part of the centre of the enemy, received our first assault with firmness, and stood their ground bravely; but on the second charge, when Arnold at our head dashed furiously in among them, they broke, and fled in the greatest dismay. Then the battle became general along the whole line. It was awful. Amidst the rain of bullets, the flames and smoke, Arnold could be seen, with his trumpet voice animating the men, as he dashed about from one part of the field to another; and Morgan, too, was hardly less active. On the part of the British, General Frazer was the ruling spirit. When the ranks gave way, he put them in order again; when their lines began to waver, he infused some of his own courage into them. He was mounted on a splendid gray gelding, and dressed in the full uniform of a field-officer; he was a fine aim for our marksmen. It was evident that the fate of the day rested on him, and Arnold suggested to Morgan the importance of his death. Morgan called a file of his best men around him, and pointing to General Frazer, told them that victory depended on

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him, and that though he admired him for his bravery, he must die; and told them to take their station in a clump of bushes near by, and do their duty. About five minutes afterwards, Frazer fell, mortally wounded, and was borne off the field."

"That seems like a cold-blooded murder," said Jim. "But I think Morgan done right. If it had been a poor private like ourselves, there would n't have been anybody to say anything about whether it was right or not; but because it was a general, we hear people censure Morgan."

"No doubt," remarked Luke, "the death of General Frazer saved a great deal of slaughter; for if he had lived through the action, the victory would have been doubtful, at least. His bravery would have animated the British to make a more desperate resistance, and then the slaughter on both sides would have been more horrible than it was. He was a splendid officer, though he was fighting on the wrong side of the question."

"I suppose his death put a sort of panic into the enemy," said Zephaniah.

"Yes; as soon as Frazer fell, they began to get dismayed," replied Luke; "and just then three thousand New York troops, under General Tenbroeck, made their appearance. That completed their dismay; and the whole line broke and fled within the entrenchments of their camp. We pursued them up

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to their very entrenchments, in the face of a furious storm of grape-shot and musket-balls, and assaulted their works vigorously, without the aid of artillery. Arnold took a part of the brigades of Patterson and Glover, and assaulted the works occupied by the British light infantry, under the Earl of Balcarras, and drove the enemy from a strong abattis, at the point of the bayonet. There he tried to force his way into the enemy's camp; but he was obliged to abandon the attempt. Our brigade was advancing to make an assault on the works at an opening in the abattis, between the light infantry and the German right flank defence, under Colonel Breyman, when we saw Arnold dashing through the cross-fire of the two armies, and coming towards us. He placed himself at our head, and we moved on rapidly to the attack. He directed Brook's regiment to assault a redoubt which was on one side of the opening, while the remainder of the brigade fell upon the front. The battle there was fierce and bloody; but the enemy at last gave way, and left the Germans completely exposed. At that moment, Arnold galloped to the left, where we were, and ordered our regiment and Weston's, and Morgan's riflemen, to advance and make a general assault. He put himself at the head of Brook's regiment, and attacked the German works. Having found the sally-port, he rushed within the enemy's entrenchments; and the Germans, who had

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seen him on his steed, in the thickest of the fight, for more than two hours, fled terrified; but, as they fled, they fired a volley, which killed Arnold's horse, and wounded the general himself, in the same leg in which he was wounded at Quebec. There, as I was told, Major Armstrong overtook him, and delivered Gates's order, to return to camp, fearing he 'might do some rash thing!'"

"It was a rash thing, no doubt, in the eye of Gates," said Zephaniah; "but it's the right sort o' thing to lead troops to victory."

"Where was General Gates, all the time the battle was going on?" asked Dick.

"Why, in the camp, while Burgoyne was in the field all day," was the reply. "He issued his orders from his quarters, when he should have been on the field to inspirit his troops. It was about twilight when Arnold was wounded, and conveyed from the field by Major Armstrong and a sergeant. The Germans, finding the assault general, threw down their arms, and retreated to the interior of the camp, leaving their commander, Colonel Breyman, mortally wounded. The British camp was thus left exposed at a strong point. Burgoyne attempted to rally the dismayed Germans; but they could n't be brought into action again. Both sides were worn out with the exertions of the day; and as the darkness increased, the contest ended, and everything was hushed

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but the groans of the wounded, the occasional word of command, and the heavy tread of retiring columns, seeking for a place of repose. We kept the field till about midnight, when we were relieved by the division of General Lincoln, which had remained in camp during the action. We returned to camp to enjoy a little rest after such a day's work; and, I tell you, I felt a sort of thankfulness, that I was permitted to return to quarters once more. I slept soundly till the next morning. When I awoke, at the reveille, I heard that Burgoyne had evacuated his camp, and removed the whole of his army, artillery, and baggage, about a mile from his former position. We did n't go out of the camp that day; but news would come in, every now and then, of a skirmish between some of Lincoln's troops and the enemy; we also learned that the general had taken possession of the British camp, and was wounded in the leg. As the news that the British had retreated soon spread over the surrounding country, the people came flocking into camp, to join in the general joy, and to ascertain whether any of their relatives and friends were among the killed and wounded."

"What was your loss in the whole day's battle?" enquired Zephaniah.

"About a hundred and fifty, killed and wounded. Arnold was the only commissioned officer who received a wound."

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"What was the loss of the British?" Zephaniah next enquired, wishing to know all the particulars, and fearful, also, that the narrative was near its close.

"The enemy lost about seven hundred, in killed, wounded, and prisoners. Among their officers who were killed, was the gallant Frazer, Sir Francis Clarke, Burgoyne's aid-de-camp, who died at the head-quarters of Gates, Colonel Breyman, of the German corps, and Lieutenant Reynell. We took Major Ackland and Major Williams, prisoners. Burgoyne had several very narrow escapes. One ball passed through his hat, and another through his coat."

"Well, I suppose you are goin' to tell us all about the surrender; ain't you?" enquired Jim, anxiously, as Luke paused.

"Oh, yes; I'll tell you about that, in its proper time. I'll go on from where I left off. We kept up a constant cannonading on the 8th of October, the day after the battle, principally directed against a place called 'the great redoubt,' on a hill near the British camp. I afterwards learned that General Frazer had died that morning, and that he requested to be buried on the hill, in the great redoubt, at six o'clock in the evening. At the appointed time, the request was complied with, while our cannon-balls were flying around the grave, and ploughing up the hill. This redoubt was within sight of both armies,

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and all eyes were directed towards it. We had mistaken the character of the procession, and kept up our cannonading; but as soon as we were informed that it was a funeral, paying the last tribute of respect to General Frazer, orders were given to cease firing with balls, and to render military honors to the fallen brave. While the chaplain was repeating the service, a single cannon was fired at regular intervals, by our troops; and it seemed to boom mournfully among the hills."

"That was a pleasing incident," said Zephaniah. "Two hostile armies doing homage to the same brave man, is a rare sight."

"It shows that the brave know how to honor the brave, no matter if among the foe," replied Luke. "Both of the hostile armies could testify to the bravery and skill of General Frazer. We had thought him their best officer in battle, and his life paid for that reputation. The British knew that without him they would have fared far worse than they did. Well, to continue my story. On the night of the 8th, it rained; — the next morning, we received intelligence that the whole British army had retreated from their position at Wilbur's Basin, and that Burgoyne had left all his sick and wounded behind him, in the hospital, and had also abandoned a great number of wheel-carriages and other things. They had left Wilbur's Basin about nine o'clock, on the night of the

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8th of October, and marched through all the rain, and over the bad roads, though they had been under arms all day, and the night before. I learned afterwards, that they were so worn out, that they had to make a halt, about six o'clock in the morning, and rest for three hours. It rained all day on the 9th, and of course we could n't think of pursuit that day; but about noon of the next, we started. General Gates had calculated that Burgoyne would retreat on the 9th, and had sent General Fellows, with about fourteen hundred men, to occupy the high ground that was opposite the Saratoga ford; another detachment to occupy the ground near Fort Miller; and another, of two thousand men, to occupy the heights beyond Saratoga, in the direction of Lake George."

"I've never been in the neighborhood where the battles were fought," said Zephaniah; "but I suppose that these detachments were intended to cut off Burgoyne's retreat."

"That was their object," replied Luke. "We reached the high ground, between Saratoga Church and Fish Creek, about four o'clock in the afternoon. The British had crossed over the creek, and encamped on the high ground on the other side. The two armies were within the sound of each other's music. The boats of Burgoyne, with his baggage and provisions, were at the mouth of the creek. A fatigue party began to carry the stores from the boats to the

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heights; but General Fellows played on them with two field-pieces, and they were obliged to retreat to their camp. Several of the boats were taken, with their contents, and were plundered by the raw militia we had with the army. Even the continental troops would take their pay and rations directly from the enemy, instead of receiving it regularly; so that General Gates had to issue an order, in which he said he would have the first person who was detected in plundering the baggage and stores taken from the enemy, punished with the utmost severity of military law. Finding we had guarded the ford across the Hudson, Burgoyne thought he would retreat up the right bank of that river, till he got opposite to Fort Edward, and then force his way across, and take possession of that fort. But it seemed as if we had small detachments all over the surrounding country. Every height was guarded, and every passage blocked up. The workmen that Burgoyne had sent forward to open the roads and repair the bridges, were driven back into the camp. The British found the fort in possession of about two hundred Americans, under Colonel Cochrane. The militia flocked into the fort, to strengthen the garrison; and the British, thinking our troops were as numerous in their front as in their rear, retreated back to their lines. About this time, a stratagem of the British commander came near being successful. He caused a rumor to reach us,

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that the whole British army had marched towards Fort Edward, leaving only a small detachment, as a rear-guard, in defence of the camp. General Gates determined to cross Fish Creek, on the morning of the 11th, and fall upon the rear-guard with his whole force, and then make a vigorous pursuit after the main body. This, you see, was what Burgoyne wanted. He put a strong guard at the battery on the creek, and concealed his troops in the thicket in the rear — a sort of ambush. Well, the morning of the 11th was cloudless, as far as the sky was concerned; but a thick fog rested on the whole country, and obscured every object. This was thought to be a favorable circumstance, by both generals. You must bear in mind, that what I'm telling you now, I learned after the surrender; it was impossible for me to know these things then."

"Yes," said Zephaniah, "I was wonderin' how you got to know these things, seein' you were n't an officer."

"All told to me afterwards," continued Luke; "but you must recollect I'm telling you as if I saw it myself at the time. Well, as I said, this was considered a favorable omen by both generals. Gates thought it would veil his movements from the British rear-guard; and Burgoyne believed it would conceal his ambush, and that victory was certain. The brigades of Nixon and Glover, and Morgan's corps, were or-

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dered to cross the creek, and fall upon the enemy's camp. Morgan advanced about daylight, when the fog was so thick that he could see but a few rods around him. He fell in with the British pickets, who poured in a volley on him, and killed a lieutenant and several privates. Morgan thought at once that the rumor was false, and that the enemy was in force in the rear; and Wilkinson, the deputy adjutant-general, who had been sent by Gates to reconnoitre, was of the same opinion. Accordingly, our brigade, (that was, Learned's,) and Patterson's, were despatched to the support of Morgan. Nixon and Glover pressed forward to attack the camp. Nixon crossed the creek, and surprised a picket at Fort Hardy, and Glover was about to follow him, when a British soldier was seen fording the stream. He was captured, and professed to be a deserter. Glover questioned him, and was informed that the entire British army were in their camp, drawn up in the order of battle. Glover didn't believe him at first; but the capture of a German deserter and a reconnoitring party, by the advance-guard, under Captain Goodale, put it beyond doubt. Gates, having received information of these things from Glover, revoked all the orders he had given on the previous evening, and directed the troops to return to their former positions. General Gates's head-quarters were about a mile in the rear of the army, and his orders came almost too

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late to save the troops from destruction. Those who had crossed the creek, were soon exposed to the enemy, by the fog clearing away. The British were under arms, on the heights. Nixon had retreated, however, and the cannonade opened on him by the British, took effect only on the rear of his detachment. In the meantime, our party had joined Morgan, and we were about to press on to the attack, when Wilkinson arrived, with the intelligence that the right wing of our army had given way. The commander of the detachment was General Learned, who also commanded our brigade. He was a veteran soldier; and not having received any counter orders from Gates, he wanted to carry out the orders of the previous day; but on counselling with some of his officers, a retreat was deemed advisable. As we turned to retreat, the British opened their fire on us; but we were soon masked by the woods, and Morgan took post on the flank and rear of the enemy. Thus we were enabled to return to our old positions, and thus were we saved from a fatal defeat; for if Burgoyne had cut off the brigades of Nixon, Glover, Learned, and Patterson, our army would have been so weakened, that Burgoyne might have easily scattered the remainder of our forces, and made good his retreat to Albany. But the deserters blasted all his prospects."

"Open the canvass, there, Dick, and see if you

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can perceive anything of the day coming over the hills," said Jim.

"No, there's no signs of it, yet," replied Dick, after doing as requested.

"Then Luke will have time to tell us about the surrender," said Zephaniah. "That's the most interesting part, to me."

"Oh, yes," returned Luke, "I think there's time enough to tell about that, yet. I'll make it as short as possible."

"Go on, then," said Zephaniah.

"Well, Burgoyne saw that all retreat was cut off. The scouts reported that the roads swarmed with republicans. The few Indians he had with him, left him, disheartened by his ill success. The loyalists who had joined his army, began to think about their personal security, and drop off gradually. Burgoyne had expected to hear from Clinton; but not a word did he receive from him. His camp was completely surrounded, and every part of it exposed to the fire of cannon and musketry. He had n't bread enough in camp for three days' use; and, of course, none could be obtained. None dared to go to the river for water, except the women of their camp — no one would shoot at them; but every man that went was a target for our marksmen. Their army was only about half as large as it was when they first came into the neighborhood of Stillwater, and the greater

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part of them were not Englishmen. Well, as I heard, on the morning of the 13th of October, Burgoyne called a council of his officers, including even captains of companies. They sat in a large tent, which was several times a mark for our musket-balls. An eighteen-pound cannon-ball swept across the table at which Burgoyne and the other officers were sitting, and several grape-shot fell near the tent."

"I guess they moved out of that pretty soon after that; did n't they?" enquired Zephaniah.

"Yes," replied Luke, "their deliberation was short, and they resolved to open a treaty with General Gates, for an honorable surrender. Towards night, a flag came to our commander, with a note, stating that General Burgoyne wanted to send a field-officer to him, on matters of great moment, and wishing to know when General Gates would see him. The reply was, about ten o'clock the next morning, at the advanced post of the army of the United States. Accordingly, at the appointed time, Gates met Lieutenant Kingston, Burgoyne's adjutant-general. Gates submitted the terms he had prepared to the inspection of Burgoyne; but that general objected to an article requiring the British to lay down their arms in their camp. He said that he would not admit that the retreat of his army was cut off while the men had arms in their hands. So General Gates removed that article from the list of terms. Negotiations were kept

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up till the 16th, when everything was arranged, ready for the signatures of the contracting parties. That act was to be performed on the 17th. On the night of the 16th, intelligence was communicated to Burgoyne, from Sir Henry Clinton, announcing the capture of the forts among the Hudson highlands, and the expedition of Vaughan and Wallace, up the river. This made Burgoyne anxious to avoid signing the articles of surrender; and Gates was made acquainted with the fact. Accordingly, on the morning of the 17th, we were drawn up in order of battle, and then Gates sent word to Burgoyne, that if he did n't sign the articles immediately, he would open a fire upon him, and that if the negotiation was to be broken off there, and again commenced, the terms would not be quite so honorable for him. So Burgoyne was compelled to sign his name, and preparations were made at once for the surrender. The British left their camp upon the hills, and marched slowly down upon the level plain, in front of old Fort Hardy; and there the different companies were drawn up in parallel lines, and, by order of their several commanders, grounded their arms and emptied their cartridge-boxes. I did n't see this done, for Gates had ordered all his army within camp, out of sight of the vanquished British troops. Colonel Wilkinson was the only American present at the scene. He had been sent to the British camp, and, in company

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with Burgoyne, selected the place where the troops were to lay down their arms. After the surrender, Burgoyne wanted to be introduced to General Gates; and he was conducted to head-quarters, with his staff. When Gates was informed of the approach of Burgoyne and his officers, he rode out to meet him, with his staff. When within about a sword's length, they reined up and halted. Colonel Wilkinson then named the gentlemen, and the British commander said, 'The fortune of war, General Gates, has made me your prisoner.' Then Gates replied, complimenting him on his bravery and generalship. I could see the meeting of the generals, from the place where I was standing at the time. Burgoyne was dressed in a rich uniform, of scarlet and gold, and Gates in a plain blue frock-coat. The officers in Burgoyne's suite were then introduced to Gates and his staff, and the whole proceeded to head-quarters. Then the British troops came into camp, and we entertained them as if they were the best friends we had in the world. Every comfort we had they shared with us. They had been pretty hard pushed for provisions for some days previous, and they enjoyed our plenty."

"It's a pity we could n't always agree with them in that way," said Zephaniah. "I'd sooner share my loaf with a man than fight him, at any time."

"Yes, Zephaniah, I think so, too," returned Luke. "It's a great pity we can't always agree with men

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in the way we did with the British troops, after the surrender. But as long as there will be oppression, and men to fight in defence of it, there will be men to resist in the same way."

"Well, I suppose you've concluded your story; haven't you?" enquired Jim.

"Yes, I think that's quite enough for one night," returned Luke. "It must be near daybreak, anyhow."

Luke got up, pulled aside the canvass of the tent, and looked out. A few "envious streaks" were in the eastern horizon — harbingers of the approach of the blazing car of Phœbus. It was still very cold, and the clouds were of a leaden hue, that showed them burdened with a wealth of snow. Luke returned to the fire quickly, and the men sat there patiently, waiting for the day to dawn in full, that they might the sooner get their share of provisions. The fire was renewed, and the men stuck as close to it as before. In about half an hour, the reveille beat, and the camp was all bustle. No doubt, many of the soldiers had passed the night in the same manner as Luke and his comrades; for the general fare of the soldiers was about the same as theirs.

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THE CAMP-FIRE AT SARATOGA.

PREVIOUS to the second battle of Stillwater, which took place on the 7th of October, General Gates, anticipating a retreat of Burgoyne's army, sent General Fellows, with a detachment of fourteen hundred men, to occupy the high grounds east of the Hudson, opposite to Saratoga ford. After the action, he sent another detachment to occupy ground higher up, near Fort Miller, and ordered a selected corps of two thousand men, under General Stark, to push forward, and occupy the heights beyond Saratoga, in the direction of Lake George. In this way was the retreat of Burgoyne cut off. The detachment under General Stark effectually prevented all communication between the British army and Canada, which could only be made by way of Lake George. Their encampment was situated on the heights beyond Saratoga, and partly concealed in a wood. The detachment consisted almost entirely of the New Hampshire militia, raised principally by General Stark himself. That general was very popular among the inhabitants of his native

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region, and he could call a larger body of men to serve under him, than any other commander. What was called the New Hampshire militia, in those days, included not only the militia of the country that forms the present State of New Hampshire, but also those raised in the country that now forms the State of Vermont. At that time, this portion of territory was called "The New Hampshire Grant."

It was two days before the surrender of the haughty Britons, at Saratoga. The detachment of General Stark had received the intelligence that Burgoyne and his officers had decided upon a surrender of their army; and, though that event had been expected, the troops were much elated at the idea of capturing such a proud and well-appointed force. The evening was setting in, gray and dusk; and as the nights of October are chilly in that high region, the camp-fires were blazing in the wood, and near the verge of the hill, on a short clearing. Each tent had its usual party around the fire in front of it, laughing heartily at the slightest joke, as men will do when anything occurs to put them in a very good humor, or listening to the narrative of some ruling spirit, recounting the details of some event which the speaker had seen, or in which he had participated.

Before a tent in the wood, was a group of five men, whom we shall particularly notice. The tent was the one deepest in the wood, at some distance from

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the rest. Either there were not seats enough for the whole party, or two of them did not seem anxious to sit down. Two of the men were seated on large stones, brought near the fire; one, with his hat off, was enjoying the luxury of a pipe, and the other was evidently talking to the group about something full of interest. A young-looking individual was leaning his back against a tree, as he stood, with folded arms, at the right hand of the man with the pipe in his mouth. Within a few feet of the young man, stood another soldier, with a very good-humored Irish countenance; he was leaning on the bend of the bayonet of his musket, and also had a pipe. On the ground, between the two men sitting on the stones, was another individual, in a half-sitting, half-lying posture, with his right arm leaning upon the seat of the one who was smoking. They were dressed more uniformly than was usual among the militia. The "bagonet-hat" was there; and in the case of the Irishman, it was cocked in a very rollicking manner over the left eye. Then there was the coat commonly worn by the continental troops, made of blue, and trimmed with buff. Short epaulettes were on the shoulders of them all.

"You have no idea of the affair, if I can judge from what you say," remarked the man sitting on the stone next to the soldier who was smoking. "I tell you, it was one of the most glorious day's work, for

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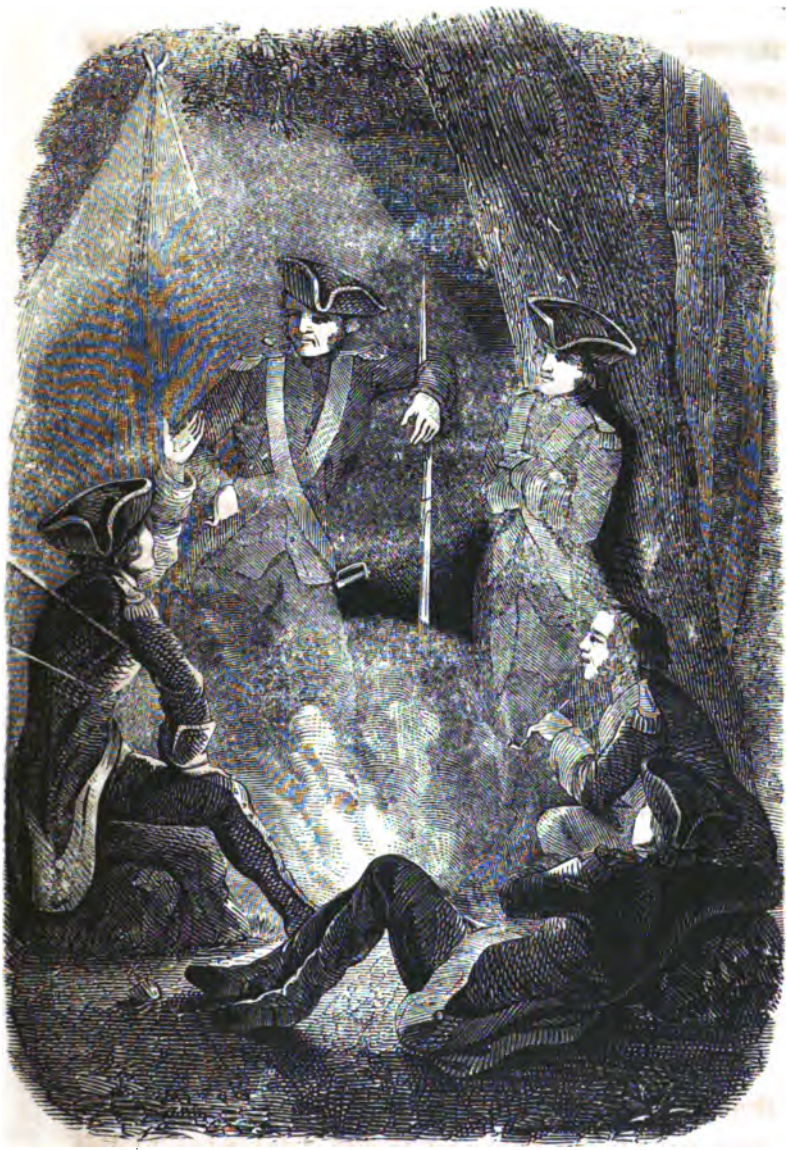

THE CAMP FIRE AT SARATOGA.

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our side, we've done since the commencement of the war."

"Oh, Hadley, don't put it on so thick!" said the one lying on the ground. "You want to magnify a skirmish into a battle; don't you?"

"A skirmish!" returned Hadley; "why, if that was a skirmish, the war has been nothing but skirmishes! Do you know anything about the battle?"

"Yes; I know that there was a few Hessians sent to Bennington, to capture the stores there, and that General Stark, who commands us now, got some Green Mountain boys together, and drove the enemy away; and that's all of it," replied Seth, as the speaker was called.

"Pshaw!" ejaculated Looney, the Irishman. "I know there was more of it. Let's hear all about it, from a man that was on the spot. Go on wid ye!"

"Yes," said Ephraim, the other gentleman with a pipe, "tell us the particulars, Hadley."

"Anything that has General Stark mixed in with it, must be worth hearing," remarked Josiah, the young man leaning against the tree.

"I've no objection to put you in the way of hearing the right account of what Seth, here, calls 'the skirmish at Bennington,'" replied Hadley. "I say it was a real hard-fought battle; and I'll tell you all the particulars that I'm acquainted with, and you may judge whether it deserved the contempt of being

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called a skirmish. In my humble opinion, it did as much to bring about the capture of Burgoyne's army, as any other single event."

"Well, I'm anxious to hear the account," said Ephraim.

"Go on, and let us have it," said Looney.

"You must know, then," began Hadley, "when I heard that the army of Burgoyne was moving down into New York, from Canada, and that General Stark was commissioned to raise a force of militia to protect the frontiers, I at once resolved to join him — our family being in danger, as well as any of the rest. I went to Charlestown, on the Connecticut; from there, most of the men were sent to join Colonel Warner's regiment, which had taken post at Manchester, twenty miles above Bennington; but I went to Bennington, and joined Colonel Nichols, because I knew him better. There Stark soon joined us. General Lincoln had been sent from Stillwater, by General Schuyler, who then had command of the northern department of the army, to conduct the militia to the west bank of the Hudson; but General Stark, you may have heard, was acting under orders from the Assembly of New Hampshire, and not from the General Government; and he declined complying with Schuyler's request. In spite of some resolutions adopted by Congress, with the object of drawing us away from the protection of our own homes, General Stark kept

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his ground. On the 13th of August, news reached Bennington, that a party of Indians belonging to Baum's force, had been perceived at Cambridge, about twelve miles northwest of Bennington. General Stark immediately sent out Lieutenant-Colonel Gregg, with two hundred men, to check the march of the party. In the course of the night, an express arrived, with the intelligence that a large body of the enemy, with a train of artillery, were in the rear of the Indians, on their march to Bennington. We were all summoned to get ready at once, for the enemy would soon be upon us. Colonel Warner was ordered to march his regiment down to Bennington, and a call was made on all the neighboring militia. Early on the morning of the 14th, all the force that had collected at Bennington moved forward, under General Stark, to support Colonel Gregg. Colonel Warner's regiment had not arrived, of course, but the Colonel himself was with us; his regiment, at Manchester, being under the command of Major Safford. When we were about four miles from Bennington, we met Colonel Gregg's party, in full retreat, and heard that the enemy was within a mile of him. We halted, and were drawn up in order of battle."

"How many was in your whole army?" enquired Seth.

"About a thousand, I think," replied Hadley. "I'm pretty sure there was n't more than that number en-

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gaged in the battle of the 16th. Well, we were within sight of the enemy; and they, seeing that we had taken a stand, halted in a very favorable position, and there entrenched themselves. We found that we could n't draw the Dutchmen out, and we fell back about a mile, leaving a small party to skirmish with the enemy. Our party made out well in that skirmish, too; for they killed and wounded thirty of the enemy, with two Indian chiefs, and lost none at all themselves. That was all that was done that day. The next, the 15th, was rainy, and we could do nothing but skirmish."

"Did n't I tell you it was only a skirmish?" interrupted Seth.

"Hold on awhile, Seth, till we hear it all," said Ephraim.

"Yes, hold on till I get through, and then pass your opinion upon it," continued Hadley. "We did nothing on the 15th, but skirmish; but that skirmishing had some effect. The Indians said the woods were filled with Yankees, and began to desert Baum. The delay gave the enemy some advantages, however. It enabled them to complete their breastworks, and to send to Burgoyne for a reinforcement. On the morning of the 16th, we received a small reinforcement of militia, under Colonel Symonds, and then General Stark made preparations for an attack. The Dutch were posted, with their battery, on a rising

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ground at a bend in the Wollansac, a small stream that runs into the Hoosac River. Their position was on its north bank. The ground fell off to the north and west; a circumstance that Stark noted, and of which he made good use. On the other side of the stream, a body of tories were entrenched. The ground they occupied was lower, and nearly in front of the German battery. The stream was fordable in all places. We were encamped on the same side of it as the Germans; but it was so winding and snake-like, that we had to cross it twice on our way to our position. The post of the enemy was carefully reconnoitred, at a mile's distance, and the plan of attack was arranged. I'll tell you how it was to be. Colonel Nichols, with two hundred men, (of which I was one,) was detached to attack the rear of the enemy's left, and Colonel Herrick, with three hundred men, to fall upon the rear of their right, with orders to form a junction before they made the assault. Colonels Hubbard and Stickney were also ordered to advance, with two hundred men, on their right, and one hundred in front, to divert their attention from the real point of attack. Everything being arranged, the battle commenced about three o'clock in the afternoon, by our party, (that is, Nichols',) falling on the rear of the enemy's left. We went up to our work as men should do. No regular troops could have done it better. We marched through their fire

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steadily, and the rest of our forces followed the example. The Indians, seeing they were about to be enclosed between the parties of Herrick and Nichols, broke away almost as soon as we began to move. They don't know anything about that sort of fighting. As soon as General Stark heard our firing, — one of his men told me this, after the battle, — he said, as he pointed to the enemy, he 'would gain the victory over them, or Molly Stark should be a widow that night;' and then he rushed upon the tories. From the time the battle commenced, till it was over, the fire was kept up continually. One constant roar, for two hours, was almost all that could be heard. I confess, I felt rather strange. I had never seen anything of the kind before. But I didn't think of running. I always had a good share of courage; and nothing would have cut me deeper than having it said I was a coward. I pressed on fearlessly with the men at my side. I don't know what you call 'skirmishing,' Seth; but if you had seen us raw militia walk up to the cannon's mouth, and fight over the breastwork, with the veterans of Germany, I don't think you would have called it by such a name as 'skirmishing.'"

"Did you and the rest march up to the cannon's mouth?" enquired Seth.

"Yes; raw militia, without a single field-piece, and very few bagonets, marched up to the breastwork as

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steadily as veterans, and in a heavy fire, too," replied Hadley.

"I give up; it was more than a skirmish, then," said Seth, generously.

"I'm glad to hear you say so," returned Hadley. "You knew very little about the affair, I suppose, when you made the remark. But, to go on with my account. General Stark soon drove the tories over the river, and they were thus thrown in confusion on the Germans, who were forced from their breastwork. The German commander was a really brave man, and he made his men stand up to receive us. His dragoons preserved their order unbroken; and when all their ammunition was gone, their colonel led them to the charge with the sword. You see, these were Reidesel's dragoons, who were without horses, but were to be supplied with them, in case Baum should be successful. Well, we pushed them so hard, that they had to give way at last, leaving their artillery and baggage on the field. We all knew how much depended on our beating the enemy in that battle. We were fighting for our homes; and most of us would rather have died, than we should have been defeated. Besides, just before the battle, General Stark promised the militia all the plunder that might be taken. This served as an additional incentive to action, and the men went at the foe as if they were certain of victory, and had no idea of being defeated."

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"Did you pursue the inemy?" asked Looney.

"No," replied Hadley. "They had no sooner been driven from the field, than we dispersed to collect the plunder. Guns, drums, bayonets, broadswords, and other things, belonging to the Hessians, were scattered all over the field, and we secured them in a hurry, I tell you. I've got a splendid gun and bagonet at home, that I took for my share of the spoils. I had an ugly, heavy, grenadier's hat, that made me wonder how the Hessians managed to walk under them, but I gave it away. It was about five o'clock, when we dispersed in the way I told you. Suddenly, the news was brought that a large reinforcement of Hessians was on the march towards the battle-field, and that Baum's flying troops had rallied. The reinforcement was under the command of Colonel Breyman, the brave German officer that was killed here at Stillwater, the other day. They had been detained by the rain and the badness of the roads, and just happened to arrive as their friends were defeated. I suppose they must have been very much worn with marching; and that, together with the disappointment of finding Baum defeated, helped, no doubt, to put them in low spirits. General Stark tried all he could to collect the militia; but if Colonel Warner's regiment had not arrived on the field just as Breyman appeared, the day would have been turned against us. Warner's regiment numbered less than two hun-

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dred. They were not many, but they were fresh; and they fell upon the enemy with great vigor. I was among those who were rallied by General Stark, and we pushed forward to the assistance of Warner. Then followed an obstinate and bloody contest. The Germans stood their ground bravely. Baum was wounded and made prisoner. General Stark's horse was shot under him, as he was in the thickest of the fight, cheering the men. The day was very warm, it being in August; and it was a wonder to me, how those Hessians could fight when they were fully equipped. About sunset, the enemy were forced to give way; and then, feeling sure of victory, we pursued them, as they fled in every direction, till dark, when General Stark was obliged to draw off the men, for fear they might shoot each other, in mistake. The whole force sent against us, was either killed, captured, or dispersed."

"What was their actual loss?" asked Seth. "No exaggeration, now."

"I can prove what I'm going to tell you, if you doubt it," replied Hadley. "There was two hundred and seven killed on the spot, and about seven hundred prisoners taken. The wounded were not estimated. It is said that Burgoyne lately acknowledged a loss of 1220 men by that day's battle, though I cannot vouch for the truth of the statement. Our loss was only thirty killed and forty wounded."

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"That was a splendid victory for raw troops to achieve,—there 's no mistake about it," said Ephraim, taking a long puff of his pipe before he spoke. "I suppose the credit is due almost entirely to General Stark."

"Yes, he was the spirit that brought it all about," replied Hadley. "He infused an ardor into the men, that no other leader could have inspired them with. They knew what sort of a man their leader was, and what he expected of them; and they came up to expectation. I shall never forget his appearance when he was trying to rally the dispersed militia. His face was flushed, even at the thought of the day's turning against us. 'Come, men,' said he, 'throw down your spoils and make the day sure. You can whip them, and you must!' How he dashed to Warner's assistance, as soon as he had rallied a little band around him! He, no doubt, remembered his determination to win the day, or die in the attempt."

"That battle shows what a few determined men can do, even without the equipments of an army," remarked Seth.

"I suppose you had more spile, after the second fight, than you had before," said Looney.

"Oh, plenty of it," returned Hadley. "We took four pieces of brass cannon. When the first one was taken, none of the men knew how to manage it; and Stark went and attended to it himself. That 's what

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makes the thing more laughable. Men who did n't know how to manage a cannon after they had captured it, drove regular soldiers from behind breastworks defended with cannon! Then there was about three hundred stand of arms, two hundred and fifty dragoon swords, four ammunition wagons, and twelve brass drums, captured; and most of them fell to the troops."

"I wish we had something drinkable," remarked Ephraim. "I'd like to drink the General's health."

"Ah!" ejaculated Looney, smacking his lips, "whiskey would be the darlin' to do it wid. But it's of no use; we can't git any."

"Well," said Hadley, "we'll make an engagement to drink his health with the first liquor we get a chance at. Mind you—'the health of Brigadier-General John Stark,' must be your first drink."

"Och, we'll mind it," returned Looney. "I think we'd better let the fire go out, and go in, though. I fale like slapin' a wink."

"Hold on a bit, Looney," said Seth; "Eph says he's going to sing us a song first."

"Who said so?" enquired Ephraim; anxiously waiting to be coaxed to sing.

"Oh, come, no blarney," said Looney; "sing away wid ye, mon."

"Do, Eph," added Josiah, "I want to hear a good song.

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But Ephraim would wait for more coaxing; and nobody appearing anxious to humor him, Hadley said: —

"Since Ephraim won't sing, I'll volunteer to sing you a song I learned not a great while ago. It's about the subject that has interested you to-night — the battle of Bennington."

Ephraim looked somewhat abashed at this, but said nothing.

"I don't pretend to sing," said Hadley; "so I don't want you to find fault with my voice or manner of singing."

"Divil a bit," returned Looney. "Go on wid ye;" and Hadley trolled out, in a very ordinary voice, the following song, commemorative of the battle of Bennington: —

Remember the glories of patriots brave,
Though the days of the heroes are o'er;
Long lost to their country, and cold in their grave,
They return to their kindred no more.
The stars of the field, which in victory pour'd
Their beams on the battle, are set;
But enough of their glory remains on each sword
To light us to victory yet!

Wollansac! when nature embellish'd the tint
Of thy fields and thy mountains so fair,
Did she ever intend that a tyrant should print
The footsteps of slavery there?

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No! Freedom, whose smiles we shall never resign,
Told those who invaded our plains,
That 't is sweeter to bleed for an age at thy shrine,
Than to sleep for a moment in chains.

Forget not the chieftain of Hampshire, who stood
In the day of distress by our side;
Nor the heroes who nourish'd the fields with their blood,
Nor the rights they secured as they died.
The sun that now blesses our eyes with his light,
Saw the martyrs of liberty slain;
O, let him not blush when he leaves us to-night,
To find that they fell there in vain!

"Good!" exclaimed the Irishman; briefly expressing his satisfaction, when Hadley had concluded.

"The words are strongly patriotic," remarked Ephraim, "and the tune passable. Your account of the battle of Bennington has filled me with such an admiration of General Stark, that I 'll have to learn that song, if it 's only to glorify him."

"I'll learn it to all of you, some other time," said Hadley. "Let 's go in, now; it must be about ten o'clock."

The fire had been gradually dying out, while the men were engaged in conversation, and the last few embers were paling their light by this time. The whole five went into the tent, to seek repose for the night. Most of the fires had been extinguished long before, and the deep shadow of the wood enveloped

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the greater part of the encampment in gloom. Upon the clearing, near the edge of the hill — for the descent was very steep — three or four fires had been kept burning, by the sentinels on duty, to warm and light them in their lonely walk

Burgoyne's Surrender.

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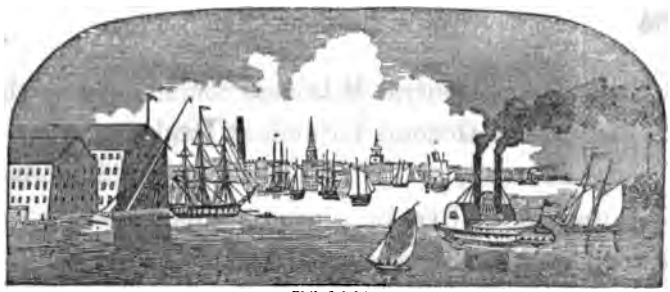

Philadelphia.

THE CAMP-FIRE AT MIDDLEBROOK.

THE campaign of 1778 having closed, the American army went into winter quarters. Nine brigades were stationed on the west side of the Hudson River, exclusive of the garrison at West Point. One of these brigades was quartered near Smith's Cove, where it could serve as a reinforcement to West Point, should it be necessary; another, at Elizabethtown; and the remaining seven, at Middlebrook; which place was likewise selected for head-quarters. Six brigades were cantoned on the east side of the Hudson, and at West Point, as follows: — one at West Point; two at the Continental Village, a post between Fishkill and West Point; and three in the vicinity of Danbury, in Connecticut. The artillery was at Pluckemin. A line of cantonments was thus formed around New York, from Long Island Sound to the Delaware, so disposed as to give security to the country, and to reinforce each other, in case of an incursion of the enemy to any particular point. Another object attained by this arrangement, was the easy subsistence

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of the troops. General M'Dougal commanded in the Highlands, and General Putnam at Danbury.

Until February of 1779, the troops at Middlebrook were obliged to live in canvass tents, suffering extremely from exposure to cold and storms. By that time, the soldiers had completed some log huts, which gave them a comfortable shelter for the rest of the winter. These huts were erected by the soldiers, without tools, except the axe and saw; and a description of their manner of building them may not prove uninteresting. They were constructed of the trunks of trees, cut into various lengths, according to the size of the building for which they were intended, and firmly connected by notches cut in their extremities, after the manner of dovetailing. The spaces between the logs were filled in with plastering, consisting of mud and clay. The roof was formed of similar pieces of timber, and covered with hewn slabs. The chimney, situated at one end of the house, was made of similar, but smaller timbers; and both the inner and the outer sides were covered with clay plaster, to defend the wood against the fire. The doors and windows were formed by sawing away a part of the logs where the openings were required, and the pieces sawed out were then arranged to move on wooden hinges. The huts were placed in straight lines; thus forming a regular, uniform, and compact village. The officers' huts were situated in front of

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the line, according to their rank. The kitchens were in the rear, and the whole was similar in form to a tent encampment. The ground, for a considerable distance in front of the soldiers' line of huts, was cleared of wood, stumps, and rubbish, and every morning swept clean, for the purpose of a parade-ground and roll-call of the respective regiments. The officers' huts were in general divided into two apartments, and were occupied by three or four officers, who composed one mess. Those occupied by the privates had but one room, which contained ten or twelve men, with their cabins or bunks, which were placed one above another, against the walls, and filled with straw, and a blanket for each man.

It was February; and fires were burning in every hut at Middlebrook. It was night, too; and each lowly habitation had its group of men seated around the fire, which blazed up cheerfully, shedding light and heat around. The soldiers could well appreciate the comforts of these huts, after living in the slight canvass tents that had served them for their former habitations. No doubt they thought of peace, and all the enjoyments of a quiet fireside, while lolling around their fires, of an evening, cracking jokes and relating adventures; but if they did, it must have been only to vent imprecations on the heads of the tyrants who had forced them into their present situation. Strange characters were sometimes joined in

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the same mess, which tended to make their conversation a better study than is usually afforded. There was one, in particular, which bore this character. The mess we speak of, occupied a hut at one extremity of the encampment. It was composed of the most incongruous characters that could have been found anywhere. A backwoodsman, (the people of the western part of New York were called 'backwoodsmen,' in those days,) an Irishman, several Yankees, and various others, from the Middle States, including a Conestoga farmer, from Pennsylvania, a broken-down literary gentleman, from New York, and others, whose previous occupations were of a very doubtful character.

Upon the particular night of which we speak, the elements were at war out of doors — the wind blowing fiercely, and snow and rain falling; just such a night as is calculated to make us enjoy a good fire and pleasant company. The mess were seated around the fire, in a semicircle; seated, we say, but only after a fashion. There were a few boards laid in front of the fire, upon which the most of them were half-sitting, half-lying. There was evidently a sort of respect manifested for the quondam literary man, as there generally is for the man "who writes for the papers." His opinions, expressed in better language than his comrades could command, and delivered in a very confident manner, were always listened to with

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grave attention, and they generally decided the oft-recurring disputes between the members of the mess. They were discussing some of the events of the preceding campaign; but their principal topic was the battle at Monmouth Court-House, the great event of that campaign.

"Well, Conestogey," said one of the Yankees, "you may talk away there, as much as your thick Dutch tongue will let you — I tell you, it's a fact."

The Yankee was evidently endeavoring to make the Pennsylvanian swallow a rather knotty yarn.

"Come, come," remarked another of the company, "that's a pretty good one for you, Josiah, but it's bad money; it won't pass!"

"Well, if you don't b'lieve it, there's an end of it," returned Josiah.

"What's that he don't believe?" enquired the literary man, rousing himself from a state of musing, or listlessness, into which he had fallen.

"Why," replied Josiah, "I was tellin' 'em about a red-coat that I killed at the battle of Monmouth, in an outlandish kind of a way. He got separated from his troop, and so did I; but it seemed as how he warn't of the right grit. He went skulkin' around among the trees, afeared to show himself, when I caught sight on him. There was two trees atween me and him; but as I had a pretty good sort of a fire-lock with me, I did n't think about waitin' till I had

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a better chance, so I let drive at him; and sour my uncle's milk, if the ball did n't go aclean through both trees, and lodged right plump in the breast of the red-coat — killin' him on the spot."

"About how thick were those trees, Josiah?" asked the literary man, critically

"Divil a bit o' difference to him," put in the Hibernian, who had been listening to the conversation.

"Well," replied Josiah, without paying any attention to the Irishman's remark, "I guess abeout a foot through."

"Well, I never!" ejaculated another of the 'down-easters.'

"Naw, naw," said the grum Conestoga farmer, shaking his head.

"Josiah," said the king of the mess, the literary man, looking severely at the down-easter, "it's impossible to do anything of the sort, and you never did do it. Let your next story have a little probability in it, or we'll make you keep your talk to yourself."

"Well, all I've got to say is, that it's a fact," replied Josiah; "but as you don't seem to like my story, suppose you tell one, yourself."

"Yes, do," said the backwoodsman, who had remained quiet till now, "I like to hear you tell a story; you can talk like a lawyer, right to the p'int, without any flummery."

"Ah, boys," said the literary man, sighing, "I've

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seen the day when I would not yield to anybody the superiority in the telling of a story, or writing one, either — but that's past now; and as I feel my years growing upon me, I also feel the decline of my powers. I'll do my best to amuse you, however, if you'll only make allowances."

The men nodded their heads, in acquiescence, for they really did like to hear him talk. It was very seldom that they came across a man, among the common soldiery, who possessed his quality of tongue. He was probably one of a class of men, who, though possessed of real talent, have such a shrinking nature, such a distrust of their own abilities, that they never aspire to rank among the higher class of intellects, but content themselves with living and acting among a class who are much their inferiors. Had he possessed confidence enough, no doubt he might have obtained a commission in the army; but he had not that quality, and therefore was among the privates. After clearing his throat, and replenishing the fire with a few more sticks of wood, he commenced: —

"The mention of the battle at Monmouth Court-House, called to my mind various incidents which occurred on that day; some of these, I presume, one or two of you are acquainted with; but the others, I know, did not come under your notice. Those of you who were present at the battle, were, according to your own account, with General Greene. I hap-

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pened to be with the left wing of the army, under General Lee. What I'm going to tell you about, are the incidents that occurred to the left wing of our army, that day. You know that we retreated, and that that retreat prevented us from achieving a glorious victory. The retreat was a mistake of General Scott's judgment; he thought a movement on his right, made by a portion of our troops, was a retreat. We fell back across a morass, and through a wood, which we were to have occupied. As soon as General Lee was informed of our retreat, he expressed his disapprobation of General Scott's conduct, in strong terms; but, instead of endeavoring to regain the ground that Scott had lost, he sent word to Lafayette to meet him at the court-house, and continued to fall back towards a point where he proposed to make a stand. The day was excessively warm, and the continued marching of the troops, beneath the blazing sun, and through sand knee-deep, caused many a poor fellow to drop down, never to rise again. A comrade of mine, Ben Hansel, was among the number. He and I had enlisted together; we had passed side by side through the same battles; and when I was wounded, he watched over me like a brother; he knew I would have done the same for him. I saw Ben fall, and I could n't go on with the troops, and let him die alone and untended, like a cast-off dog. I went to the captain, and begged him,

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for God's sake, to let me stop and assist poor Ben, that I might save his life, if possible. The captain was a humane man; he sympathized with me, but said that we needed all the men we could get. He said there was no hope of Ben's recovery, and that I could n't be spared just then. I persisted in entreating him; but he said he must not forget his duty, and refused me any further hearing. I struggled for awhile between my friendship for poor Ben and my obedience to the captain's dictates; but friendship triumphed in the end; and, watching my opportunity, I dropped away from the company, and hastened back to where poor Ben laid. He had dragged himself to a bank beneath a tree, by the roadside; and there he lay, gasping for breath, his face flushed extremely, and his limbs lying perfectly useless. I knew that he had not a great while to live, as soon as I looked at him. I had suffered a good deal from the heat and toil of marching, and knew that I was stronger than Ben; for he had experienced a long spell of sickness. I rushed up to him, and unfastened his jacket and vest, so as to give him as much air as possible. He knew me at once, and as he languidly opened his eyes, gasped out, 'Is that you, Jack?' I answered him, and told him I had contrived to get away, to take care of him. 'God bless you for it, Jack,' he murmured, 'but it's of little use — I'm going fast.' I tried to comfort him as much as I

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could; but I needed more comfort than I could give; for Ben was the truest friend I ever had, and I was going to lose him. I felt his hand; it was growing cold. He managed to gasp a request for water; and I left him for a few minutes, while I went in search of some. I found a brook near by, and returned to Ben, with a cup-full of the water. I always carried a small tin cup with me, when on duty. I held the cup to his parched lips, and he sipped it slowly, till it seemed to revive him a little. 'Jack,' said he, 'you 've been a true friend to me, and there 's a reward for such as you. When you go to Philadelphia again, go and see my wife;' and tell Mary that I thought of her as long as God gave me power to think. You 'll find, in my pocket, a love-knot of her hair and mine — take that to her; and do you, Jack, take anything that I have about me, to make you think of me sometimes.' I promised him all he asked, and he wrung my hand with the little strength he had left. I shed tears; I could n't help it."

"You 're a man for doin' that same," interrupted the Irishman, who, like all the rest, had been deeply interested in the narrative. The literary gentleman brushed a tear from his eye, and proceeded: —

"Ben had just strength enough left to murmur, 'God bless you, Jack — God bless my wife!' and his limbs stiffened, and I felt the hand I held grow cold; he was dead. I wept for awhile over the body of my

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BATTLE OF MONMOUTH.

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old comrade, and then I was forced to leave it. My company had long been out of sight, but I made all the haste I could to overtake them. They must have taken a very roundabout road, for nought could I see of them. I was fearful of falling into the hands of the enemy, and so I thought it best to take to the wood for cover. I passed cautiously through it, till I came near the edge of it, when I climbed a tall pine, to look around me before I proceeded further. There, just without the wood, I saw a squadron of horse, and a party of officers, whom I knew were Americans. Upon closer scrutiny, I discovered the figure of the commander-in-chief, who was evidently engaged in an altercation with another officer. This, I afterwards ascertained, was General Lee, to whom Washington was addressing some very indignant remarks. Lee seemed to be very much excited by General Washington's language; but Washington rode away soon after, followed by his aids. I knew, from seeing some of our troops who were under the command of Lee, that I could not be far off from my regiment, and I therefore descended the tree, and walked cautiously to the edge of the wood, when I could see the battalions under the command of Colonels Stewart and Ramsay, who had been ordered to form, by Washington, and, under cover of the corner of the wood, to await the approach of the British. I took a circuitous route through the wood, and joined my company

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without being observed by the captain. The men, I knew, would not inform on me. The British pressed on us close, and their light horse came down on us with such a force, that we broke and fled. We had to give way so fast, that we came out of the wood almost mixed up with the enemy. Livingston's regiment and Varnum's brigade had been stationed along the fence and in the open field, in front of the bridge over the morass, across which we had retreated before, and they received the British with a heavy fire; while the artillery, that had retired to the rear of the fence, poured some grape-shot into them. But they came on with a force we could not withstand; and a charge of their horse, broke Livingston's and Varnum's troops, who had covered our retreat, and they retired. Colonel Ogden had been ordered to take a position in the wood nearest the bridge, and to defend that post to the last extremity, in order to cover the retreat of the whole over the bridge; and he executed his orders to the letter. We all retreated safely over the bridge, and advanced to take a position on an eminence to which Lee had been directed. The General was one of the last men on the field, and brought off the rear himself. He was a brave man, whatever his faults may have been, and sustained his reputation admirably during the rest of the day. The stand we had made, though a very short one, served to check the advance of the enemy, and to give time

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to form the left wing and second line of the main army, in the wood and on the hill to which Lee was ordered. But you are nearly all acquainted with most of the other events of that day's fight, and I'll not repeat them. I saw Washington several times, in the thickest part of the action, where the bullets were whistling around him, and many of the soldiers fighting hand to hand. He was encouraging the men, and giving his orders with the calmness he always exhibits in the hour of danger. His white horse and his tall form offered a good mark for the enemy; but he was unharmed. Night overtook us in the midst of a movement to attack the British in the strong position to which they had retreated, and we laid upon our arms during the night, with the intention of attacking them next morning. Never were men more desirous of rest than we. We were almost worn out by the heat of the weather and the toil of marching and fighting. I laid down among the rest; but although I was as tired as the most of them, I could n't sleep. The moon was shining clear and beautiful in the sky above, and everything on the field was visible to me. I was half-sitting, half-lying on the ground, pretty much in the same position as at present, musing on the scene presented to my eye, and on the events of the day. Among the subjects of my thoughts, was poor Ben Hansel, of whose death I told you; I thought of his young wife, and

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the message I was to convey to her, if I ever returned to Philadelphia. I had no wife of my own, but I could appreciate Ben's devotion to her, truly; and I thought that perhaps she was looking at that moon above me, and wondering how many moons would pass away before her husband returned to her. The sentinels were pacing on the outside of the lines of sleeping soldiers; and as I looked at them, I thought how tired the poor fellows must be, and how anxious for their time to expire, that they might be relieved. I felt a little rested myself, and got up and offered to relieve one of them, and he accepted the offer gratefully; lying down near where I was to act as sentinel, in order, I supposed, to guard against treachery, which the offer, at such a time, no doubt, had suggested to him. I soon discovered the cause of his carefulness. Under a tree, within my range, lay the form of the commander-in-chief. He was wrapped in his cloak, and had a soldier's knapsack under his head, for a pillow. There he lay, evidently sleeping as soundly and sweetly as an infant. No one would have thought that the man who was there sleeping so calmly, had that day directed the movements of a large army, and had fought among them, in the most dangerous and best-contested positions. Men, let me tell you, the man who has that much command over himself, must be a great man. I could n't sleep, though very tired, because of my little troubles; yet

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this man, to whom a nation looked as its support, slept quietly as the ocean in the calm that sometimes succeeds the storm."

"Well, you 're not done; are you?" enquired one of the down-easters, as the narrator paused. He did not answer immediately, but seemed wrapped in deep thought.

"Did you see your friend's wife, 'cordin' to promise?" asked the backwoodsman, who had been much interested in the narrative of Ben's death.

"All in good time, men," replied the narrator. "You know the British decamped during the night, without our knowledge. The main body of the army afterwards drew off to the borders of the North River. I tried to get permission from the commander of the regiment, to go to Philadelphia; but I could not. I therefore wrote a letter to Ben's wife, giving an account of his death, and enclosed the love-knot formed of their hair. Soon after, I received a letter from her, full of expressions of gratitude to me, and grief for the loss of her husband. She asked me to keep up a correspondence with her, as she was now alone in the world, and I had been her husband's friend; and I accordingly have done so ever since."

"Then," said the Hibernian, "you must give us a bit o' the cake, when the weddin' comes off."

The listeners laughed, but the person addressed did not give the remark any attention. No doubt, he

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was imagining the war over, and a neat little cottage by the side of a stream, with his friend's wife under his protection.

"Noting like a goot vrow dat can work," remarked the Conestoga farmer.

"Well, men," said the literary man, rousing himself. "It 's about time for us to bunk. We 'll fix the fire, and then turn in."

The fire was arranged for the night, and the mess sought their comfortable bunks. There, revelling in dreams of the battle of Monmouth, and poor Ben and his wife, we leave them for the present.

General Charles Lee.

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Washington's Head-Quarters at Tappan.

THE CAMP-FIRE AT MIDDLEBROOK.— (CONTINUED.)

THE next night after the one on which we introduced the mess at Middlebrook to the reader, they were gathered around the fire, as usual. The Pennsylvanian, looking grum as possible; the Irishman, humming a rollicking reel-tune; the literary man, musing, with his head resting on his hands, and looking vacantly at the fire; the Yankees from Connecticut, trying to outdo the backwoodsman, with the strength of their yarns; and the remainder, half asleep, presented a picture for the painter, and for which the pen is inadequate.

"Och, murther, but this is a slapey way o' doin' the business," said the Irishman. "Won't some of yez sing, or tell us a story, or do anythin' to make life amongst yez?"

Nobody answered the appeal of the Irishman; and he was on the point of commencing the "Boys of Kilkenny," or the "Sprig of Shillelah," when he was prevented, by one of the party volunteering to give

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an account of an adventure in which he was a participant. The Irishman was very willing to forego the pleasure of hearing himself sing, and all were ready to hear anything capable of amusing them.

"What's it abeout?" enquired one of the individuals from Connecticut.

"Is there a lady in it?" said another of the company.

"No insinuations," returned the literary gentleman, raising himself from his musing position. "Go on with your narrative," he continued, addressing the volunteer.

"Well," commenced that individual, after fixing himself in a comfortable position, "you must know, it was about two years ago, while the armies were manœuvring at Saratoga, expecting a battle every day, I resided on my father's farm, in the vicinity. I had not joined the army under Gates, because my parents were getting old, and I could not be spared. There was a good many young men living near me, who were anxious to join the army and fight for their country, but were prevented by circumstances of a like character. However, we often formed parties to capture picket-guards and foraging detachments, belonging to the British, and sometimes to annoy those of the neighbors who professed an attachment to the royal cause; thus serving our country, though we could not do so, regularly, in the field. It is one of

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these adventures that I'm going to tell you about. There was about twenty of us who assembled regularly, upon four nights of the week. Our farm was generally the meeting-place, and there we planned the excursions we made. Intelligence was brought us, by one of our number, that there was an advance picket-guard of the British stationed on the north bank of the Middle Ravine, (or Mill Creek, as it was sometimes called,) which consisted of about thirty men; and he suggested that it would be an easy thing to surprise them. The prospect of an adventure heartily pleased us all; and we resolved to undertake it, if for nothing else, for the sake of the frolic. Accordingly, everything was arranged, and the next night was set apart for the undertaking. Our farm was selected as the rendezvous, and every man was ordered to provide himself with a fowling-piece, and plenty of powder and shot. Bill Hurley, the oldest and most experienced one of the band, was selected for the post of captain. I was the lieutenant. Everything was kept secret till the next night arrived. We assembled, about an hour before dark, in the woods near our house. All were equipped according to agreement, and Bill Hurley had brought with him something for the party's refreshment — nothing less than a bottle of old rye whiskey, with a long swig of which, we put ourselves in tune for the work. We started, and marched silently and cautiously through

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the wood; each man carrying his fowling-piece in his hand, and the whole party walking in Indian file. Bill Hurley had also brought with him an old horse-trumpet; though for what purpose, he did not explain. After marching about an hour, the captain gave us notice that the picket was not far off, and sent one of the party to reconnoitre, while the rest of us halted till we heard his report. He soon returned, and informed us that we were near the edge of the wood, and that directly beyond it was the picket-guard, without the least appearance of preparation for an enemy, or suspicion of the approach of one. The captain immediately gave us directions how we were to make the attack, and exhorted us all to do our duty. We did n't need much exhorting, however; we were too anxious to make the attack. We advanced silently to the edge of the wood, creeping among the bushes wherever there was a chance to do so, till we caught sight of the British coats. It was just about twilight; and it was evident, from the manner in which the enemy were disposed around — some talking in groups, leaning on their guns; and others, feeling still more secure than the rest, lying on the ground — that they were unsuspicious of the vicinity of danger. Suddenly, Bill Hurley blew a tremendous blast on the old horse-trumpet, and the whole party of us rushed out of the bushes, yelling and howling like a whole tribe of Indians going into

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battle. Our captain cried out, at the top of his voice, 'Ground your arms, or you 're all dead men!' and the enemy immediately surrendered. No doubt, they thought half of the American army was upon them, from the noise we made. We soon made sure of their arms, and then marched them off to the American camp, like regular prisoners of war. We laughed and joked the whole way there, about British soldiers surrendering to a few young farmers, who never were on a field of battle in their lives; and they seemed to feel their degradation. The soldiers in camp welcomed us with shouts, and we delivered our prisoners into their custody. Few parties ever had a more jolly time of it, than we had that night, after we returned home. We roused up the folks at our house, and had a glorious frolic, in eating and drinking, and dancing. That was only one of our excursions, but it 'll do for a specimen."

When the New-Yorker had concluded his story, he replenished the fire, and fixed his eyes on it, as a means of diverting attention from himself, as modest men sometimes do, after they have occupied the company with their conversation for a length of time.

"That must have been a bold fellow, that captain of yours," observed the backwoodsman. "It takes a confounded sight of pluck, to undertake to capture thirty British soldiers, with twenty farmers, whose only weapons are fowling-pieces."

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"He was n't alone in his boldness," returned the narrator of the incident. "We were all as anxious to attack the picket, and as bold in doing it, as he was."

"Well," said Josiah, who had been listening to the story with an incredulity natural to those who are in the habit of violating the truth, "I 'll be darned if I believe it. It ain't one bit more nateral than my story about shootin' that red-coat through two trees, each a foot thick; you critters would n't swaller that, and I 'll be darned if you ought n't to throw up at this one!"

"Come, come," interposed the literary man, "have some conscience, Josiah. This story is very probable. There have been many such incidents during the war. Some have come under my own notice. But nobody can believe your story, because it's impossible for such a feat to be done."

"Well," replied Josiah, with the air of a man who, his credit being called in question, considers it of little moment, "hev it your own way, as the man said when he was beatin' his horse, and the horse would turn round."

"Yes," said the backwoodsman, "we will have it our own way; but do n't you beat us with any more such yarns as that, or we 'll beat you!"

"Oh, come, do n't let's have any more talking about the matter. It's not worth it," observed the

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literary gentleman, with his usual decisive judgment. "Will any of you sing?"

No one answering the appeal, the speaker said he would sing, himself, though he had no voice for singing, and, besides, had a bad cold. The company listened to these excuses as things of course, and the volunteer, after sundry other indispensable preliminaries, proceeded with a song very popular during the Revolutionary war, and which, he said, would do more credit to his patriotism than his literary taste.

The day is broke; my boys, push on,
And follow, follow Washington,
'T is he that leads the way,
'T is he that leads the way;

When he commands, we will obey,
Through rain or snow, by night or day,
Determined to be free,
Determined to be free.

Kind Providence our troops inspires
With more than Greek or Roman fires,
Until our cause prevails,
Until our cause prevails.

Heaven has favor'd a virtuous few,
The tyrant's legions to subdue;
For justice never fails,
For justice never fails.

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With heart and hand, and God our trust,
We'll freely fight — our cause is just.
Push on, my boys, push on,
Push on, my boys, push on!

Till Freedom reigns, our hearty bands
Will fight like true Americans,
And follow, follow Washington,
And follow, follow Washington.

"That's one of the songs of '76," remarked the singer, when he had concluded. "That was written soon after the surrender of the Hessians, at Trenton."

"We're to credit it to you, as original, I suppose?" asked the New-Yorker.

"You need n't mind that," replied the literary man. The song will do tolerably well to amuse a mess like this, but nothing more."

"Ah! I see how it is — your modesty prevents you from claiming it," said the New-Yorker.

"Well," said the literary man, anxious to divert attention from his song, "some of you must follow. Josiah, can't you give us a song? we're not hard to please."

"Oh," replied Josiah, "my singin's so orful bad; besides, I do n't know nothin' but 'Yankee Doodle,' and 'Come out, ye Continentallers.'"

"Well, we ain't tired of hearin' them 'ere songs;

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just drive ahead with one of 'em," said the backwoodsman.

"Anything to keep the pot a b'ilin'," added one of the Yankees.

Cheered on by these observations, Josiah sang, in the peculiarly nasal tones of the people of New England, the following song: —

COME OUT, YE CONTINENTALLERS.

Come out, ye continentallers!
We're going for to go
To fight the red-coat enemy,
Who're plaguy "cute," you know.

Now, shoulder whoop! — eyes right and dress —
Front! — Davis, wipe your nose —
Port whoop! — that's slick — now, carry whoop!
Mike Jones, turn out your toes.

Charge bag'net! — that's your sort, my boys:
Now, quick time! — march! — that's right;
Just so we'd poke the enemy,
If they were but in sight.

Halt! — shoulder whoop! — stop laughing, Nick —
By platoons, wheel! — halt — dress!
Hold up your muzzles on the left;
No talking, more or less.

Bill Sneezer, keep your canteen down,
We're going for to travel;

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"Captain, I wants to halt a bit,
My shoe is full of gravel.'

Ho!—strike up, music—for'ard march!
Now point your toes, Bob Rogers;
See! yonder are the red-coat men—
Let fly upon 'em, sogers.

The men laughed over this song for about the hundredth time. It pictures the first marching of some of the "awkward squad," enlisted for the continental service, and was intended to ridicule the militia in general.

"That's a never-tirin' song," observed the backwoodsman.

"Almost as good as Yankee Doodle," added Josh.

"I wonder if Josh did n't belong to that company?" enquired the New-Yorker.

"Ah, you oughter seen our company the day we left Longville," returned Josiah. "Sich a time among the gals and their fellers, and sich a fixin' o' guns and rusty swords, a-tryin' to look smart, was never seen on airth afore."

"You were a fierce-looking set of men, no doubt," observed the literary man; and then, wishing to give a more instructive turn to the conversation, he asked Josiah where the first place at which they were engaged was.

"Newport was the first place where we were put

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in service. It was last August. There it was that that 'tarnal French count backed out with his fleet," replied Josiah.

"Can't you give us some account of that attack, and the reason of its failure?" continued the literary man.

"Well," answered Josiah, "the reason of the thing's fallin' through, was nothin' more nor less than the backin' out of the French mountseers, as I told you afore. It warn't the fault of our troops, no how. But I'll tell you how it was, and all abeout it. You see, General Sullivan commanded the troops at Providence, in Rhode Island; and when it was agreed that there should be an attack on Newport, to be joined in by the army of Sullivan and the fleet of the Frenchmen, all the militia in the country went to help in it — our company among the rest; so that Sullivan soon had an army of ten thousand men. We were also joined by Lafayette and General Greene. The army marched from Providence to Tiverton, under the command of Greene. It was agreed between Sullivan and the French count, — Desting, I think they called him, — that they should land their forces at Portsmouth, on the 10th, in the morning. The Britishers were commanded by Sir Robert Pigot, and were abeout six thousand strong. On the 9th, we received news that the enemy had left their works on the north end of the island on which Newport

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stands, and had retreated inside of their lines, abeout three miles from Newport. Sullivan concluded to push over to the island at once, without minding the bargain with Desting. So, about eight o'clock, the right wing of the army, under Greene, began to cross from Tiverton, and the rest of us followed. I forgot to tell you that John Hancock was the major-general of the Massachusetts militia. When we landed, we took post on the heights at the north end of the island. There we encamped; but we had a hard time of it. The militia did n't think about such sogerin' as that, when we used to parade in Longville. It blew abeout the hardest, and rained abeout the hardest, on the 12th, that ever I did see. Towards night, the wind and rain increased. We could n't keep a tent standing, to save us. Even the generals, who oughter fare better than anybody else in the army, could n't keep their marquees about their heads. I was wet to the skin, and e'enamost blowed away. Several of the militia were killed by bein' struck in the head with tent-poles, and some by the hail-stones, which, some du say, were as big as two-pound cannon-balls."

The men held up their hands in astonishment at the monstrosity of the statement, and some whistled in a low tone.

"I say, Josh," put in the backwoodsman, "how did you happen to keep clear of those hail-stones?"

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"Oh, it s not for me to explain these things. I'm only tellin' you the fact. But, as I was sayin', several of the militia were killed. A good many of the horses were either drowned, or killed in the same way as the men. The best part of our amminition was damaged by the water. Indeed, we were in as hard a condition as one could think of. The enemy had been in better quarters than we had, and when the storm cleared away, on the 14th, there was a first-rate chance for them to whip us. But as they did n't try it, we spent all that day in dryin' our clothes and the amminition, and fixin' ourselves for a march. The next mornin', we set out at six o'clock, and took post about two miles from the enemy's lines. There we rested till the 20th, when we opened two four-gun batteries. About two o'clock that afternoon, we discovered the French fleet standin' for Newport, and, at seven o'clock, General Greene and Lafayette went on board of one of the French ships, to consult with Desting and his officers. I've heard tell, since, that the count was willin' enough to go into Newport harbor, but his officers were a kind of cross-grained, and would n't agree to it; so, instead of helpin' us through with the expedition, he sailed for Boston, on the 22d. That was a miserable botchin' piece of business. Between two and three thousand of the volunteers left us in twenty-four hours; and they continued to go off, till our whole force was only a

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little more than that of the red-coats. There was nothin' left for us to do, then, but to retreat; because we had n't force enough to storm the works, nor would n't have had, if the volunteers had all remained; seein' that the biggest part of 'em had never seen a battle. Accordin'ly, by the 26th, all the spare heavy artillery and baggage were sent off the island, and on the night of the 28th, the army began to move to the north end. It had been resolved, in a council of war, to move the army there, and then to fortify the ground, and hold it till we should find out whether there was any chance of the French fleet comin' back. We marched all night, and arrived on the ground about three o'clock in the mornin', with all our baggage and cetera. About seven, we were surprised by a brisk fire of musketry in our front, between our advanced troops and the enemy, who had pushed out after us, when they found out that we were retreatin'. I was with the brigade of militia under General Lovell; and, without any braggin', we did our duty that day. Our advanced troops stood the fire for some time, and paid the red-coats in their own coin; but they were obliged to give way before the numbers of the enemy. They kept up a pretty orderly fire as they fell back, till they were reinforced; when they halted, and fought for awhile so obstinate, that they give the red-coats a check. More of our troops were sent to their help, and the Britishers

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were driven back; but that was only for a little while. More troops reinforced them, and our men were driven back near to the front line of the main army, which had been drawn up in order of battle. We had a redoubt on our right, which was our advanced post. This the Britishers tried to get at three times; but they were each time driven back by our brave boys; the last time, they were awfully cut up. The artillery fired during the whole day, and the musketry for about six hours; and it's the greatest wonder to me that there was n't more killin' done than there was. After the retreat of the Britishers, neither of the armies could approach the field without bein' raked by the cannon; so we could n't do any more that night. The next mornin', Sullivan got news that Desting, the French count, could n't come, as he expected, with his troops and help us; and also, that Lord Howe, the English admiral, had sailed again. He then decided to leave Rhode Island; and, mind I tell you, that was a nice job to undertake. The sentinels of the two armies were within about four hundred yards of each other, and you may judge what a deal of care it needed to keep 'em from gettin' wind of it. The way we done it was this. A number of tents were brought out and pitched right in sight of the enemy, and the whole army appeared to be fortifyin' the camp. At the same time, the heavy baggage and stores were fallin' back, and carried over

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the bay. At dark, the tents were struck, the light baggage and the troops passed down, and by twelve o'clock, the whole army had crossed. We slipped away as quietly as a mouse through a hole in the trap. Lafayette arrived from Boston just as the last part of the army was preparin' to retreat. He brought off the pickets that covered the retreat, without losin' a man, or leavin' a single article behind. It was altogether one of the slickest back-outs ever made anywhere."

"Very nicely done, indeed," said the literary man.

"Yes; but though the retreat was nice enough, that ain't what we went there for," returned Josiah. "We counted sure on takin' Newport, and we got cheated out of it by the 'tarnal Mountseers."

"Oh, well," said the literary man, "the Mountseers, as you call them, are good enough sometimes, and we ought to be thankful for their assistance in this war."

"Give me the Yankee nation, in a fightin' time," said Josiah. "These Mountseers may be well enough sometimes, but their conduct on that partic'lar 'casion kind o' riled me."

"Der Frenchmen is goot," observed the Conestoga farmer, who had been grumly listening to the conversation. No doubt he had seen some of the bravery of Lafayette.

"Yes," replied the literary man, "the French are

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a brave nation. They are our friends now — the very time when we need friends. A braver man than Lafayette never lived, and I've seen a good many more of them who were almost as good soldiers as he is. But, come, it must be getting late. We had better fix the fire, and turn in for the night. We can afford to leave the French to vindicate themselves from any aspersions upon their character. I think they'll do it before long."

Those of the party who were generally idle listeners to the conversations of the rest of the mess, gathered themselves up at this remark of the ruling spirit, and the whole party were soon safely stowed for the night, there being no undressing to occupy the time, where the bed consisted of a little straw and a blanket.

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THE CAMP-FIRE ON THE SUSQUEHANNA.

THE details of the attacks on the frontier settlements, by the tories and Indians, present us with all that cruelty could invent, or savages could execute. Burning houses, desolated fields, and slaughtered women and children, fill up the awful scenes presented to us by the history of 1778 and '79 particularly. All ties of blood, friendship, or love, were forgotten in the pervading dissensions of the whigs and tories. Fathers looked upon their children only as belonging to either of two parties, and husbands cursed the wives that differed with them in opinion. This was bad enough; but it was not all. The tories generally took the field against the opposite party, and calling to their aid the ready Indians, fell upon the defenceless settlements of their particular neighborhood, with unrelenting cruelty, devastating all within their reach or power. At length, stimulated by the entreaties of the frontier settlers of Pennsylvania, who took side with the whigs, and also by a desire to revenge the horrible butchery at Wyoming,

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it was determined to get up an expedition into the infested region.

The object of this expedition was not only the punishment of the Indians, but the destruction of several settlements belonging to tories who had become particularly obnoxious by former cruelties. The party consisted of a Pennsylvania regiment, covered by riflemen and rangers, and was commanded by Colonel William Butler. The men were obliged to carry six days' provision on their backs, and, thus loaded, to endure all the hardships incident to a march through an unsettled region. The party started on the 1st of October, 1778, from the town of Schoharie, and having gained the head of the Delaware, marched down that river for two days; whence they struck off to the right, and crossed the mountains, to get to the Susquehanna. They accomplished this march by enduring all that could be expected of men who had been accustomed to the wilderness, when, the riflemen and rangers excepted, they were unused to it. They were obliged to wade through rivers and creeks scarcely passable by men without encumbrance. After the toil of a hard march, they had to endure chilly nights and heavy rains, without the means of keeping their arms and ammunition dry. The detachment arrived, at last, on the Susquehanna, and then proved that their march was made to some purpose. For several miles,

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on both sides of the Susquehanna, they totally burnt and destroyed all the Indian castles and villages, and the tory settlements. The inhabitants, both tories and Indians, had received intelligence of the expedition, and effected their escape before the arrival of the party. All their winter stock was either destroyed, or captured for the use of the men, and desolation dwelt where before was life and plenty. But, severe as was the vengeance which the detachment wreaked on the aggressors and their property, it did not satisfy some of the men belonging to the party. There were some among the rangers and riflemen, who had felt the desolation with which the tories and Indians had visited the settlements, and the blood of their wives, and children, and friends, was still unavenged, and they could not be satisfied till it was. This induced many of them to join in the exterminating expedition of General Sullivan, which marched into the Indian country in the next year.

Having executed all that lay in their power, the party prepared to return. But this was a difficult undertaking. The continual heavy rains had caused a sudden rising of the creeks and the Susquehanna, and the detachment was running short of provisions. The crossing of the Susquehanna would at other times have been deemed impracticable; but their case was a desperate one, and they attempted to procure horses, for the purpose of mounting the men,

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and fording the river in that way. A number of horses had been left behind by the Indians, in their haste to escape, and these were secured.

It was a clear, cool, October evening, while the party of Colonel Butler were encamped on the western bank of the Susquehanna. There was no moon, but the stars seemed ambitiously striving to supply her sweet and gentle beams. The troops were stationed in a wood, on the gently-elevated bank, and among the almost deserted boughs of the trees, the curling smoke from a number of fires was ascending. The swollen stream was dashing violently along, as if proud of its additional strength. The evening was one that the party could appreciate, after the cold, rainy weather they had endured. A single tent was all they could boast of possessing, and that was reserved for the officers of the party. Each fire had its group, composed of the men belonging to the Pennsylvania regiment, and the riflemen and the rangers, indiscriminately mixed, as the supper of the men was preparing upon it. At a considerable distance in the wood, sentinels were stationed, to guard against surprise. The river formed a sure defence upon the front.

One of the groups, around a fire near the river, deserves our particular regard. It is composed of about a dozen men. Some of them are seated on small logs and stones, which they have brought near

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the fire, and others on the ground. Most of them are dressed in the uniform that bespeaks them members of the Pennsylvania regiment; while two of them have but the common hunting-shirt and leggings usually worn by the rangers of the woods. All look wearied and travel-worn, with their brown faces and soiled dress. The guns of the group are leaning against the surrounding trees, near at hand, in case of an attack. One of the rangers is leaning his head upon one hand, looking in the fire, as if intently musing. The other is talking to one of the soldiers in uniform. The rest of the men are talking among themselves.

"Jackson," says Seth, the ranger last mentioned, "do you think there's even a good chance of our getting over that river there, on horseback? For my part, I'd rather try to swim it."

"Yes, I think there is a very good chance, you may be sure, or I would not risk my life in making the attempt," replied Jackson.

"We must get out of this place somehow," continued Seth, without noticing the answer, "and the Colonel says there's no other way."

"Yes," said Jackson, "we must get out of this before our provision gives out; and there is no other way than by trying to cross the river on horseback. The Colonel is a very prudent and a very shrewd man; and I'm sure he'll bring us out safe, if possible."

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"Then, after we cross the Susquehanna, there 's so many infernal creeks, and they 'll be about twice as high as usual," continued the ranger. "We had work enough to get where we are; but that 's play to the going-back part of the business."

"There 's one thing certain, Seth," said the soldier, "we did n't come for nothing. We 've done a great deal of damage since we 've been here, mind I tell you. When the folks that lived hereabouts come back, to hunt for their houses and barns, they 'll be a leetle disappointed, I 'm thinking."

"Poor job — poor job," said Jones, the ranger who was leaning on his hand, musing; "if the thing had been done as I wanted it done, we might have had a chance to throw some of the infernal owners of the houses and barns into their flames. That would have been coming to some purpose;" and as the ranger emphatically made the last remark, his teeth clenched, and a savage smile lit up his face, that seemed like the glare of a red, demoniac light upon a dark night.

"Oh, you want to go as far as the savages themselves," remarked Jackson. "I hate such butchery, whether perpetrated by the Indians or our own side. It ain't human, at all. I 'm satisfied with what we 've done already."

"I won't be," replied Jones. "I can't be, in fact. I never will rest quietly, till some of them have paid

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me what they owe me; and it 's a debt not easy paid, let me tell you.

"I can judge what 's been going on," said Seth. "You 've suffered some from the tories or Indians."

"Yes, some," returned the moody ranger, shortly expressing a great deal more than his companions could comprehend. A short pause ensued, which the soldier was the first to break.

"You appear to have suffered a great deal," said he, wishing to draw the ranger's sorrows from their concealment.

"I have suffered a great deal from the hell-hounds," replied Jones. "I lived at Wyoming, and our family was large. You can easily guess the rest."

"I think I can," said the soldier. "They were murdered at the massacre."

"Yes," was the reply. "You talk of showing the tories and Indians mercy. If you had lived at Wyoming and felt their mercy, you never would talk so. All pity would be banished from your heart, and you 'd only wish to come across the miscreants, to cut them down while they cried for mercy. I was there, and saw it all; and I could almost cut the throat of the man that speaks for them."

"I can't say how I would act under such circumstances," said Jackson, "but I hardly think it would be to act their part, myself."

"If it 's not too affecting to you to think about

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Wyoming," observed Seth, "I should like to hear the story of the massacre."

"I can tell it to you," replied the ranger. "It has ceased to affect me in the way you mean. I cried a very little time, about our family all bein' cut off and leavin' me alone in the world. I always had too much spirit to brood over anything of that kind. I've never shed a tear since the day after the massacre. My whole attention is taken up in the endeavor to revenge it; and I'll do it, before I'm dead, you may depend."

"Let us hear the story, and then we may judge how far you are right," said Seth.

"You shall," replied Jones; "but let us get our share of the victuals, first."

The salt meat was taken from the fire, where it had been cooking, and cut up into slices, which were divided among the men equally. A biscuit to each, was the only article that accompanied it. Our three friends, having received the shares they waited for, set about the work of demolition vigorously.

"Now you can go on, Jones," said Seth, with his mouth full.

"Yes, now we'll hear all you know about it," said the soldier.

"Well, you shall," was the reply. "You see, our family came to Wyoming among the earliest that settled there. Most of the inhabitants came from

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Connecticut, because that State claimed that part of the country where Wyoming was situated, under some grant or other. Did you ever see the place?"

The two listeners answered negatively.

"Well, it's as pretty a valley as there is in any part of the country. It's just over here, on the eastern branch of the Susquehanna. The country around was settlin' very fast, and everything promised well. It was situated on both sides of the river, and consisted of eight townships, each five miles square. You may judge from that how large it was. The fields were well cultivated, and the land was rich. The settlement was increasing so fast, that we were enabled to send a thousand men to the continental army. We had built four forts, to cover us from the Indians. But, in spite of the forts, it was well known that we had sent a thousand of our best men away from us, and could n't protect ourselves as we ought, from the attacks of the Indians. Besides, from the commencement of the war, there had been a good many tories among the inhabitants, and they kept us all the time quarrellin'. Last year, some of the worst of the tories in the settlement joined the Indians and marched against us; but we beat them back, after some hard skirmishin'. About that time, several of the tories left the settlement, and joined the Indians. You see, they had quarrelled with their families, and went away bent on doin' us

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some damage. They knew all about our condition, and they made use of their knowledge. Early this year, a great quantity of strangers came into the settlement, under different excuses; and some of them acted so suspicious, that they were arrested and examined. The evidence against several of them was so strong, that we all concluded that they were actin' with the enemy, on a scheme for destroyin' the settlement. Twenty of them were sent off to Connecticut, to be tried for their lives, and all the rest of the strangers were driven out of the settlement. This worked the tories up to the highest pitch, and they threatened the people with vengeance. Our family lived near the river, in Wyoming. It was made up of my father, who was gettin' pretty old, my mother, and four brothers and sisters. One of these brothers said boldly he was one of the tories, and we often quarrelled about it. I was a complete whig, and did n't want him to talk in the way he did in our house. All our family sided with me, and, at last, Bill got so quarrelsome and violent, that we put him out of the house, and told him never to come back again until he turned whig. He said we 'd see him one of these days, and he would n't come as a whig, either."

"Did n't that frighten the family?" asked Seth.

"No, they did n't think much about it, just then; they hated Bill too much," answered the ranger.

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"He went away, and I never saw him any more. Well, for several weeks before the massacre, small parties were sent to the settlement, to try to lull us into feelin' secure. They professed to have the strongest friendship for us. I think they wanted to concert with the tories that were in the settlement, and to see how things were goin' on. However, we knew the scoundrels well enough, not to believe them. Colonel Zeb Butler commanded our force, and he wrote to Congress and to General Washington, asking them to send us some help; but his letters never reached Congress or Washington; they were intercepted by the tories. A few days before the main attack, some small parties made attacks on the settlement, and committed some horrible murders. One of these parties butchered the wife and five children of one of their own friends, who had been sent to Connecticut."

"Was it through mistake?" enquired the soldier.

"I don't know," was the reply; "but it's ten to one it wasn't. They didn't think about savin' a wife and children, because the father was a friend to them. There was too many wives who had the courage and the sense to think different from their husbands. It's twenty to one, it wasn't through mistake. At length, on the 1st of July, the enemy appeared on the Susquehanna, in full force. They numbered about sixteen hundred men, of which

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over a quarter were Indians; the rest were tories, painted and dressed like Indians. The whole party was commanded by Colonel John Butler, a cousin of Colonel Zeb Butler. Most of the prominent tories were with him; and I don't think a fiercer or more bloodthirsty set of men ever joined together for any purpose. The Indians were under the command of Brandt, a half-breed. I don't feel so savage at these Indians, because one could n't expect anything else from them. It's them infernal hounds that led them to butchering their own families and friends. One of the small forts was betrayed into the hands of the enemy by its own garrison, who were nearly all tories. Another was taken by storm, and all that were in it, except the women and children, were butchered in the most horrible manner. This fort was a short distance from the village of Wyoming. On the 3d of July, a council of war was held, to consider whether we should march out of Fort Wilksbarre and attack the enemy; and it was finally agreed that we should. Accordin'ly, the same day, we marched out, in two lines; one under the command of Colonel Zeb Butler, and the other under Colonel Dennison. I was with Butler's line. Spies were sent forward, and they soon discovered two Indians, who were out on the same business for the other army. The scouts fired upon each other; but no one was hurt, and they returned to the main body. Both

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armies then moved forward, and joined battle near a thick swamp. The line commanded by Dennison advanced against Brandt, and our line against that of our commander's cousin. Their army was so far superior to ours, that they out-flanked us, and Brandt and the Indians came out of the swamp, and turned our left flank. This made so much confusion, that the Indians made sad havoc among Dennison's men. We bore up against the numbers of the tories for a considerable time. But the turning of our left flank was too much for us. Colonel Dennison ordered his troops to fall back, in order to make some evolution; but the men were already confused, and they thought he wanted them to retreat, and they broke and fled. We could n't stand then — there was too few of us. So we followed, and the Indians pursued us. I tell you, men, the carnage was horrible. The Indians would knock the men down, and scalp them in a minute's time. I only got into the fort, by knocking down, with the butt-end of my musket, a big Indian that came yelling close to me."

"How many escaped?" asked Seth.

"I guess, about a hundred in all," replied the ranger. "Colonel Butler and Colonel Dennison were among them. Our commander was still anxious to keep up the resistance to them. The fort we fled to, was called Fort Wilksbarre. The commander thought the fort on the other side of the river, where all the

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old men, and the women and children, were placed, was the best to stand a siege. So we left a few to guard Fort Wilksbarre, and crossed the river, with four hundred men, and took post in Fort Kingston, as it was called. There we were closely besieged till next day, when Colonel Zeb Butler proposed a parley with his cousin, to see what terms he could arrange with him. His cousin agreed to it. The place appointed for the meeting was an open field, so far from the fort as to be beyond protection from it. Our commander suspected the designs of his cousin, and he took with him about four hundred men, of which I was one, to guard against treachery. This was nearly the whole garrison. When we arrived at the place appointed for the meeting, nobody was waiting there. Far ahead of us, at the foot of a mountain, we saw a flag. If he had taken a moment's thought, Colonel Butler would have turned back. He said that they seemed afraid of treachery on his side; for the holders of the flag fell back as we moved forward. On we went, till we got very near the flag, when a yell was heard, and we found ourselves surrounded. We stood firm, and delivered our fire so heavy and true, for three quarters of an hour, that we seemed to have the advantage of them. But, just then, one of the men cried out, 'The Colonel has ordered a retreat!' and then the day was lost. The whole party fell into confusion, and the enemy broke in on all

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sides; and while some of the men begged for quarter, they were hewn down and scalped. Many tried to escape, and were cut down in the attempt. The slaughter was dreadful beyond anything you ever heard of, I know. Again I was one of the lucky ones. About seventy of us escaped from the hands of the devils, and made our way across the river. Some of them were cut and bruised in a good many places. Colonel Butler made his way to Fort Kingston, while the rest of us went to Fort Wilksbarre."

"What an infernal set of rascals!" ejaculated Seth. "That Colonel John Butler ought to be roasted alive, as I've heerd the Indians serve their prisoners."

"Roasted! that's too easy a death for such a wretch!" returned the ranger. "The man who could so entrap his own cousin and his own people, and then butcher them in such a way, ought to be——" but the speaker seemed perplexed in the invention of a torment sufficient for the wretch.

"It was a horrible action," observed Jackson, "but I've heard of his deeds before, and I know one could n't expect anything better. He don't appear to have a heart."

"I'll find it, if ever I'm so lucky as to meet him!" returned the ranger, fiercely. "But all that I've been telling you is nothing, compared with what's to come. Fort Kingston was invested by the enemy, and they kept up a continual fire all day; and to put

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our little band in as low spirits as possible, they sent into the fort, for us to look at, no less than one hundred and ninety-six bloody scalps. I almost sickened at the sight."

"So would any one who had any feelin' at all," said Seth.

"Well, that same night, Colonel Zeb Butler took his family, left the fort, and escaped down the river," continued the ranger. "I don't see how he done it, unless through the permission of his cousin. I don't want to say he acted anything like a traitor, but it looks much like a cowardly action. However, he was about the only officer that escaped. The next day, that was the 5th of July, I think, Colonel Dennison, who succeeded to the command, seein' that there was no chance for making a good defence, went with a flag to Colonel John Butler, to know what terms he would grant if we surrendered. I went out with him, and saw the infernal bloodhound when he answered, 'the hatchet!' He didn't look like a human bein' at all. Such a fierce, devilish smile he had on his face, when he made answer. We returned to the fort; and then they attacked it with yells and and howls, like tigers wanting to get at their prey. We defended the fort till most of the men were killed or wounded, and the Colonel resolved to surrender at discretion. I suppose he thought there was still some chance of escape from bein' murdered, by giving up

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the fort. I didn't, and wanted to die fightin' there, in the fort. I knew there was no mercy in the devils. He surrendered the fort, and then the hatchet done its work. About fifty of the women, and four or five men, of whom I was one, were all that escaped out of that fort. There was, at the time of the surrender, at least two hundred women and fifty men, alive in it. I don't think more than sixty escaped. I stood before our family, along with one of my brothers, by the name of Morton; and when I saw Bill and some other tories comin' towards us, I knew he was bent on doin' as the rest of them did. They rushed on us and cut my brother down, but I struck Bill across the face with my musket, and cleared my way to the openin' in the fort. I saw him fall, and I hardly think he ever got up again."

"The whole of your family were butchered, then?" enquired Seth.

"Yes, every one fell by the hands of the blood-hounds. I saw the tories lay hands on them, as I escaped through the open gate of the fort. The old man was on his knees, praying, and the smallest children were hangin' around him, cryin'. Oh! but they shall pay for it all, two or three times over! All I ask is to have a fair field against them, and that old man's prayer will help me to cut them down like sheep!" The ranger's teeth and hands were clenched savagely, and he seemed to be thrilled al

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most beyond bearing, with the desire of revenge. His companions were evidently affected by his manner and his narrative; though the same feelings could not fill their breasts to the extent they did the eye-witness of the horrid massacre, and one who had seen his relatives slaughtered.

"I got away from the fort, and made my escape to the woods safely. I heard that the wretches, thinkin' they could n't kill their victims fast enough, put them in the houses and barracks, and then set fire to them. A few were kept for other tortures. They then crossed the river, to Fort Wilksbarre, and the garrison surrendered without making any conditions. There was about seventy continental soldiers in the fort, who had enlisted for the defence of the frontier, and these they slaughtered to a man, with all the horrible inventions they could think of. The women and children were shut up in the houses, the same as before, and then burnt to death in that way. I was safe in the woods, then, but I afterwards came across a man who escaped the whole of it, by hidin' in a small wood-shed till night; and he told me all their bloody doin's after I got away. He said they stuck some of their prisoners full of splinters of pine, and set them on fire, and some they threw into the flames, and held them down till they were roasted to death. They even shot the cattle, and cut out the tongues of some of them, and let them live in torment."

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"Could they be men?" asked Jackson.

"No, they were devils. The devil himself could not have acted more fiendishly," returned Seth. "I think I could shoot such wretches down without any pity. I'd think I was doing good to my fellow beings."

"I thought you'd change your sentiments," said the ranger. "For my part, I act just as I feel. I feel that such butchers ought not to live, though I could not tell why."

"Well, I suppose they levelled all the houses, and wasted and destroyed all the fields, after that; did n't they?" enquired Seth.

"Yes," was the reply; "they destroyed everything but the houses of the tories. The crops were nearly ripe, but they were all destroyed. This friend I told you about, was near the place about a month ago, and walked over the ground in the night. Everything is in ruins, he says, and the ground where the most of the people were slaughtered still bears the red stains of their blood. The forts were burnt to the ground. No one would have thought the settlements in the valley ever had been so large and prosperous as they were. The whole place was almost deserted."

"How did you manage to travel through the woods such a distance as you must have gone before you arrived at a settlement?" enquired the soldier.

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"Oh, friend, I can hardly tell you. I came across some women and children, wandering like myself, with only one man with them. I kept with this small party, because the women and children needed protection, and I wanted company. The party consisted of four women, belonging to different families, and some few children, who had lost their parents in the massacre. The young man and myself formed their only guard. We wandered through the woods, living on berries and roots, for about two weeks, before we arrived at the first settlement at Northampton. We picked up two or three other women on the way, almost worn down with hunger and travellin'. Two of the women got sick, to make it worse, and then we had to wait till they were able to go on. My friend and myself had a hard time of it, I tell you. We were weak and tired, ourselves, yet we had to find food for the women and children, the best part of the time. One poor little girl, that had lost her father and mother in the massacre, grew so weak that she could n't go any further with us; and, as a lucky thing, she died very soon afterwards. We had to leave the body in the woods, and push on as fast as we could, for we were all weak for want of something to eat, and sleeping in the damp woods. I was n't used to it then, as I am now, and could n't stand much more than the women. Well, we arrived at a settlement at last, and there we found a few

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more of the wanderers from Wyoming. The settlers were all kind to us, and gave the women and children all the care they needed; but I think that some of them did n't need attention long. The fright and the horror they had been made to feel, was too much, when it was added to the toil and hunger they endured in the wilderness."

"I do n't suppose they did," said the soldier. It 's a wonder they fled at all, seein' that all that belonged to them had been murdered, and they were alone in the world."

"Was n't there one of your relations saved?" enquired Seth.

"Not one," was the reply. "I wanted to go back to the place where they were murdered, but never could get any of my fellow rangers to join me. The tories are too thick for me to go alone. I 'd like to see if I could find their bodies, or anything belongin' to them, that I might keep for their sake; and I 'll see, before long, if I go alone."

"I 'll go with you," said Seth. "I 'm anxious to see the scene of such a massacre; and I know one, at least, of the rangers, that will be glad to go with us. If we can get together a small party, we 'll try what mischief we can do."

"Will you?" asked Jones, joyfully; "then I 'll try how many I can persuade to join us, and we 'll give them a taste of their own game. Oh, I feel able to

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meet a half a dozen of the cowardly wretches, myself! You 'll go, certain; will you?"

"I will," answered Seth; "there 's my hand on it."

The ranger shook the proffered hand heartily. "Now," said he, "I 'll pay my score. Come, let 's go and see how the others like the project."

The two arose from their seats and walked away, leaving Jackson to seek the company of some of the others. About twenty of the rangers were found willing to join Jones in his visit to Wyoming, and it was agreed that they all should accompany the party of Butler as far back as the nearest settlement, and then leave them, and, after getting provisions enough to last them a few weeks, set out for Wyoming. They proposed to cut off small parties of tories and Indians, and to rob and murder their families, whenever opportunity offered. This should not be wondered at; for most of them had suffered from the attacks of the Indians and tories, during the previous year. After these measures were agreed to, the men retired to rest upon the bare ground, near the fires. The night was more favorable for repose, than any they had yet experienced, and they all took advantage of it.

The next morning, the whole party crossed the Susquehanna, on horseback; an exploit of great difficulty. In many places, the horses had to swim, and the current of the river was very rapid. They all

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landed safely, however, and started on their march across the mountains, by which they escaped the trouble of crossing various swollen creeks. The rangers left them at the first settlement, according to agreement, and set about preparing for their own expedition. The rest of Butler's command returned to Schoharie, whence they had started, where they were received by the firing of thirteen rounds of cannon, and a feu de joie. They had been absent for sixteen days, and most of the time had been on short allowance of provisions; but they had succeeded in their design, and that repaid them for their toil.

Col. Zebulon Butler.

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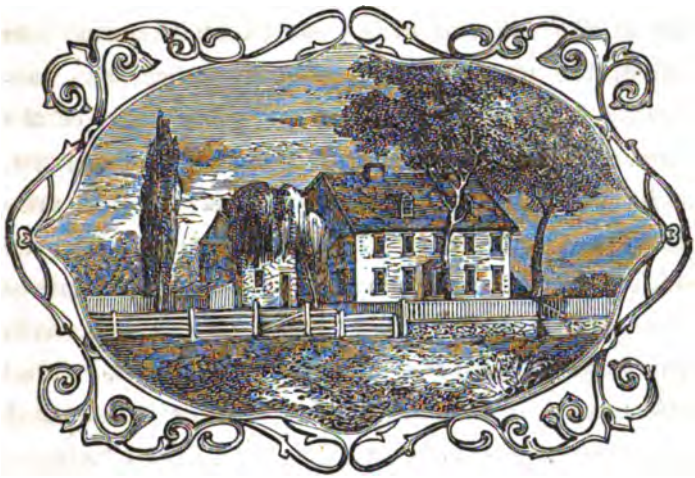

Residence of General Wayne, Chester County, Pa.

THE CAMP-FIRE AT SPRINGFIELD.

It was the night of the 23d of June, 1780. The British army, which had crossed over from New York into Jersey, with the object of marching to Morristown and capturing the stores there, had met a severe check at Springfield, and had retreated, pursued by the militia. Early in the afternoon, General Greene had been compelled to fall back, by the press of superior numbers, and had taken position on a range of hills, where the two roads, along which the enemy had advanced in two columns, are brought so near to a point, that succour could readily be given from one to the other. In this commodious position, Greene continued that night.

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The night was a clear, moonlight one. Along the tops of the range of hills upon which the army was posted, the watch-fires were burning brightly, contrasting strangely with the pure, silver light of the moon. A short distance in front of the heights, might be seen the smouldering ruins of the once beautiful village of Springfield, desolated by the ruthless hand of the enemy. Upon the eminence farthest upon the Vauxhall road, Major Lee, with his dragoons and the pickets, was posted. That little band had that day fought bravely. They had maintained a pass called 'The Little Bridge,' against a greatly superior force, for a considerable time; and in the end, it was only forced from its position by the enemy fording the river, and gaining the point of a hill. It was a part of that legion which, afterwards, was so distinguished in the South, and known as "Lee's legion." It being certain that the enemy had retreated beyond Elizabethtown, the feeling of security from attack relaxed, in some degree, the strict discipline under which the men were held, and they were now standing and sitting about the tents in groups, engaged in conversation. Near a small fire, upon the edge of the height, a group of men were half-sitting, half-lying on the ground. It consisted of five men — two dragoons and three picket-men — and they were lying in a sort of semicircle, evidently looking at the fast-paling embers of Springfield.

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"Caldwell," said one of the picket-guard, "what poor spite such work as that is, anyhow! No doubt these rascals imagine that they make themselves feared by doing such deeds."

"Yes, I suppose that is their object," replied Caldwell. "But I think the owners showed 'em they were a little out in their calculations. I'm told the militia pursued 'em till near sunset, when they got into Elizabethtown."

"Well, if they did," said Hickey, another of the picket-guard, "they've made sure work of some of them, I know. These farmers and villagers know something about aiming a rifle."

"It seems to me," said the first speaker, named Jones, "that this is the very course that'll help us along. If they had any knowledge of how things work, they might know that their true policy, to injure our cause, is to treat the people of the country in such a way as to make them like them. They don't seem to know that like breeds like."

"If they would treat the people as they oughter," remarked the dragoon, named Dayton, "they really might put a damper on our prospects."

"Yes, if they'd treat the people as they ought to, there would be no use of fightin'," added Hickey.

"Oh, we know that," returned Dayton; "but I mean now, while we're fightin'. If they'd happen to smooth over things with the people, by doin' 'em

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favors and kindnesses, they might soon bring 'em under their yoke again. But burnin' their houses will only make 'em stronger friends of the Congress."

"I understand what you mean," said Hickey, "but you did n't say that."

"Well, I said enough to make you understand me, and that 's the end of talkin'," replied Dayton.

"It strikes me," remarked the picket-guard who had not yet spoken, who was called Brown, "it strikes me, that the red-coat general went back a leetle dashed. I think, by the way he marched here, he thought he was going to do wonders."

"Ah," said Caldwell, "that little stand of ours, at the bridge yonder, give him a taste of what sort of fighting he might expect us to do. We 're the boys that can do it, too. I do n't want to brag of our troop, but it 's just my opinion, that there 's not a regiment of men in the army that will dare more, or accomplish more, than this same troop of dragoons."

"No; nor there 's not a more daring or more skilful leader than Major Henry Lee," added Dayton.

"Well, you can brag as much as you please," said Jones. "Your troop is as good as any other, I suppose, but not a whit better. Major Lee may be all you say, but I can mention five or six, at least, who are his equals, if not superiors."

"Mention one," said Caldwell, "who you think is his equal, if not his superior."

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GENERAL WAYNE.

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"General Wayne," replied Jones. "I suppose you admit it; don't you?"

"Ye—yes," said Caldwell. "He is his equal, but not his superior."

"General Morgan," continued Jones. "He is another; — isn't he?"

"Morgan is certainly a brave and skilful man," was the reply. "You mustn't understand me to wish to detract from the merits of any of these officers. They are all good in their way; but there's something so dashing and so enterprising about Lee, that it makes me prefer him to them all."

"I suppose the reason of that is, because you fight under him always. You don't have a chance to see the bravery and skill of the others," said Jones.

"That may be," replied Caldwell; "but it's a fact, nevertheless. I prefer him to all the other officers that are so much praised."

"Was you in the troop at the storming of Stony Point, last year?" asked Hickey.

"Yes, I was there, as Dayton can tell you," replied Caldwell. "Dayton was alongside of me."

"To be sure, I was," said Dayton; "and at Paulus Hook, too."

"I've heard that General Wayne's bravery and generalship on that night, could not be surpassed," observed Hickey.

"No; but his bravery was equalled by every other

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officer that had the same chance of showing it," replied Caldwell.

"Yes," added Dayton, "the two officers that commanded the forlorn hope were as brave as any men that ever walked up to a roarin' cannon's mouth."

"They all done their duty well," continued Caldwell.

"Caldwell," said Jones, "can't you give us an account of the affair? It won't take you a great while; and then we'll make Dayton tell us about the taking of Paulus Hook."

"If you can," struck in Dayton. "But let's have your story, Caldwell."

"I've no objection to telling you all I know about the matter," replied Caldwell. "But you must make Dayton agree to tell you all about Paulus Hook, or I won't go on. I don't like to do all the talking myself."

Dayton consented, after much demurring, to ease his comrade of the burden of telling two stories in succession, and Caldwell commenced.

"I suppose it will be best to give you an idea of what sort of a place Stony Point is, and how it is approached, first. It is situated, you know, on the Hudson river, twenty miles or more above New York. The river makes a short bend there. It is a small peninsula; very high and rocky. It can be attacked on three sides, by vessels of war, very easily; and,

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for that reason, requires a very strong garrison to defend it. The only way it is approachable from the land, is through a morass and across a sandy beach, which is defended by a slight abattis. There was the remains of a bridge over one part of the morass, but it did n't help to make the passage much easier. You can form some faint idea, from this, what sort of a post we had to capture."

"I can see the difficulties you would have to meet," said Jones. "The project was a very daring one."

"Who had the credit of planning the attack?" asked Brown.

"The design of capturing the post was first started by the commander-in-chief himself," was the reply. "The plan was matured by the counsels of Wayne, Colonel Butler, and Major Henry Lee. You see, at the time the notion was first started, our troop was stationed nearer to Stony Point than any other part of the army was, and Lee's knowledge of the country around the post was more correct and full than that of anybody else. We were posted at a place called Haverstraw, about four miles below Stony Point. About the 10th of last July, General Washington reconnoitred the Point, in person, and obtained a pretty correct draft of the works. The plan of attack was then agreed upon, at a conference. I think it was on the morning of the 15th, that our commander received orders to join the light infantry under Gen-

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eral Wayne; and we were ordered to move as soon as we could get ready. You see, Jones, all the troops engaged in the affair were selected for their bravery and activity."

"More bragging," returned Jones.

"No, I don't say it to brag on our troop; but General Wayne said so in his orders before the attack."

"I can bear with you," said Jones; "go on with your story."

"Well, we all knew the business we had to do," continued Caldwell, "and I can leave it to Dayton to say whether we were not as anxious to make the attempt as any of the officers were. We were to join General Wayne at Sandy Beach, about fourteen miles from Stony Point; and when we arrived there, we found that all the Massachusetts light infantry had come down from West Point, and the sixth and ninth Pennsylvania regiments, I think it was, were already there. Well, we had the plan of attack and the general orders read to us by the adjutant. I don't suppose I can remember precisely how the orders run; but if I don't, you can correct me, Dayton. We were to move from our position at twelve o'clock, commencing on the right, and making a short halt at the creek, which we had to cross on our way. No man was to leave the ranks, under any pretence whatever, until a general halt was made."

"And then to be attended by an officer of the

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platoon," interrupted Dayton. "I recollect that very well; for I left them myself, and Corporal Bunn went with me."

"Yes, I recollect," was the reply. "Our troop, and some infantry that Wayne had put under Major Lee's command, had n't anything of much account to do. We were, of course, dismounted, and were to act as a reserve, and follow in the rear of the two columns. I read the plan of the attack, soon after the capture, and learned more about it than I could from hearing the adjutant describe it. The right column was formed of Colonel Febinger's regiment, Colonel Meigs' and Major Hull's Massachusetts infantry. This column was to be commanded by General Wayne himself. The left column was led by Colonel Butler, with Major Murfree in his rear. Then there was to be a sort of feint made in the centre, to draw the attention of the garrison away from the real points of attack. Every one of us, officers and men, was ordered to fix a piece of white paper in a part of his hat or cap where it could be seen, to distinguish him from the enemy. When the word was given to march, Colonel Fleury was to take charge of one hundred and fifty determined and picked men."

"Not your troop," said Jones, harping on the same tune, of Caldwell's bragging.

"No, not our troop; but we could have done it as

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well as they did, I guess," replied Caldwell. "But, as I said, Colonel Fleury was to take charge of one hundred and fifty determined and picked men. These men were to have their muskets unloaded, and to place their whole dependence on the bayonet. They were to move about twenty paces in front of the right column, and to enter the sallyport marked. Colonel Fleury was to detach an officer and twenty men, a little in front, to remove the abattis and secure the sentries. When the works were forced, and not before, the troops were to give the watchword, and drive the garrison from their works and guns. Colonel Butler's column was to move by another route through the morass, preceded by one hundred picked men, with fixed bayonets. This hundred men were to detach an officer and twenty men a little in front, to remove the obstructions, in the same way as the other party. As soon as they could gain the works, they were to give the watchword, so as to prevent mistake. In the advance, the strictest silence was to be kept by all. The orders concluded with an address to the men, offering a reward of five hundred dollars to the first man who would enter the works, and a promotion besides. The second, third, fourth, and fifth, were also to receive a reward."

"That, no doubt, helped considerable to make the troops do their best," observed Hickey.

"Yes, I suppose it helped a little; but the men

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thought they were honored anyhow, by having been picked out for the service; and besides, General Wayne gave orders to shoot the first man that attempted to skulk in the face of danger. Well, everything being arranged, we moved off about twelve o'clock, on the 15th. The roads were very narrow and rough, and having to pass over high hills, and through defiles and deep morasses, we had to move in single file for the best part of the way. Besides, the day was one of the hottest I ever felt. It's a singular thing, that the toil of the march did n't dampen the spirits of the men; but it shows what sort of spirit animated them."

"I felt it a little," said Dayton. "When we got to the bottom of that hill where we halted, I did n't feel like going much further that day."

"Well, you did n't go much further that day," replied Caldwell. "It was just dark when we got there. You see, Jones, at the foot of that hill, which was about a mile and a half from the works of the enemy, we were to divide our force into two columns. There we stopped and rested, while General Wayne and some of his officers went forward to look at the works. I think it was about half after eleven o'clock when we moved forward, according to the order I told you we were to move in. The van of the left was commanded by Major Walter Stewart, and the party of twenty, who were to remove obstructions, was

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under Captain Lawson. The other forlorn hope was commanded by Lieutenant Gibbons, of one of the Pennsylvania regiments. We found the morass overflowed with water, and then we had a march such as I do n't want to perform again. We sunk in the mud and water almost waist-deep, sometimes, and it was pretty dark at the time. Everything was done as quietly as possible, according to orders; and the plashing of the water and the whispers of the officers was all that you could hear. It seemed like marching up to meet death; for it was expected that we 'd lose about every third man. The first noise we heard was about twelve o'clock, when we had come to a halt. We were in the rear of both columns, but could see almost everything that was going on ahead of us. The removing of the abattis and securing the sentinels occupied some time, and then the cannon and the musketry blazed and roared all at once, as if a sudden burst of thunder had broke upon us. By the light, we could see the troops of both columns pushing up the rocks and into the sallyport as if there was no cannon firing."

"How they did walk up to the works!" ejaculated Dayton. "I thought they might fall back, when so many of the forlorn hope were shot down; but on they went."

"Yes; and amid all that firing, you could see them rushing to get into the works. I saw General Wayne

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fall while at the head of the right column, and I thought he was shot dead; but then two of his aids carried him on into the fort. I heard since, that he said he wanted to die in the fort. We followed on then, as soon as we saw the troops ahead of us getting into the fort, and then you should have heard the watchword, as the men shouted at the top of their voices. I saw some of the men fall back off the rocks, as the column of Butler moved on to the attack. Then, by the bright flashing of the musketry, I saw the proud British flag fall. We got to the gate of the sallyport just as the garrison surrendered, and then we give three of the loudest cheers I ever heard. Colonel Fleury had struck the British flag with his own hand, just as the two columns met in the centre of the fort."

"How long do you think the fight lasted?" asked Jones.

"Not more than fifteen minutes," was Caldwell's reply.

"Only fifteen minutes!" ejaculated Jones. "Why, did n't the garrison number more than your force?"

"No; we had the superiority in numbers," replied Caldwell. "They had a little over six hundred men, however; and such a force ought to hold a post like that against three thousand assailants. I 'm sure we could have done it."

"How many did they lose? I suppose you gave

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them a little taste of Paoli mercy; didn't you?" enquired Jones.

"No; we didn't do any such thing," returned Caldwell. "We leave that to the savages in red coats. We call ourselves Christians, and we act like civilized men. They only had sixty-three killed and thirty-seven wounded; four hundred and forty-four were marched towards Lancaster, as prisoners, including their commander, Colonel Johnston. A few of them got off in boats, but they ran a good chance of being taken. I fired at one of the boats; but I don't know whether I done any execution or not."

"How many did our army lose altogether?" was the next enquiry.

"I believe there was about fifteen killed and eighty wounded; not any more, I know," returned Caldwell. "Isn't that about it, Dayton?"

"Ye—s," drawled out Dayton, "I guess there was about eighty wounded." Dayton was evidently getting sleepy. He was not one of the most active spirits in the world, and the day's marching and fighting had had a very wearying effect on him.

"Wayne was only slightly wounded; wasn't he?" asked Brown.

"Yes; a musket-ball struck him in the head, but didn't do much more than graze the skin, and stun him for a while," was the answer.

"The more I hear and see of Wayne, the more I

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see in him to admire," observed Jones. "I'd like to serve under him."

"Why, ain't you satisfied with your present general?" enquired Hickey. "Do you prefer serving under General Wayne, to serving under General Greene?"

"Yes," replied Jones; "but it's not because I think he's a better general, but because he fights in a way more to my taste. General Greene is a man that will gain his object in the end, even if he suffers defeat in action; pretty much the same as Washington. He may be a wiser man than Wayne. Indeed, I think he is. But I like such fighting as Wayne gives the enemy. He goes into action with the determination to conquer, or to fall in the attempt."

"Yes, that's all very well for them as likes it," returned Hickey. "But, in my opinion, it's a good deal more sensible to retreat, when you find there's no chance of conquerin'. It saves life, and them as lives can pay the enemy when there's a better chance. Hurrah for Greene! I say."

"What do you go into battle for, if not to win?" asked Jones.

"Generals hazard a battle very often, when there's no chance of winning," observed Caldwell. "Sometimes it is done merely to give a superior force a check."

Jones found the arguments too many for him, but

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still persisted in opposing his blank denial, although satisfied that what they said was true.

"Men ought n't to go into a fight without resolving to whip the foe, or be whipped. I hate this way of backing out, when you see the enemy has a little advantage," continued Jones.

"Who got the five-hundred-dollar reward at Stony Point?" asked Brown, wishing to put an end to the discussion.

"Ah, that point was n't settled," replied Caldwell. "You know both columns got into the fort about the same time. Of course, it was easy to tell who was at the head of each column, but not so easy to say which was in the fort first. I never heard who got the money."

"The capture of the post was hardly worth the men it cost," said Jones. "You had to give it up almost as soon as you took it."

"We did n't keep it a great while, that 's true," returned Caldwell, "but then you must remember what a quantity of stores we captured, and how many prisoners were taken."

"How much ammunition and stores did you find?" enquired Jones.

"Why, fifteen cannon and mortars were captured, with ammunition enough to last our troop and some of the other regiments for two months," replied Caldwell. "Then there was a great variety of military

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articles that we wanted, and some baggage. The baggage, I think, was burnt when we destroyed the works, two or three days after the capture. Was n't it, Dayton?"

As Caldwell made this appeal and waited in vain for an answer, he looked in the direction of the place where Dayton had been sitting, and discovered that individual stretched at full length on the grass, having forgot his cares and toils in slumber.

"Well, I'll be hanged if that is n't a sleepy concern," remarked Hickey. "He was going to tell us about the capture of Paulus Hook, so fast."

"I knew he would n't," said Caldwell. "You 'll get no story out of him to-night."

"Come, Dayton," said Hickey, giving the slumbering one a kick, "this is no place for you to go to sleep. Get up and go into your tent."

But it required sundry kicks to awaken Dayton from his leaden state; and when he did yawningly arouse himself, he wanted to know what was the matter.

"Matter!" exclaimed Caldwell, "why, the British are upon us. Up, man!"

Dayton sprang to his feet as lightly and as quickly as if he had been watching for the enemy. "Where 's the horses?" enquired he.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Jones; "I believe he would fight."

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"Come, boy," said Caldwell, "we'll go inside. There's no red-coats about, to disturb you. We'll have that account of Paulus Hook some other time, Jones."

"Yes, we'll get it out of him, certain," replied Jones. "Good night, Caldwell; I must go further round, to my post on the height beyond here."

The dragoons entered their tent, to seek repose for the night, and Jones proceeded to his post as sentinel. The other two picket-guards, Brown and Hickey, stayed to fix the fire; and then Brown bade Hickey good night, and repaired to his post on the other side of the height. The moon went down early, making the light of the watch-fires the more necessary; and Hickey paced up and down in front of the tent of the dragoons, occasionally stopping and gazing at the ruins of the village, from which a scarce distinguishable smoke was still rising. "They'll rue this, certain. Such dealings will have their reward," said he, aloud; and then went on with his lonely, measured walk; no doubt thinking upon the heartlessness of the men who would wantonly set fire to the homes of so many humble, peaceable people.

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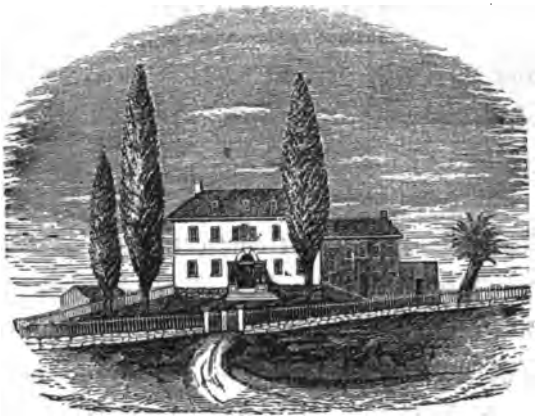

Washington's Head-Quarters at Morristown.

THE CAMP-FIRE AT MORRISTOWN.

THE situation of the encampment at Morristown was well chosen. The surrounding country afforded natural barriers to the approach of an enemy, and being very fertile, furnished ample supplies in the matter of provisions. The portion of the American army encamped at this place, was the Pennsylvania line, under the command of General Wayne. The troops entered into winter quarters at this place, encamping in rude huts, in the latter part of November. Although the neighboring country produced an abundance of supplies of every kind, the troops were very ill provided for. They nearly all had some portion of their pay in arrears; and whatever was paid was in a depreciated currency. Their clothing was of the scantiest character, and their protection from the severity of the weather was slight. These circumstances operated so strongly, some time afterwards,

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as to produce a very serious mutiny; and, at the time to which we are about to refer, they were the cause of a great deal of discontent.

The night was very dark. Scarcely an object could be distinguished, though within a foot of a person. The keen breath of December pierced through the many openings in the huts of the encampment at Morristown, and kept their occupants huddled as close as possible to their well-heaped fires. Occasionally, the door of one of the huts would open, as some of the occupants went to take their turn as sentinels in the advanced guard-houses; and then the light of their pine torches would glare redly and fitfully on the dark scene around, making the blackness of the sky more visible, and increasing sensibly the dreary and uncomfortable appearance of everything. Then, as the men proceeded to their posts, all would subside again into darkness and silence. Let us enter one of these huts, and see how the men are whiling away the dreary time. The one nearest to the outpost of the sentinels will serve us. There are ten men sitting around the fire, which is built in the middle of the hut, on the ground — that forming a great part of the floor of the structure. What boards there were in the hut, were used for sitting and sleeping on. A large number of the Pennsylvania line were natives of Ireland; and it needed but a single glance at the faces of the ten men gathered

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around that fire, to give assurance that the majority of them were from the "gim of the ocean." The features could not be mistaken. The broad face; the short, end-up nose; the light and red hair; blue eyes and ruddy cheeks; labelled them, "from Ireland." Only three out of the ten could be distinguished, by their long faces and lantern-jaws, as natives of the land for which they were fighting. The clothing of the group was without uniformity, and might be termed, ragged.

"Now, Barney," said one of these sons of Erin, "ye spalpeen, ye know ye can sing. I niver knew an Irishman that could n't do that same."

"I know I can, mon. Bad luck to me if I did n't. But, I tell yez, I 've got a cowld, and that stops my throat up."

"Come, Barney," said one of the Pennsylvanians, "do n't take so much coaxin'. An Irishman ought to have impudence enough to attempt anything, whether he can do it or not."

"Go on, go on, mon," added another of the Hibernians; "it 'll kape the blood stirrin', perhaps."

"Och, what 'll I sing for yez, ye blatherin' divils?" said Barney. "I do n't know inythin' but the rale Irish songs."

"That 's what I want to hear," replied one of the Pennsylvanians. "I can sing some of our songs myself. Give us something Irish."

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"Yes, yes; something Irish," struck in two or three of the Hibernians.

"Well, I'll sing yez a song that I know'll warm some of your hearts, whither your outside's cowld or not. It's called 'The Irish Emigrant.'" And Barney sang, in the sweet tenor voice so commonly found among the Irish people, the song that follows.

Farewell to my country, a lasting farewell!
Sweet scenes of my childhood, forever adieu!
Now hid from my sight is the flowery dell,
And now the dear cabin recedes from my view;

Thy murmuring streams no more breathe on mine ear;
Thy wild-waving woods, too, are lost to my sight:
Sweet gem of the world, I drop the sad tear,
And farewell to Erin, dear land of delight.

Sweet days that are past, how ye come o'er my soul!
Ye chill my warm blood, as the sad scenes I trace:
Though Time shakes his sand, and the wide waters roll,
Nor distance, nor seasons, those scenes shall efface;

Brave, brave were thy sons, unshaken by fear;
And blooming thy maidens to my ravish'd sight.
Sweet gem of the world! I drop the sad tear
To Erin, dear Erin! the land of delight.

The tempest arose, and the ravager came;
Thy streams, stain'd with blood, reveal'd the sad tale!
Thy wild-waving woodlands were shrouded with flame,
And the hell-hounds of war descended the vale;

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O! my mother, my sister, my Kathleen so dear!
Can I think without madness on that horrid night.
To your shades, ye beloved ones, I drop the sad tear,
And to Erin, dear Erin! the land of delight.

The song was sung in a very feeling manner, and as Barney drew near the close of it, the faces of the Irishmen might be seen to wear a sadder expression, and as it was finished, in a low, sweet tone, Barney put his ragged sleeve up to his eye, as if to brush away a tear. No doubt, the song called to mind memories of the land they had left — of a mother, or sister; or, dearer ones still, a wife and children, that poverty had compelled them to leave behind, when they sought a happier shore.

"That song took away all the cowld feelin' I had," observed one of the men, named Larry.

"Och," said Barney, "I could n't sing it again, if I was to be kilt for it."

"It 's a very pretty song," said one of the Pennsylvanians, upon whom the song had not operated so powerfully, "but I 'll be switched if it took away the 'cowld feelin', as you call it, from me. My back is freezing, while my front is warm."

"I won't stand such livin' as this much longer, I tell you now. I do n't believe that we 're bound to stay here any longer, anyhow," said another of the Americans.

"You 're not bound to stay, in my opinion, Ben;

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but you ought to stay, you know," replied the third Pennsylvanian. "I suffer all hardships, the same as you do, but I don't complain so much. I think the government ought to pay us better, and provide better quarters for us; but because they don't, I'm not going to turn deserter, or Arnold either."

"And who would turn Arnold?" asked the complaining one, indignantly. "Must a man turn traitor, because he won't put up with getting such pay and livin' as we do, after fightin' the battles of his country for three years?"

"Is it an Arnold ye talk about turnin'?" put in one of the Irishmen; "bad luck to the man that turns traither."

"Well, men," said the Pennsylvanian who had replied to Ben's complaint, and whose name was Matthew, "have you heard the particulars of that foul treachery of Arnold's? If you have n't, I can tell you all about it."

"I've heard enough of it to convince me that Arnold has acted as basely as a traitor could act," replied Ben.

"Well, I know nothin' about it, more 'n I've heard from the men," said Barney. "Tell us all about it, Mat, and if Ben don't want to hear it, let him sit quietly."

"Yis, yis," added another of the Irishmen, "go on wid the story, and let Ben go to the divil."

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The call being pretty generally joined in by the men, Matthew, who was anxious to lay bare to his comrades the full baseness of the conduct of Arnold, commenced his narrative.

"You see, men, I've been very inquisitive in this matter. I generally try to get a full understanding of an affair, in all its particulars, before I give my opinion. In the first place, the way I first became acquainted with the matter was through one of the militia-men that stopped Major Andre. You know it was while the main army was encamped at Orange-town, or Tappan, as it is sometimes called, that we first heard of the treason, by the adjutant of the regiment reading the paper issued by General Greene. From that time, I made inquiries, and learned who the militia-men were that had overhauled Andre. One of them, I knew; his name was Williams. From him, I learned all the particulars of the capture of Andre, and the rest I picked up from the conversation of the captain and sergeant of our company."

"Never mind the authority; go on with the story. I'm satisfied of its truth, if you tell it," said Ben.

"Well, I thought I'd let you know where I built my story," answered Matthew. "The post that was to be sacrificed by the treachery of Arnold, was West Point, on the Hudson River, about sixty miles above New York. Its position is such, that General Washington considers it the most important post in the

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United States. It is indeed a strong post. Have any of you ever seen it?"

None of the party had got that far north. Two regiments of the Pennsylvania line had been despatched to West Point, soon after the discovery of Arnold's treachery; but the one they were enlisted in was not with them. Accordingly, they all expressed their ignorance of its character.

"Well," continued Matthew, "it is a very strongly fortified place. In fact, it is called the Gibraltar of America. It is situated at a bend of the river, where the rocks rise in ridges, one above another. The summit is very high, and is covered with a range of redoubts and batteries, planned by the most skilful engineers. The highest and strongest fort is built on a natural platform of rocks, very steep, and almost inaccessible on every side. This is called 'Fort Putnam,' after old General Putnam, who planned it. It overlooks the whole plains below, and, they say, you can see thirty miles around from it. Then, to make the place still stronger, a very heavy chain is thrown across the river, at the short bend, and fixed to large blocks on each shore. The links of the chain are actually about a foot wide and a foot and a half long. It is buoyed up by large logs, pointed at each end, to make less opposition to the current of the river. This chain is commanded by the fire of batteries on each side of the river. You may judge, from this

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short description, of the strength of the position. They calculate that it could bid defiance to twenty thousand men, if it was properly garrisoned. And then, when you consider that it commands the whole country from New York to Canada, and keeps open the communication between the eastern and southern States, you can judge of the amount of damage Arnold's surrender of it would have done to the cause we were fighting for. Well, in the early part of last August, Arnold obtained the command of West Point, after considerable solicitation. The fact of his asking the command of that post, when there was a prospect of an attack being made on New York, by Washington, seemed to the commander-in-chief very strange. He had intended that Arnold should command the left wing of the army, as that was the post of honor; but Arnold said that his wounded leg prevented him from keeping on horseback for any length of time, and, in fact, unfitted him for active service. He obtained his request, as I said before, and went immediately to the Highlands, and established his head-quarters at Robinson's house, two or three miles below West Point, on the east side of the river. West Point is, of course, on the west side. I might as well tell you here, that Arnold was in correspondence with Sir Henry Clinton, through Major Andre, all the time he was asking for the command of West Point, and for about a year previous."

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"For a year previous to his treachery in regard to West Point?" asked Ben.

"Yes, that's certain," was the reply. "How much longer it had been going on, we do n't know. General Arnold took command of West Point, and then he thought it was a proper time to bring matters to an end. So he wrote to Clinton, and offered to surrender the post he commanded into his hands, with all the troops and stores in it; but requested him to send an officer, or some other person, who had his particular confidence, to meet him, that is, Arnold, at some convenient time and place. This, the British commander agreed to do, and Major Andre, the adjutant-general of the British, was selected for that service. It appears that Arnold wanted to make quite certain of the reward he was to receive for his treachery, before he advanced too far. You know, I suppose, that about this time a detachment of cavalry was stationed at the outposts, on the west side of the Hudson river. A part of the detachment, under Colonel Sheldon, was at Salem. The rest, under Lieutenant-Colonel Jameson and Major Tallmadge, was at North-Castle. Well, Arnold gave notice to Sheldon, that he expected a person from New York, whom he wanted to meet at Sheldon's quarters; and he hoped, through the agency of that person, to open a chance for procuring intelligence. In other words — for I do n't suppose some of you Irishmen understand me — he wanted

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Sheldon to believe that the person he was going to meet would be a valuable spy."

"A spy is it ye mane?" enquired Barney. "Yis, I untherstand ye."

"Well," continued Matthew, "he requested Colonel Sheldon, if such a person should arrive, to show him proper attention, and send information of the same to head-quarters. A letter was sent to Andre, telling him of this arrangement, and that if he could contrive to make his way to the American outposts above White Plains, he would be under the protection of Colonel Sheldon afterwards, and would meet with no obstacles. From some unknown cause, Major Andre did not choose to pursue this course, but sent a letter to Colonel Sheldon, signed 'John Anderson,' stating that he would meet Mr. Gustavus at Dobb's Ferry, on the next Monday, (which, if I recollect right, was the 11th of September,) at twelve o'clock. Now, the letter seemed a sort of enigma to Colonel Sheldon, as he afterwards said; but he sent it to Arnold, requesting him to either go himself to Dobb's Ferry, or send a trustworthy messenger. Arnold sent a reply to Sheldon, explaining, as he said, all the mystery of the letter from Andre. He said that Gustavus was a name he had assumed, to prevent discovery, if the letter should fall into the enemy's hands; and further, that he would himself go to Dobb's Ferry. He contrived these circumstances to

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blind those who might become acquainted with the transaction, by giving it the color of a sort of public business. Well, Arnold left his head-quarters on the afternoon of the 10th, went down the river in his barge, to King's Ferry, and passed the night at the house of a man by the name of Smith,—Joshua Smith,—about two miles and a half below King's Ferry, near the Haverstraw road. The next morning, early, he proceeded to Dobb's Ferry. You know that 's not very far from Tappan, where we were encamped. Major Andre had been on the spot before Arnold arrived; he was accompanied by a British colonel. But there 's one thing I came near forgetting. When Arnold was nearing Dobb's Ferry, he was fired upon by the British gun-boats, and so closely pursued that his life was in danger; and once he came near being taken prisoner. He landed safely, however, and proceeded to the Ferry, where he remained till night; but Andre and his companion had left, and in this way an interview was prevented for the time, at least. Arnold wrote a letter to Washington, while at the Ferry, to give some show of reason for his passage down the river. This was necessary, to prevent suspicion. He had come down the river in a very public manner, and it could n't fail to be known. He said he had come down the river to have a beacon fixed on a hill about five miles below King's Ferry, which would be useful to alarm the country; and to

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establish signals, to be observed in case the enemy ascended the river. These reasons were satisfactory, as they seemed proofs of his vigilance. Put on a little more of that wood, will you, Barney? The fire's getting down, and I'm getting colder." The request was complied with, and all seemed to feel the additional comfort. Matthew continued his narrative.

"Arnold was thus foiled in the attempt to bring his terms with the British to a settlement. He left Dobb's Ferry a little after sunset, went up the river in the night, and reached his quarters before morning. Another appointment for an interview was now to be made, and the time and place fixed on by the two parties. I think Arnold must have felt very uneasy all this time. I should n't suppose he could have had a moment's rest. He must have been in constant fear of detection. To bring about the second meeting, greater caution was necessary than before. General Washington intended to cross the river at King's Ferry, in a few days, on his way to Hartford, to meet Rochambeau, the French commander; and it was necessary to arrange matters so that there would be, at the time of his crossing, no cause for suspicion. Arnold knew this, as it appears, and took his measures accordingly. Two days after his return from Dobb's Ferry, he sent a letter to Andre, telling him that, if he would be at the landing on the east side

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of Dobb's Ferry, on the evening of the 20th, a person would be there in whom he might place confidence, and who would conduct him to a place of safety, where Arnold would meet him. This letter arrived at New York too late to be of any use. Sir Henry Clinton was anxious to press the matter forward with all the haste he could; and he sent Colonel Robinson, an American tory, whose lands had been confiscated by the government, up the river, on board the sloop-of-war Vulture, with orders to proceed as high up as Teller's Point. You see, this Colonel Robinson owned the house that Arnold lived in for a head-quarters, and he seemed to be doing nothing more than what was natural, when he entered into correspondence with the American general about his property. Robinson wrote two letters; one to General Putnam, as if he did n't know that Putnam had left the Highlands, requesting a conference with him on some private business. The other he enclosed in the one sent to Putnam, directed to Arnold. These letters were sent by a flag to the officer commanding at Verplanck's Point, the Vulture being within sight of that post, and only six or seven miles below. It happened that Washington commenced his journey to Hartford on the very day the letters were sent, and crossed the Hudson, at King's Ferry, but a few hours after the flag-boat from the Vulture had proceeded to Verplanck's Point. Arnold came down the river in

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his barge, to meet Washington, the same afternoon, as a mark of respect to the commander-in-chief, and, no doubt, as a precaution on his own part. He had received Robinson's letter just before he left home, and had mentioned the nature of its contents to Colonel Lamb and some other persons that were with him at the time of its reception. Lamb was surprised that Robinson should open such a correspondence, and told Arnold that the civil authorities only, could act on such a subject. Washington and his officers crossed the river in Arnold's barge; and several things occurred during the crossing, that were scarcely noticed at the time, but which afterwards were recalled to mind by the officers. The Vulture was in full view; and while Washington was looking at her, through his glass, and speaking in a low tone to some of his officers, Arnold exhibited a great deal of uneasiness and emotion. Another incident made a stronger impression. There was a French squadron expected daily to make its appearance on the coast, under the Count de Guichen, I think it was. Some of the officers were speaking of this, when Lafayette said, in a sort of jesting way, 'General Arnold, you have a correspondence with the enemy; you must ascertain, as soon as possible, what has become of Guichen.' There was nothing more meant by this, than an allusion to the freedom of intercourse between West Point and New York,

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and the frequent exchange of newspapers; but 'suspicion always haunts the guilty mind,' you know; and Arnold, I suppose, thought, for a moment, that his plot was discovered; for he asked Lafayette what he meant, and seemed confused. He recovered his self-control, however, and the boat came to the shore. This was on the 18th of September. Arnold went with Washington to Peekskill, and there passed the night. The next morning, Washington and his suite set out for Hartford, and Arnold returned to West Point."

"Well," enquired Ben, "had Washington actually any knowledge of the correspondence of Clinton and Arnold?"

"No," answered Matthew. "He might have had suspicions of Arnold's fidelity to our cause, but he knew nothing of the actual state of affairs. Arnold showed Robinson's letter to him, in order to give him an idea that he was open and frank in his dealings; but Washington advised him to drop the correspondence, as it might create suspicions in the minds of some people. I told you, I believe, — or, if I did n't, I forgot it, — that Robinson's letter to Arnold was written in such a manner, that it would convey to Arnold the information desired, and yet, if shown to anybody else, would pass for a mere business letter. After hearing Washington's decision, Arnold gave up the idea of having a meeting with Robinson in the

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way proposed in the letter. He wrote an answer to Robinson, and despatched it openly, in a flag-boat, to the Vulture. Whatever this letter contained, it was sent to Sir Henry Clinton, and Andre started from New York, and arrived on board of the Vulture on the evening of the 20th of September. It afterwards appeared, that this was the night Arnold had appointed for a meeting with Andre. He had resolved that Andre should meet him on the land; but Andre wanted him to come on board of the Vulture. You see, he had little confidence in a man's word who was about to betray his country. Arnold had arranged matters so, that Joshua Smith's house was to be the place of meeting, and that Smith was to go in a flag-boat, at night, to the Vulture, and bring off the person who would be waiting there. Well, Andre remained on board of the Vulture all night, expecting to meet Arnold there; but no person appearing, he began to grow suspicious. He stayed on board all the next day, however, on pretence of sickness. After a great deal of trouble, he procured two boatmen, by the name of Colquhoun; they were brothers. He had everything arranged so that there would be no stoppage, and about eleven o'clock on the next night after Andre's arrival, the boat, with Smith and the two brothers in it, passed quietly down the river till they were near the Vulture, when they were hailed and ordered to come alongside. After some

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little trouble with the man who had hailed them, Smith got on board. In a short time after, Smith got into the boat again, accompanied by Andre, and the boat proceeded to the foot of a mountain called Long Clove, where the occupants landed. This Long Clove is about six miles below Stony Point. Arnold had ridden to this place on horseback, with one of Smith's servants. Smith groped his way up the bank, and found Arnold among the bushes and trees. Most of what I'm telling you now, I got from the narrative Smith gave after he was arrested. Well, Smith conducted Major Andre to where Arnold was waiting, and there left them. After a long time had expired, Smith went into the bushes, and reminded the conspirators that the night was far spent, and the boat must return before daylight."

"Was Smith really acquainted with the treason Arnold was hatching?" asked Ben.

"He says he was not," replied Matthew; "but that he understood that Arnold was arranging some spy business with a man of the name of John Anderson. I hardly believe him. I don't think he could have thought so, when he had to go to the Vulture, a British sloop-of-war, and bring the man off. If Arnold was making arrangements with a man from New York, to act as a spy, as Smith says he understood, how could that spy have been sent from a British vessel, in the night, by the aid of the captain

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of the vessel? It's my private opinion that Smith knew all about the matter. But, to return to the story. The conspirators were roused by this hint, but not having effected the object of their meeting, agreed that Smith and the boatmen should return up the river. In the mean time, Andre mounted the servant's horse, and went with Arnold to Smith's House, but three or four miles from the place of meeting. The night was very dark, and the voice of the sentinel, demanding the countersign, first told Andre that he was within the American lines. This came unexpected to him, and he felt the danger of his situation. The two horsemen arrived at Smith's house just at dawn of day, and the boat soon afterwards. Arnold had seen that Smith's family were removed from the house, before he started on his errand. About the time of the arrival of the whole party at Smith's house, a cannonade was heard down the river. It was soon discovered to be against the Vulture, which was in full view from Smith's house, and seemed to be on fire for a time. She was compelled to move from her position, and drop down the river, till she was beyond cannon-shot. Arnold and Andre stayed at Smith's house, together, in a room up-stairs, all that day, and there the business was settled. There the selfish traitor sold his country for gold, along with all the great military fame he had won. Pleasure and extravagance had led him

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into heavy debts; and, to get clear of them, he turned a foul traitor to the cause of liberty, and left his name as a stain on his country's honor. Well, Andre stayed the next day at Smith's house, by himself; Arnold having gone up the river, to his head-quarters. I don't know why Andre did not return to the Vulture that night; but I know he started for New York by land. Major Andre had procured a plain coat in exchange for his military one, as a disguise, and put the papers concerning the treason, in his stockings. He and Smith set out a little before sunset, accompanied by a negro servant belonging to Smith. They rode to King's Ferry, in order to cross the river, from Stony Point to Verplanck's Point. On their way to the Ferry, they met several persons that Smith knew, and he laughed and joked with them, and even stopped at a tent where some loungers were drinking, and took a bowl of punch with them—Andre went slowly ahead, saying nothing, and was waiting at the Ferry when Smith overtook him. It appears that Smith had tried to draw him into conversation on the road, but did n't succeed."

"He understood the weight of the business he had been transacting, I suppose, and that made him reserved," said Ben.

"Or else he had a presentiment that he was going to be detected," observed the other Pennsylvanian, who, along with the Hibernians, contented himself

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with being a good listener, only making occasional observations at intervals in the narrative.

"It was dusk in the evening," continued Matthew, nodding assent to the interruptions of his comrades, "when Smith and Andre rode up from the Ferry, and passed through the works at Verplanck's Point. Smith rode up to Colonel Livingston's tent, a short distance from the road, but Andre and the servant went on. Smith told Colonel Livingston that he was going up the country, and had charge of two letters; one to Arnold, and the other to Governor Clinton. He was asked to stay to supper; but declined, on the ground that his friend was waiting for him. He then joined Andre. They got along very well till between eight and nine o'clock at night, when they were hailed by a sentinel of a patrolling party. The man ordered them to stop; and Smith accordingly dismounted, and enquired who was the commander of the party. The sentinel told him, Captain Boyd; and, just then, the captain came up. He was very inquisitive, and wanted to know who Smith was, where he belonged, and what was his business. His questions were all answered, but the Captain was n't satisfied. He wanted to know how far they were going that night. Smith replied, as far as Major Strang's; but it happened that Strang was n't at home. The passport of Arnold had to be shown to the Captain, before he would be satisfied to let them

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pass. Even then, he wanted them to stop there all night. Smith told him that he and his companion expected to meet a person near White Plains, from whom they could procure some important intelligence for General Arnold, and that they must go forward as quick as possible. The Captain finally directed them to take the North-Castle road, as being the least dangerous. He said that the Tarrytown road was infested by the bands called 'Cow-boys,' and that they had done much mischief lately. Smith began to wish to stop for the night, when he heard of the dangers of the road; and at last he determined to do so, whether Andre was willing or not. Accordingly, they passed the night at the house of a man named Miller, a little way back. The next morning, they started very early, and took the road leading to Pine's Bridge. After they had got beyond the reach of the patrolling party, I suppose they thought all their difficulties were over; for Smith says that Major Andre conversed very freely, on a variety of subjects. They passed along quietly — that is, they were not disturbed by anybody wishing to stop them — till they got within two miles and a half of Pine's Bridge. Here Smith intended to end his journey. The Cow-boys had been seen on the other side of the bridge, and it was a little too dangerous for him. They took breakfast at the house of a Dutch woman, who had been robbed by the Cow-boys, but who had

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still some milk and pudding left to set before them. After breakfast, Smith divided his small lot of paper money with Andre, and took leave of him. He then returned with his servant to Fishkill, where he had left his family, and Andre went on. The journey Andre had to perform was a dangerous one. It was through what was called 'the neutral ground.' The Cow-boys and the Skinners, who ruled it, were bands of robbers belonging to the different sides in the war. The Cow-boys were tories, and they plundered every one who took the oath of fidelity to the State. The Skinners were about half republicans, and they plundered all who did not take the oath. Andre had about thirty miles to travel before he could get through this country. He did n't take the road that Smith thought he would take, but turned off into the Tarrytown road. This was the road where the Cow-boys were; and as they were tories, he thought he would be safer in their hands. It happened that, the same morning on which Andre crossed Pine's Bridge, seven persons, who lived on the neutral ground, agreed to go out in company and watch for stragglers, or droves of cattle, that might be seen going to New York. Four of this party were stationed on a hill, from which they could see along the road for a great distance. The other three, — Isaac Van Wart, John Paulding, and David Williams, — lay in the bushes at another place, near the road. Well, Andre came

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on without interruption, till he arrived nearly opposite where the men were in the bushes, — that was about half a mile above Tarrytown. There John Paulding stepped out of the bushes, presented his firelock to Andre's breast, and told him to stand. He then asked him which way he was going, and Andre enquired, in return, what party he belonged to; to which Paulding answered, 'The lower party' — that was, the Cow-boys. Andre then told Paulding that he was a British officer, on particular business, and hoped he would n't be detained; and to show he was a British officer, he pulled out his watch."

"Perhaps he wanted to offer it as a bribe to let him pass," interrupted Ben.

"Not then," replied Matthew. "Paulding then told him to dismount, and Andre tried to make a laugh of the matter. He pulled out General Arnold's pass, which was to John Anderson, to pass to White Plains and below, and then dismounted; telling the men that they had best to let him go, or they 'd bring themselves into trouble. Paulding told him not to be offended, as he did n't intend to hurt him. The three then took him into the bushes, and ordered him to pull off his clothes. He did so; and after searching him closely, they could n't find any description of writings. They then ordered him to pull off his boots, — which he did, but nothing was found; and then they told him to pull off his stockings; and in

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each one they found three papers. Paulding looked at the contents, and said at once that Andre was a spy. They then told him to dress himself; and he did so. He kept offering them large bribes to let him go; but Paulding answered, when he had made his largest offer, that if he would give them one thousand guineas, he should n't stir one step. Within a few hours afterwards, Major Andre was put under the care of Colonel Jameson, with all the papers which had been taken from his boots."

"Here was the divil to pay," said Barney. "All his throuble for nothin'."

"Yes, for a gallows," returned Matthew. "Colonel Jameson examined the papers, but did n't seem to comprehend their true value. He resolved to send the prisoner to Arnold! This was Andre's only hope; but it was destined to be disappointed. Colonel Jameson penned a few lines to Arnold, and sent the prisoner off, under a guard, to proceed to West Point. Major Tallmadge, next in command to Jameson, was on duty when Andre was brought in, and did not return till evening. He was surprised at what Jameson had done, and persuaded him to have Andre brought back. The Major freely declared his suspicions of Arnold; but Jameson would n't listen to them. It was determined to keep Major Andre in close custody, till orders were received from Washington or Arnold; for a letter had been despatched

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to Washington as well as one to Arnold. As Lower Salem was farther within the American lines than North-Castle, Andre was removed to that place, early the next morning after his capture, under the escort of Major Tallmadge. While there, he was cheerful, and made himself very much liked by all who came in contact with him. He wrote a letter to Washington, in which he revealed his true name and character, soon after his arrival. As Washington was expected to stop at West Point, on his way to the army at Tappan, Arnold kept breakfast waiting for him; but Washington was detained over night at Fishkill, and he sent two of his aids to make known to Arnold the cause of his detention. When the aids arrived and delivered their message, General Arnold and his family, and the aids, sat down to breakfast. While they were at breakfast, the letter of Jameson reached Arnold, and he broke it open and read it in presence of the company. He was greatly agitated, but contrived to conceal it from those around him. He told the aids that his presence was required immediately at West Point, and that if Washington came, they should tell him that he would soon return. He then ordered a horse to be ready, and went up-stairs and told his wife that he would have to leave her, perhaps forever; at which, she fell senseless. He left her, — for he had no time to lose, — mounted his horse, and rode with all speed to the bank of the river. There

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he got into a boat, and directed the oarsmen to pull out into the middle of the stream. The six oarsmen did n't know anything of Arnold's treasonable intentions, and they obeyed his orders. He told them he was going down to the Vulture, with a flag, and that they must make haste, for Washington was expected at his head-quarters. He also promised them two gallons of rum, if they would exert themselves. Arnold raised a white handkerchief as they approached King's Ferry, and Colonel Livingston let the boat pass as a flag-boat. She reached the Vulture without being obstructed, and Arnold got on board and introduced himself to Captain Sutherland. Then he showed another instance of the meanness of his character. He called the leader of the boatmen to him, and told him that he and his companions were prisoners. The man resisted, and said he had come on board with a flag of truce, and under the same sanction he would return. The captain did n't want to resist the positive command of Arnold, but told the man that he might go ashore on parole, and get what clothes and other things he and his companions needed. This was done the same day. When these men arrived in New York, Clinton set them at liberty, despising such an act of meanness."

"The more you enquire into Arnold's dealings, the more mean and contemptible they appear," observed Ben.

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"Yes, that's true," replied Matthew. "In this instance that I've just mentioned, it is particularly true."

"How did Washington act when he heard of the flight of Arnold?" asked Ben.

"I'm coming to that now," replied Matthew. "Washington arrived at Arnold's quarters soon after his flight to the river. When he was told that Arnold had been called over to the garrison, he took a hasty breakfast, and resolved to go and meet him at West Point. He and his officers,—except Hamilton, who remained behind, at the house, — intended to return to dinner. When they were seated in the barge, Washington said he was glad that Arnold had gone before, as they would have a salute, and the roaring of the cannon would have a fine effect among the mountains. The boat approached the beach; but no preparation appeared to have been made to receive them, and no salute was fired. The officer in command of the garrison was seen coming down to meet them; and as the barge touched the shore, he seemed confused and surprised at seeing the commander-in-chief and his officers. He said he did not expect such visitors, or he would have been prepared to receive them in a proper manner. Washington seemed no less surprised than the officer himself. He asked if General Arnold was not there. The officer told him that he had not been there for two days, and

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that he had not heard from him in that time. Washington was still more surprised at this intelligence, but inspected the garrison, and all the different parts of the works, thoroughly. This took up about two hours. At the end of that time, Washington and the officers returned to the barge, and were conducted again to Robinson's house. While they were on their way from the river to the house, Hamilton came directly to Washington, with an anxious countenance; and after a few words in a whisper had passed between them, they retired together to the house. While Washington was at West Point, the letter from Jameson, and the one from Major Andre, arrived by the same express. Jameson's letter contained the papers taken from Andre; and the express which brought it and the letter from Andre, had followed Washington, as was supposed, on the route from Hartford. Washington had returned by another road, and that is the reason it missed him. When the despatches came to Robinson's house, they were said to be of such importance, that Hamilton opened them and discovered their contents. The papers were laid before Washington without hinting what they contained to anybody else. The whole extent of Arnold's treachery was here made clear to Washington. Hamilton was immediately ordered to ride to Verplanck's Point, that preparations might be made to stop Arnold; but it was a great deal too late. Ar-

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nold had got six hours' start. He left his house at ten o'clock; and his treachery was not known to Washington till four in the afternoon. Washington acted with the greatest calmness and self-possession after the plot was discovered. He called Lafayette and Knox, and told them what had happened, and showed them the papers. He only said, 'Whom can we trust now?' Mrs. Arnold was frantic with distress. Nothing could calm her; and her situation affected Washington very much. When Hamilton arrived at Verplanck's Point, a flag of truce had come from the Vulture to that post, with a letter from Arnold to Washington. This was sent at once to Washington, with a note from Hamilton. Sir Henry Clinton, it appears, knew nothing of the capture of Andre, till the Vulture arrived at New York, the next morning."

"Well, you need n't tell us about the execution of Andre. We know as much about that as you can tell us, I guess," said Ben.

"Thank you, Ben, for your gratitude," returned Matthew. "Here I've been amusing the whole of the party for two hours or more, and, instead of thanking me for it, you interrupt me. But I'll stop now; and that 's the last story, or narrative, or song, you 'll get out of me."

"Och, niver mind the b'y; go on wid ye," said Barney.

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But solicitation was vain; Matthew was inflexible in his resolution; and, in the end, the men were compelled to set about preparing for the night's rest. The fire was arranged so as to occupy less space, and yet give out sufficient warmth to keep the men from freezing during the night. The blanket — the soldier's luxury — was produced by each one of them. Meantime, they continued talking.

"Och, I wonther what sort of a traither Arnold would have turned, if he had had such murtherin' livin' as we have?" enquired Barney.

"Perhaps," said Matthew, "if he had been a common soldier, and lived as we have to live, he would have been more faithful. In such a life, there would have been no heavy debts to worry him into doing anything to get money."

"I hardly believe that," returned Ben. "Arnold was a wholly selfish man. I don't know of anything he done that didn't have its motive in some self-gratification. He performed many daring acts; but it was for the glory attached to the deeds, and not because he thought they would be a benefit to his country."

"Don't judge too quickly," said Matthew. "Always give a man credit for the best motive, till you know the contrary."

"If he had performed some deed, in which he would be called upon to suffer in reputation, although

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such a deed would really benefit his country, as General Washington has done, he might escape the censure," observed Ben; "but none such appears in his whole career."

"Perhaps no opportunity presented," replied Matthew. "But we 'll talk over this matter some other time."

The whole party had prepared themselves as well as circumstances would admit, for the night's rest; and some were already stretched by the fire, as Matthew and Ben ceased talking. Unimportant remarks were occasionally made by the Hibernians; but very soon even they grew mute, as sleep folded her curtains around them. Then the sough of the wind, as it wandered around the hut and pierced through the crevices, was all that tended to disturb their repose; for they could sleep on their hard bed, though the cold air did come in upon them. They were soldiers who had passed through the hardships of a three years' service in that army whose sufferings had scarcely a parallel.

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Baron De Kalb.

THE CAMP-FIRE ON THE OLD PEDEE.

After the disastrous defeat of the American army under General Gates, at Camden, in South Carolina, General Greene was appointed to supersede him in the command. A better selection for that office could not have been made. General Greene united in his character all those qualities necessary to retrieve the reputation of the American arms in the South, and to build up an army on the ruins of the one handed over to him by General Gates. The unbounded fruitfulness of resource; the prudence of his judgment; the energy of his movements; and the cool courage which he displayed in the time of greatest danger; have caused him to be ranked second only to Washington, among the generals of the Revolution. He overtook the remnant of the army at Charlotte; to which place Gates had advanced. The appearance of the army was wretched beyond description; and their distress, on account of the scarcity of provisions, was little less than from their want of clothing and other necessaries. Gates had lost the confidence of

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all the officers, and the troops were without discipline. Plunder was the only resource they had for obtaining provisions, and they became the terror of the neighborhood. The officers were obliged to live upon charity; making daily collections in that manner, and then only obtaining a little Indian meal and beef at a time. This was the state of the army when Greene took command. Almost naked in the middle of winter; obtaining food only by force or begging; among a people divided in their political sentiments and attachment; the troops were dispirited and unfit for action. Greene immediately removed the army from Charlotte, and encamped in the midst of a better country, on the banks of the Old Pedee River. The consequences of this movement showed how judicious it was. The camp soon abounded with supplies for man and horse, principally procured by the personal efforts of Greene; and the most assiduous exertions were made, to clothe and discipline the troops. Everything seemed more promising.

It was a clear, cold night in January, 1781, soon after the army had encamped on the Old Pedee River. The moon threw her pale, ghostly light over the encampment and upon the surface of the river. The watch-fires of heaven were burning brightly above, but shed no warmth upon those beneath. The wind creaked through the trees, and swept piercingly across the river and through the encampment. In

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one of the tents, near the edge of the river, a party of men were huddled around a fire, partaking of the morsel allotted to them for an evening meal. The winters of South Carolina were mild, compared with those further north, and which the American army endured at Valley Forge; but the men were almost naked. The tent was large enough to lodge about half-a-dozen men. The fire was in the centre, and the men were sitting around it.

"Well, Joe," said one of the men, who had just put his last piece in his mouth, "this is a kind o' hard farin'; ain't it? Now that we 've got somethin' to eat, without stealin' it, I wish we could come across some clothes in the same way."

"Ah," returned another, "we call this hard farin'; if all be true that I've heard tell about how the troops suffered up north there, in the early part of the war, this livin' of ours is good. We think it's cold, just now, because it makes us shiver and huddle around this 'ere fire. Why, I've heard tell that when the soldiers used to be marchin', the ice would cut their bare feet, and set the blood flowin'; the men used to be froze fast to the ground, till their comrades broke them away."

"Oh, that's pilin' it on too thick. Their marches were tracked by the blood from their feet, but there was no such thing as you 're tellin' us about," replied another of the group.

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"So I've heard 'em say," continued the one who had delivered himself of the story. "Them" is the usual indefinite authority.

"That Gates was the cause of all our troubles," remarked the one who had spoken first. "If that German baron's advice had been followed, there would n't have been a defeat at Camden."

"No, nor a battle neither; he knew we were n't fit for a fight," added the one who had been called Joe.

"They say that Gates told him he was a coward, just before the battle; he ought to be alive now, to throw it back to the man that went to fetch the rascals back, and did n't come back himself," observed another.

"Did any of you hear about the doin's at that council of war, held while the enemy were comin' up?" asked one of the men.

"Yes," replied another. "Sergeant Hand was tellin' us all about it; though, how he got to know anythin' of it, I do n't understand."

"Oh, he 's *imitate* with some of the officers higher 'n himself," said another, who had not spoken before; "besides, you know, while Gates was in command, just before Greene come, they were n't near so confounded strict with us as they are now, and they 'd tell us anythin' to hurt Gates."

"Well, there's no use o' turnin' in yet; besides, if

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we do, the fire'll get down, and it's most plaguy chilly. So, Joe, you're the gabbiest one of the lot, tell us about it; will you?" said the one who had asked about the council of war.

Joe was nothing loth to talk; indeed, he liked to talk. The men declared that he spoke enough for the whole party. As soon as the call was made, therefore, he caught it up eagerly, and, with a few preparatory hawkings and spittings, he commenced his narration.

"You see, boys, I may as well give you a whole account of the council of war and the death of the brave old German. For though I was with you chaps, in the rear of where he fell, I've been pickin' up an account of the whole matter, from some of the men that were fightin' round him, a-trying to save him."

"Yes, Joe," interrupted one of the men, "only don't put in any of your own make. Mind, we seen as much of it as you did."

"Oh, there's no use of lyin' about the thing. All I'm a-goin' to tell you, I've heard 'em say who was there and seen it all. Well, in the first place, I heard that, the night before the battle, some of the officers were talkin' to Gates about the expected fight, — among which officers was Baron de Kalb; and one of the officers, in talkin', happened to say, 'I wonder where we shall dine to-morrow.' No doubt, he had a

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sort o' feelin' that we were goin' to be whipped next day. Well, Gates had a pretty certain kind of a way about him, you know; and he said,—as if there couldn't be any doubt about the matter,—'Dine, sir? why, at Camden, to be sure. I wouldn't give a pinch of snuff, sir, to be insured a beef-steak, to-morrow, in Camden, and Lord Cornwallis at my table.' I don't know what he counted on for winnin' the battle; but I s'pose he thought he was a whole army himself. The Baron de Kalb was there, as I said before; and he said he was decidedly against the doin's of Gates, and foretold how the army would be ruined if a battle was fought then; and he said, too, that he believed he was goin' to fall in the fight. You see, he was a man of some judgment; he was an old general, that had fought in Europe, and he knew when an army was fit for fightin', and when it was n't; but Gates seemed to think that he did n't know as much about the matter as he himself did; and so he did n't pay much attention to it. Well, the next day, when we got wind of the approach of the red-coat army, Gates called a council of war of his officers; and you know that most of 'em seconded him, and went for fightin' the enemy at once; but De Kalb opposed it. He said that it would be best for the army to fall back, and take a good position, and wait for the enemy to come and attack us; then we would stand a better chance with our raw troops;

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for we had very little cavalry. Then, they say, Gates would hardly listen to this advice; and when De Kalb had concluded givin' it, Gates said he was fixed on fightin' then and there; and a kind of hinted that De Kalb was afraid to fight. At the hint bein' given, they say, De Kalb's face colored up; and lookin' at Gates with the contempt he deserved, he said, 'Well, sir, a few hours, perhaps, will prove who are the brave;' and then he jumped down from his horse, and went and put himself at the head of his command, on foot. I'd have given all the little clothes I've got on my back now — and that's the most valuable thing to me here—if I could have seen the old man when he done that. It would have done me good, I know. I like to see a man who knows his worth, show his contempt of the one who attacks him in that way. His sayin' what he did, shows, too, that he could see right through Gates, and what would be his actions next day. Well, you know all about the skirmishes we had that night, and how the militia were dispirited by the advance bein' broken and driven back; and you know, too, how, the next mornin', the battle begun in earnest. The whole left wing, as soon as they were charged by the red-coat bagonets, threw down their arms and run, as if they never had a thought of doin' any fightin'."

"Yes, we know all about that; there's no use of your tellin' it all over again," said one of the men.

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"Well, I won't," returned Joe; "but the militia in the left wing threw down their arms and run, as I said before; and Gates went 'to bring the rascals back,' and stayed himself. But we continentallers were in the right wing, and we didn't run. We stood there like men, and fought the whole force of the red-coats."

"Yes, and whipped them nicely for awhile. I saw several prisoners taken, myself," put in one of the men.

"There was the Baron de Kalb," continued Joe, getting animated in retailing a description given him by some one else, — "There was the Baron de Kalb, fightin' hand to hand with the enemy; fightin' on foot, at the head of our troops—showin' who was the brave. The men were fallin' thick around him, standin' by him to the last. He cut down all that pressed on him; and the man who told me about it, says he saw him plunge his sword into the breast of his foes, as they aimed their blows at him; but it was all up-hill work. The brave old man fainted and fell to the ground; he had eleven bagonet wounds. Then there was a rush made to shield his body. The infernal red-coats tried to get at him with their bagonets, and our men tried to stop 'em. Some of the Britishers tried to save him, as well as our men, but they were killed in makin' the attempt. Then his aid-de-camp rushed in through the clashing bagonets,

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and stretchin' his arms over the body of the old hero, cried out, 'Save the Baron de Kalb! save the Baron de Kalb!' I suppose the Britishers did n't know who he was before; for as soon as the aid-de-camp cried out, some British officers rushed in, and stopped the Britishers from killin' him right off. We could n't stand the force of the enemy any longer, after De Kalb fell, and we had to quit the field. I've heard tell, since, that the red-coats took care of De Kalb, but he did n't live long; he thought of us, and the bravery we showed that day, till the last minute of his life. He said he died the death he always prayed for; — the death of the soldier fightin' for the rights of man. He was a great man, indeed; and whenever I think of him, it makes me feel as if I could chaw some of them red-coats right up!"

"He was a great old man, as you say," observed one of the men, "but his death appears to have been more glorious than any other event of his career; and very few of us, perhaps, will have that said of us."

"That you do n't know," said Joe; "he served a great while in the French army in Europe, and bore a very high rank there. He might have seen many a glorious fight."

"He served three years in our army, too, and was in some of our hardest fights," observed another of the group.

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"Yes," returned the one who had spoken first after Joe had finished his account, "but there was more of the real hero shown in the manner of his death than in anything else that we know of. It's a great sight to see a man choose his ground, and hold on to it till he is cut down by the overpowering force of the enemy. It's what few men who go into battle think of. Too many of the battles we hear tell of are made up of a few rounds of firing, and then a retreat of one party or the other. Men ought to go into a fight with the intention of whipping or being whipped; and so did De Kalb and the men under him, the day of the battle of Camden."

"Well, Mr. Preacher, you talk well enough about the matter. The next fight we have, we'll ask for your instruction. This idea of yours, about a fellow's fightin' till he's cut up, ain't what it's cracked up to be, when you come to tryin' it," said an individual who had hitherto remained silent. Probably, he was one of those who had retreated early in the battle of which they were talking.

"He talks like a man of courage," said Joe; "and I think he's one of the kind that follows out what he says. I've seen him stand to his post when many a one would n't."

"Thank ye, Joe, for that good word," returned the one who had criticised the manner in which battles were occasionally fought.

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"Well, boys," said one of the soldiers, who had not taken any part in the conversation, or even listened to any of it, having been taking a nap by the fire, "have you heard about the surprise of Sumpter, at Fishing Creek? I don't know anything about the battle of Camden, or De Kalb, either, any more than I've heard you tell; but if you haven't heard about the surprise of Sumpter's troops, I can amuse you for a little while, by tellin' you about it."

'Yes, but we didn't hear any of the particulars," replied Joe. "That long customer, over there, that just was talkin' about there bein' no fun in fightin' till you're cut up, was tellin' us about the affair; but he didn't seem to know much about it himself, and he couldn't tell us much. He said there was some little fightin', and a great deal of runnin' away."

The soldier who had volunteered to give an account of the surprise, looked over the fire at the individual alluded to by Joe, and seemed, for a moment, to detect in him some resemblance to a person he had seen before; but he said nothing about the matter, and commenced:—

"I was one of the body of men under Sumpter, who, before the defeat of Gates, at Camden, captured some British stores and their convoy between Camden and Charleston. I had joined the corps just before that took place, thinkin' that the kind of fightin' he done was more to my taste than the regular service."

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At the announcement of the soldier that he had belonged to Sumpter's troops, the long individual looked over the fire in his turn. The scrutiny which he gave the soldier's face seemed to satisfy him of something; for he immediately got very restless in his seat. He said nothing, however, and the soldier continued. "We continued at the post between Camden and Charleston, our parties seekin' every chance to harass the British forces, till we heard of the defeat of Gates, when we also began to retreat, with what prisoners and stores we had captured while at that post. We retreated in the greatest kind of haste, for we knew we should have the British troops after us — we had caused them so much trouble. We marched four days, with little or no sleep or rest; and at the end of that time we thought we had got pretty much out of the reach of the enemy, and we encamped on the banks of Fishing Creek, for the night. Sumpter took every precaution to prevent a surprise. Videttes were stationed at proper points, and such a disposition of the troops made, that it seemed almost impossible to come upon us before we had time for preparing for an attack. But the videttes were men; and marching four days, without resting, would overcome some of the stoutest men. They fell asleep at their posts; and, soon after, the camp was aroused by the attack of the British legion of Tarleton. He had pursued us with the most un-

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tiring swiftness, and his horsemen rode into our camp before we knew he was near us. The best part of our men took to the river and the woods; but Sumpter rallied a few of them, myself among the number, and we stood our ground for awhile pretty stoutly against Tarleton's infantry; but his horse forced us to break, and we took to the woods. All our artillery and stores, and the prisoners we had taken at our former post, were captured. I escaped through the woods, and the whole of our detachment being dispersed, and not having any place where they would meet again, I determined to join the regular army."

By the time the man had concluded his story, the individual who had attracted his scrutiny felt satisfied that he would not be noticed by the narrator; but he was mistaken.

"I had almost forgot something, though," said the soldier. "That fellow over yonder, who was talking a little while ago about the folly of fighting till you 're whipped, was at that affair, I 'm pretty certain. He was in the same company as I was, and I think he was true to his principles; for he was one of the first to leave the ground."

"Oh, you 've got hold of the wrong feller; I was n't there," said the man alluded to.

"I believe it," said Joe. "He looks and talks like one of the brave boys."

"There 's no use of denying it," said the one who

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had given the account of the surprise. "I don't forget men's faces so easily."

The advocate of runaway principles persisted in denying that he had been with Sumpter at all; but the whole party joined in the expression of their belief that he was guilty.

"We'll put him in the forlorn hope, next time, if he stays with our army; that'll do him some good, perhaps," observed Joe.

The men wrapped themselves in their blankets; — that is, those who had them; — and those who did not possess that soldier's luxury, secured the nearest place to the fire, for the purpose of resting for the night. While Joe was getting ready, like the rest, he continued talking.

"That surprise of Sumpter was another consequence of the battle of Camden. It's a great pity, too; that was an active set of men, and might have been of great service to our cause."

"Yes," replied the soldier who had been with Sumpter, "you may well say that. I've heard tell that Cornwallis said that Sumpter gave him more trouble than anybody else in these parts. The redcoats don't understand that sort of war he does; but he's not done with 'em yet. Twenty such defeats would n't dampen his spirits."

The men had by this time fixed themselves by the fire, and some of them were soon slumbering; but

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Joe would occasionally break out, propounding some question or other to the individual next to him, till even he ceased to disturb the gathering silence, and the toils and cares of the whole party were soon for gotten, while they wandered in the land of dreams.

General Sumpter.

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General Marion.

THE CAMP-FIRE IN THE SWAMP.

THE history of the exploits of the partisan bands of Marion and Sumpter, in South Carolina, is, perhaps, the most interesting and romantic that the war of independence furnishes. The defeat of Gates, and the almost total annihilation of his army, gave the entire command of the State to Lord Cornwallis; but though Marion or Sumpter had no force competent to oppose the British in the open field, they had gathered a few men who were willing to undergo any privation, for the sake of the independence of their country, and who cherished an undying hatred of the tyranny of the English rule. These few were filled with the active spirit of their leaders. The northeastern part of the State of South Carolina was the field of Marion's operations. There the party under his command took refuge in the recesses of deep swamps, where the enemy would not dare to follow them. From these retreats they would sally out, whenever an opportunity offered to harass the enemy, and thus they kept the British in a constant state of

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alarm. The party, for several weeks, numbered only seventy men; and, at one time, hardships and dangers of various kinds reduced that number to twenty-five. Major Wemys, the British commander in that part of the country, wished to prevent the surrounding inhabitants from co-operating with Marion, and accordingly, burnt scores of houses on the Pedee, Lynch's Creek, and Black River. But these outrages, of course, only served to incite the owners to revenge, and many of them took refuge with Marion's party, in the swamp. For several months, they were obliged to sleep in the open air, and to fly from one post to another, as the occupation of one became too troublesome and dangerous. Unfurnished with the means of defence, they were obliged to take possession of the saws of the saw-mills, and make them into horsemen's swords. Often was Marion so distressed for ammunition, that he had only three rounds to each man of his party, with which he entered into an engagement. At other times, he brought his men into view when he had no ammunition, merely to make a show of his numbers.

The fire was lighted in the swamp. It was on a sort of eminence that formed an island, surrounded by a deep morass. It was a usual resort of the party of Marion, and there he feared no foe. The trees around had been cut down, and, trimmed, they formed seats for the men, who occupied them, here and there,

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in groups. They had evidently just returned from some excursion; for the men looked tired, and on the ground, near the fire, some guns and provisions were lying, the fruit of a nightly surprise and attack. They were a motley-looking set of men; scarce two of them dressed alike. Some were tall, brawny fellows, that looked as if they could cope with any one that stood before them. Others were as small and dried-up looking as Marion himself, who sat near the fire, talking to one of his men. Old, black-looking firelocks and powder-horns were the principal weapons to be seen; here and there, a horseman's sword dangled from the owner's belt. The meal of hoe-cakes and sweet-potatoes was cooking at the fire. No better fare could they procure till that night's expedition gave it to them. A colored individual was exercising the functions of cook, in keeping the hoe-cake and potatoes from burning, with a stick which he had in his hand. Several pine-knots served as lamps, for the time; and the effect of the light, glaring upon the scene, was truly singular.

The fact of the meal being ready, having been communicated to the party, the General and his officers were first served, — bark being the substitute for dishes. Each man then received his share, upon a piece of bark, and they fixed themselves, in messes of three or four, as near the fire as convenient, and proceeded to make way with the food. To one of

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these messes we will direct our attention. It was composed of the renowned Sergeant Macdonald and three others, — men belonging to the horse of the party.

"Have the scouts been sent out yet, sergeant?" asked one of the men.

"No; the General's just goin' to do it," was the reply; and as Macdonald spoke, Marion gave a low whistle, which was answered by three of the men. He gave his orders to them in a low tone, and they proceeded, through the deep shade of the trees, to where the horses of the party were placed, under charge of two of the blacks. The men were soon mounted and off, and their comrades went on with their eating and talking, which the departure of the scouts had interrupted.

"I wonder what the General's after now," said one of the group to which we before alluded. There must be something in the wind, of some importance."

"You may be sure of that, Green," replied another of the group — a tall, stout fellow, with a very red face, looking as if the sun had done its worst upon it. "You never see the little man so careful and quiet in his motions, but there's somethin' goin' on that'll give us work."

"Well," said the Scotch sergeant, "I'll follow anywhere the Fox leads. But I think we'd better get some rest now, while there's a bit o' spare time."

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So saying, the sergeant and his comrades stretched themselves upon the grassy carpet that covered the island; but not to sleep. The day was generally their time for sleeping; for in the night they could do the most execution with their small but active band.

"Now I'll talk to ye," said Macdonald, as he stretched himself at length, with his head resting on one hand, while he brought his food to his mouth with the other.

"Well, sergeant," remarked Green, "can't you tell us some of your adventures, or the General's, I don't care which, just to kill time till the scouts come in? You've been leadin' this rough and tumble sort of a life for some time with Marion, and you must have had some adventures worth tellin'. Besides, here's our friend Moran, here, has only been along with us since his house was burnt by the Britishers. He'd like to hear something of it, too."

"Yes, sergeant," said Moran, "I'm anxious to hear about any nice tricks you've served them infernal d——ls that burnt the house over my head; any real good floggin', or tantalizin', or even cheatin', you've done them fellers, would do me good; for I expect to eat some of 'em right up, if I once get a chance."

"Oh," returned the sergeant, "I've done many a nice thing for 'em, and Marion has done as many

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more; but I'll tell you one of my own doin', first, because I know more about it than I do of any of the General's. I think it was about a month ago, when the number of our men was reduced to somewhere about thirty; rather a small band for a general to command, you might say; but that's all there was, anyhow. Well, we were driven to all sorts of shifts for gettin' somethin' to eat; and the large bodies of red-coats there was about, kept us cooped up all the time in the swamp. One day,—I think it was pretty near dusk,—I was out, with two others, seein' if I could n't come across some provisions. We had been out all the afternoon, and not a mite had we got for our trouble. Nothin' in the shape of either eatin' or drinkin' articles come in my ken. We was gettin' pretty desperate, I tell ye; it's like enough if we had come across fifty men, we would have stolen all they had with 'em to eat. Well, we were ridin' on through the woods, just outside of the swamp, when, just about two hundred yards ahead of us, we thought we seed a smoke. Of course, we expected there was a fire there, and, perhaps, somethin' to fill our maws with. So we stopped our horses on the instant, and, gettin' down from 'em, tied 'em to the trees. Then we walked sneakin'ly towards where we saw the smoke risin'; and when we got pretty near it, I climbed up a tree, to reconnoitre, while the two men kept watch below. There I could see the whole

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scene that was passin' where the smoke was risin'. There was about ten of the red-coat infantry seated round a fire, while a servant was preparin' a meal for 'em. I knew that there must be a larger party of 'em pretty near, for they would n't dare to be there at that time in the day, with such a small number; but I did n't care if the whole British army were about; I was goin' to have some of their eatin'. So I took a pretty good look at 'em, to see how things stood, and I saw that they had no conveyance among 'em for their cookin' things that were on the fire. Well, I knew that there ought to have been one somewhere; and I got down with the intention of goin' to see if I could find it. I told the other two how things stood, and told one of 'em to stay with the horses, while I took the other along with me. We took our swords only with us; the guns we left to the care of the man who waited with the horses. We then stole carefully round where the fire was, — lookin' ahead of us, to see whether they noticed us, — till we got round nearly opposite to where we left the horses. Then we got nearer to the fire; we could almost hear what the red-coats were talkin' about. Lookin' through the trees on one side of me, I spied a big tin box; it seemed to be about two feet long, and one wide. That was what we were huntin' for, I knew at once. So we creeped on our hands and knees to it, and found it was nearly full of the

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nicest kind of eatin' and drinkin' things. I got up to take a look how things were round the fire, and found everything goin' on as if there was nobody about. My comrade and I took up the box, and walked around to where we left the horses. I had a sort of fear, as you may call it, that the servant might go to hunt the box, to get somethin' out of it; but he did n't, as it happened, and we got the box safely round to the horses. The man we left there had mounted, and had everything ready for a hard ride, if it should be necessary. We mounted our horses and took our weapons; but I did n't intend to leave the party of red-coats in such a quiet way. I had a fine, fleet horse, and I knew there was none there could catch me, if I once got started. So I gave the box to the two men, and told 'em to ride straight for the camp, here in the swamp. They set out, and I waited till I saw they were pretty well out of reach; and then I fixed the rifle I had with me — one of them never-fails, that you do n't come across often. I rode to a place that was somewhat open and clear from underwood, where I could have a full view of the party of red-coats, yet be hid behind the low boughs of the trees. The party were all standin' up, holdin' their cups in their hands; the leader was in the middle, close to the fire. I supposed they were just goin' to drink a toast — and I was right. The one who seemed to be the principal man among 'em,

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raised his cup above his head, and cried out, at the top of his voice, 'Here's the health of our most gracious master, King George the Third!' As soon as I found there was goin' to be a toast drunk, I knew at once whose health it would be, because that was always the first toast of the red-coats. I looked around, to see if the coast was clear, and turned my horse's head in the direction my men had gone; and just as the leader had finished his toast, I sung out, at the top of my voice, 'Here's to the death of the tyrant!' and, on the instant, took aim at the head of the leader, and let fly. The sound of my voice, and the report of my rifle, made the whole party spring round, to see where it came from; but when they saw their leader fall dead, they were so frightened, that I believe if I had had a few more men with me, I could have taken the whole party prisoners. I didn't stop any longer, though; for as soon as I saw the leader fall, and the state the red-coats were in about it, I give a loud laugh, and put spurs to my horse; and by the time they could get their guns and send a volley after me, I was out of their reach. I didn't fear pursuit, then; for I knew the woods a good deal better than they did, and they knew, as it was gettin' dark pretty fast, that our men would be about, and might pick off some more of 'em. I rode on, however, to the camp in this here place, where I found the men with the box of provisions. That

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was one of my adventures, and I think I served 'em a pretty neat trick. I don't think I'd have shot that leader, though, if he had n't been so braggy and noisy with that toast of his. I intended to fire in the air; but I could n't stand the temptation of puttin' an end to his braggin'."

"That was a bold feat," observed Moran; "but it served the red-coat d——ls exactly right. They burnt the house over my head, and drove my family to hunt a shelter where they could find one. You ought to have shot more of 'em;" and Moran looked very revengeful and savage.

"Ah, well," replied the sergeant, "I hardly like to bring down game in that kind of a way. It's too much like murderin'. I like to meet the enemy in a fair field, if I can. But I've no doubt they'd have done as much for me as I done for their captain, if they had had the chance."

"That they would," said Green, emphatically.

"Well, sergeant," said Moran, "I hope you're not run out yet. You must have some more of the same sort."

"Oh, man, I could talk to you the whole night, about such doin's; but—hist!" said the sergeant, stopping short, "What's the game now? The Swamp-Fox is stealin' round as if he smelt somethin'."

Most of the party had stretched themselves on the

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ground; and some were taking a short nap, while others were passing the time away, talking with their comrades. All had their guns and other weapons lying beside them, prepared for any sudden emergency. Marion had left the group where he had been talking, and pretty soon he was seen stealing quietly around the outside of the encampment. It seemed as if he had caught the sound of some one approaching. All eyes that were awake were instantly directed to his movements, and a silence, only disturbed at intervals by the slight plash made by an alligator, diving, or the dismal hooting of an owl, pervaded the scene. Just as the General had got round to the place where the scouts had left the camp, he seemed to listen more intently for a while, and then slowly returned to his first position. The pattering of the hoofs of horses was then plainly heard by the listening men, and the scouts rode into the camp; their horses covered with mud, and foaming somewhat at the mouth. The men sprang from their horses, and gave them into the charge of the blacks, and immediately proceeded to give Marion the result of their reconnoitring. As soon as the General was possessed of the intelligence, he gave a cry — an imitation of the cry of the swamp-fox — and the whole party instantly sprang to their feet. The General called his few officers to him, and whispered his orders; they then went to ascertain if their

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men were prepared. The horses were brought out, and by far the largest part of the men were mounted. A few moments served to get everything in readiness, and, with the General at the head, and the other officers scattered through the line, the band left the encampment in single file, by the same way as the scouts had previously gone. At that place, no doubt, there was a safe passage over the morass that surrounded the island on which was the encampment. The night was dark, and the party had to carry two or three pine-knot torches with them, to light the way, as they rode through bog and brake. After riding through the swamp in this manner, for about half an hour, they attained the solid ground of the wood that skirted the swamp. Here the order was given to halt, and the party were drawn up in closer order. The scouts were sent out to reconnoitre, while the General, through his officers, explained to his men how he wished them to act. The game was a detachment of the British troops, which had been ascertained to be about three hundred strong. They had been sent in pursuit of Marion, and they had encamped just outside of the wood that surrounded the swamp, upon the bank of a small stream. Marion had determined to surprise them; and although his own force was no more than half that of the enemy, he had the advantage in knowing the country better than they did. They had encamped in a very favor-

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able position, with their front to the wood, and had their videttes posted, to prevent surprise. The scouts returned to Marion and reported how matters stood; and, with a slight exhortation to his men to do their duty, and some additional orders to the officers, he gave the order to proceed. The torches were hid where they could be found when necessary, and the band moved silently, but quickly, through the wood. A small party were placed in the advance. They soon caught sight of the camp-fires of the British detachment. The videttes perceived them, and fired their guns; but they were upon the camp in a moment, before the alarm was fairly given. They rushed into the midst of the British like a hurricane, bearing down all before them, while the drum was heard beating, calling the enemy to arms. They left their camp and fled in every direction, in the endeavor to escape from the sabres of Marion's men; while their pursuers shouted as they drove them before them. Uncertain how large the force was that had attacked them, their fears magnified it to twice the amount it really was. Some were killed, a few captured, and the remainder were dispersed in every direction. The band of Marion soon returned to the enemy's camp, from the pursuit, and set to work to share the spoils in such a manner as to make them easy of carriage. A large quantity of arms and provisions of all kinds were captured, together with a

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few horses that had been left in the wood, near at hand. Part of the tents were set fire to by the owners, before they left, to prevent them from falling into the hands of the foe; but a few were saved, and these, also, the party took charge of. They then set out for their own encampment, with the spoils, and arrived there without further incident.

A good night's work had Marion and his men performed; and the men looked with some degree of satisfaction upon the spoils, as they were heaped up in the open space around the fire. Marion, himself, seemed somewhat elated with the success of the enterprise; and a smile glowed upon his sunburnt features, as he looked upon the fruits of their activity, and thought how the news of his success would chagrin the British commander who had sent the detachment in pursuit of him. Among the spoils, was a quantity of wine, that had belonged to the British officers, and some brandy that was intended for the soldiers. These two much-relished beverages were distributed among the officers and men of the band, in goodly portions, and it was determined to pass the remainder of the night as merry as possible. The provisions were stowed away till a more pressing occasion. The rest of the spoils were put away until the next day. When the liquor had been distributed, and each man had his portion safely in his cup or jug, or whatever receptacle he was possessed of, the

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party scattered about the area again. Our group, — consisting, as before, of the sergeant, Green, Moran, and another, — seated themselves upon the ground.

"Now, boys," said the sergeant, holding a small mug in his hand, which he had made sure of in the general capture, "we 've somethin' to put a little life in us; though it 's not exactly the thing Scotch whiskey would be for me."

"It 's the very thing for me," replied Green, "I wish there was more of it."

"Out, man; do you want to get drunk? You 've enough there in that cup of yours to make you a little flighty, anyhow. But hold on a bit; I 've got a toast for you to drink."

"Well, out with it, sergeant; for I 'm in a hurry to get a drink," said Moran.

The four raised their mugs a little, and Macdonald said: "Here 's to General Marion. May the hunters of the Swamp-Fox always meet with the same reception as they got to-night!"

The men swallowed the toast in a long swig of the liquor; and as they reluctantly withdrew the mugs from their mouths, each smacked his lips in satisfaction.

"That 's what I call a good toast well drank," said Green, looking in his cup longingly, upon the remainder of his portion.

"Yes," returned the sergeant, "the subject of the

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toast makes it a good one. This night's work was as neat a planned thing as I've heard of yet; and the General must have the credit of it all. He puts a little of his own spirit into the men at such a time; — but, Green, sing us that song of yours, about the Swamp-Fox. It's a good thing, wherever you got it from, and I like to hear it."

Green was anxious to sing. The liquor he had drank had put him in that state when the spirits must break out into singing, or dancing, or talking; so he did not make the looked-for and customary apologies, but jumped at the request.

"Certainly, sergeant, certainly. I'll do anything towards amusin' the rest of the company. I ain't back'ard." So saying, he sang the following song, in a slightly tremulous voice, but tolerably loud. The sound of his voice attracted the attention of some of the other men who were sitting within hearing, and they gathered near to listen.

THE SWAMP-FOX.

We follow where the Swamp-Fox guides,
His friends and merry men are we;
And when the troop of Tarleton rides,
We burrow in the cypress tree.
The turfy tussock is our bed,
Our home is in the red-deer's den,
Our roof, the tree-top overhead,
For we are wild and hunted men.

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We fly by day, and shun its light;
But, prompt to strike the sudden blow,
We mount, and start with early night,
And through the forest track our foe.
And soon he hears our chargers leap,
The flashing sabre blinds his eyes,
And ere he drives away his sleep,
And rushes from his camp, he dies.

Free bridle-bit, good gallant steed,
That will not ask a kind caress,
To swim the Santee at our need,
When on his heels the foemen press —
The true heart and the ready hand,
The spirit stubborn to be free —
The twisted bore, the smiting brand —
And we are Marion's men you see.

Now light the fire, and cook the meal,
The last, perhaps, that we shall taste;
I hear the Swamp-Fox round us steal,
And that's a sign we move in haste.
He whistles to the scouts, and, hark!
You hear his order calm and low —
Come, wave your torch across the dark,
And let us see the boys that go.

We may not see their forms again,
God help 'em should they find the strife,
For they are strong and fearless men,
And make no coward terms for life:
They'll fight as long as Marion bids,
And when he speaks the word to shy,

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Then — not till then — they turn their steeds,
  Through thickening shade and swamp to fly.

Now stir the fire, and lie at ease,
  The scouts are gone, and on the brush
I see the colonel bend his knees,
  To take his slumbers, too — but, hush!
He's praying, comrades: 'tis not strange;
  The man that's fighting day by day,
May well, when night comes, take a change,
  And down upon his knees to pray.

Break up that hoecake, boys, and hand
  The sly and silent jug that's there;
I love not it should idle stand
  When Marion's men have need of cheer.
'T is seldom that our luck affords
  A stuff like this we just have quaff'd,
And dry potatoes on our boards
  May always call for such a draught.

Now pile the brush and roll the log:
  Hard pillow, but a soldier's head,
That's half the time in brake and bog,
  Must never think of softer bed.
The owl is hooting to the night,
  The cooter crawling o'er the bank,
And in that pond the plashing light
  Tells where the alligator sank.

What — 'tis the signal! start so soon,
  And through the Santee swamp so deep,
Without the aid of friendly moon,
  And we, heaven help us, half asleep!

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But courage, comrades, Marion leads,
The Swamp-Fox takes us out to-night;
So clear your swords, and coax your steeds,
There's goodly chance, I think, of fight.

We follow where the Swamp-Fox guides,
We leave the swamp and cypress tree,
Our spurs are in our coursers' sides,
And ready for the strife are we.
The tory camp is now in sight,
And there he cowers within his den;
He hears our shout, he dreads the fight,
He fears, and flies from Marion's men.

"Good," said the sergeant, when Green had concluded the song. "I like that song better every time I hear it. Green, you sing it well."

"Much obliged, sergeant, for the compliment," replied Green; "but neither the music nor the singin' of it is as good as the words."

"No," said Moran. "The words tell exactly the life we lead here in the swamp. At one time we're hunted by the red-coats as if we were wild beasts; at another, we hunt them. The only difference is, we bring down our game a great deal oftener than they do."

"That's a fact," returned the sergeant; "and now let's drink another toast, and that'll finish the liquor. Here's to the health of the red-coats. May they soon learn that the right way to keep it is to go back

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to their own land, and leave us to take care of ourselves."

This toast was received with a cordial "Ha, ha!" by the men around the sergeant, and drank with a great deal of animation.

"Now, sergeant," said Green, beginning to feel a little 'elevated,' "tell us some sort of a yarn, to fill out the time till mornin', and then we'll go to bed with the owls."

"Yes," added Moran, "anything at all; we ain't hard to please."

"Well," replied the sergeant, thus appealed to, "I don't think you are hard to please, Moran, since you got that brandy. I expect you feel like laughin' at anything just now. I'll tell you one of Marion's capers, that you haven't heard of, perhaps."

"How did you hear of it, sergeant?" asked Green.

"Me hear it? I was on the spot, and saw it," answered Macdonald.

"Oh!" ejaculated Green, as if satisfied of the truth of the story.

"You see, men, it was about three or four months ago, I think, — for I hardly know how the time goes, — the General was pretty hard pushed for ammunition. We had been tryin' to get some, everyhow we could think of, but couldn't do it; because, you see, the British had our little party penned up close in the swamp. We had only about fifty men in all.

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Tarleton and his troop were huntin' round, and they had a large force of infantry in the neighborhood. Well, somethin' had to be done; for to be idle was n't in the make of Marion. The only way we could get any ammunition to supply our wants, was to attack the convoy that brought the stores to the British in the neighborhood. These convoys sometimes numbered a hundred men each; but often more than that. Besides, they were well provided, in every respect, for an attack. Well, Marion resolved to attack one of these convoys; and he laid his plan for it with the greatest care. The principal things to be done were these: — A party of our men, numberin' only five, — that was all we could spare, — was to take a route through the woods, just opposite to the one the whole band were goin', and they were to lurk around the large detachment of infantry in that direction, and once and a while show themselves, to make the British think the whole of our band were in that neighborhood; and then the commander of the detachment would give the commander at the station where the convoy come from, notice of the fact, and thus throw 'em off their guard. Then, on the night of the attack, the whole of the rest of the band were to march to a place which he mentioned, where there was a good chance for hidin', and a better one for an attack. It was a place where the road, along which the convoy was expected to come, passed through a

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wood, where the ground was very much overgrown with bushes, at the bottom of a very shallow ravine. The road just there made a short turn; so that when we were stationed on each side of it, just before the bend, we could let the advance of the party get around before we'd attack the convoy; and then the stores might be secured very speedily. We had only three rounds of ammunition for each man, when we heard of an expected convoy of stores. These we had treasured for some time, waitin' our chance. The party of five were sent on their duty; and, as they sent us word by one of their number, they done the business just as we expected; the British thinkin' our whole party was in the neighborhood certain, and sendin' word to that amount to the commander at the station where the convoy was to come from. We were on the ground Marion had fixed upon, before night, when the convoy was expected to pass. Everything turned out as we wanted it. The convoy got to the pass as it grew fairly dark. We were at our posts, on horseback, in the wood on each side of the road. Marion was in command of the party on the right of the road, who were to secure the stores, and take them through the wood, in that direction. I was with the party on the other side, and we were to attack the body of soldiers in the rear of the stores. On come the convoy, with their torches and lanterns lightin' the way, never thinkin' anybody was goin' to

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trouble 'em. The advance got fairly round the bend in the road, and the wagons in which were the stores were right opposite to us, when the word was given to our party to fire and rush on the rear-guard; and we poured a volley into them that staggered 'em at once. Then we come down on 'em, from the sides of the road, like all creation; hootin' and shoutin' at the loudest. At the same time, the party under Marion came down, from the other side of the road, upon the wagons with the stores; and while we were slashin' away at the rear-guard, a part of Marion's men were securin' the stores, and draggin' 'em off into the wood as fast as possible. Such a yellin' as we kept up all the time, you can't think of. To-night's business had a good deal of that, but it was n't anything like the other. Part of the horsemen in the rear stood their ground, but the rest made off back the way they came. The advance got themselves turned around by the time most of the stores had been secured by the men of Marion's party, and sent to our place of meetin', in the swamp, as fast as ten men could carry and drag 'em. The rest of his party came to our rescue, and helped to beat down the rest of the rear-guard. But there was no time to lose; we could n't stop to take prisoners. The advance was comin' back upon us; but the wagons were in their road, and they could n't get at us without great danger to themselves. The order was given, and we poured our last volley

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into 'em, and then took to the wood. Marion was nearly the last man on the ground; but he had the best horse. He gave a shout, and fired his pistol into the foremost horseman's breast, and followed his men into the wood just in time to save himself from the sabres of the rest of them. I was behind him, and saw him do it; and then we rode through the wood nearly side by side. We had to move quick through that wood, I tell you. We had to cross another road before we got into the swamp, and Marion had strong fears of bein' attacked there. The body of horsemen we had left behind us would not dare to follow us at night, through the wood. They had had a taste of a surprise; besides, they had plenty of wounded to take care of, I know. My sabre done a pretty deal of work, and I know the rest of the boys were n't behind me in it. We had three wounded, but none killed; and these wounded we brought away with us. We passed the crossin' safely, but hurried on as fast as the carriage of the stores would let us, till we got far into the swamp, and then we slackened our pace. The men were almost worn out with the hard ride, and carrying the wounded and the spoil of our attack, by the time we reached our camp. We had captured a great deal of ammunition and provisions, and they served us for some time ahead; I think it was about a month. Our decoy party had arrived some time before us. But mind, we had to keep close for a

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week or so after that surprise. The British detachment were awful wrothy about losin' their provisions and ammunition, and the next convoy had double the number of troops with it that the other one had. I can't help thinkin' how dashed the red-coat troops must have felt, ridin' into the British camp with their empty wagons."

As the sergeant paused, he looked up, expecting to hear the remarks of his companions on the gallant exploit he had just narrated. Green was fast asleep, and the two others had sunk into a state of listlessness, which was the precursor of sleep.

"Why, blast ye!" exclaimed the sergeant, pushing Moran with his rough hand, "you have n't been listenin' to my story, after askin' for it; but ye shall pay for it, I tell ye."

So saying, the sergeant yawned, and, stretching himself on the ground, he pulled a small log towards him, for a pillow, and, thus prepared, gave himself to sleep.

The fire had almost burned down; the men were sleeping in various positions, all over the ground near the fire, and some on the large logs close at hand. Marion's short, slender form, and sunburnt face, might there be seen, stretched quietly by a log, with a piece of the canvass of a tent for a pillow. Never did a soldier, with as hard a bed, sleep as calmly and soundly as he was sleeping. There, far in the swamp

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that formed their fortress, the little band that so successfully and so gallantly upheld the independence of their country, were sleeping, fearless of attack; and there, with the lap of their mother earth for a bed, their guardian heaven for a roof, and the stars to light their way through the land of dreams, we leave the hardy band to realize

"How sweet the hour that brings release
From danger and from toil!"

General Marion entertaining a British officer at his camp in the Swamp.

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General Henry Lee.

THE CAMP-FIRE ON THE HILLS OF SANTEE.

After the battle of Eutaw Springs, so glorious for the American arms, the army retired to a position they had formerly occupied, on the high hills of Santee. That battle may be considered as the close of the war in South Carolina — that being the last general engagement of the two opposing armies. The American troops were in high spirits, for they had accomplished a great deal in that single campaign of 1781. They opened the campaign with the gloomiest prospects. The whole State of South Carolina was in possession of the British army, and the Americans had scarcely the means of taking the field to oppose them. Yet this wretchedly-provided army, under the conduct of the military genius of Greene, had, at the close of the campaign, reduced the possessions of the British to the near neighborhood of Charleston. This was, indeed, enough to put the Americans in high spirits. Supplies for their camp were now abundant; for the crops which the British had planted, with the expectation of reaping the harvest for their

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own benefit, fell into the hands of the victorious Americans, and gave them a seasonable relief.

The time of the encampment of the American army on the high hills of Santee, was the latter part of August and September, of the year 1781. The principal actions of the campaign had taken place in the heat of a southern summer; and the weather was still very warm when Greene returned to his position on the Santee. The camp, as we have said, was filled with supplies, and every opportunity was offered for the troops to enjoy a rest after their toils.

The evening was a calm and beautiful one. The red glow upon the horizon, that marked where the glorious sun had bid the scene farewell, was fast mellowing into a violet hue. The crescent moon was softly beaming from the cloudless sky, and, one by one, her assisting stars twinkled into view. A silence, broken only by the noise native to the field and wood, was gathering over the scene. The white tents made the encampment look like a close-stoned graveyard, in the evening light. The men were generally in their tents; but sleep could not visit their senses so early. In one of them, four men were lying upon the ground that formed the floor of the tent, as near the opening as they could get. The front of the tent looked out upon the country upon the hills, a scene which they regarded with an interest which argued a strong feeling of the beautiful, in the men. They

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were waiting for one of their number, who made up the mess of the tent. He had left the camp, in the afternoon, for a short excursion into the country, and had not yet returned. Their evening meal was already prepared upon the fire in the tent, but the men had concluded to wait for their comrade, both for the sake of his company, — for he was the liveliest one of the mess, — and that he might not want company himself. They waited patiently till it began to grow dark, when one of them remarked: —

"I wish Harry'd make a little haste, if he is comin'; I'm beginnin' to feel a little like puttin' away some fodder."

"Oh, Bill, we can afford to wait a little longer. His company generally makes the food taste as good again," said another of the men. "There's no dullness while he's about. I've been in service the whole campaign; and I never come across a fellow like him in camp, yet."

"He's a first-rate chap," replied Bill, "but fodder's a good deal better for a hungry stomach than his company, I'm thinkin'."

"Here he comes!" exclaimed the individual nearest the entrance. "He's just turnin' the corner of the wood."

"Ha, ha! boys," said Harry, "you've eaten up all the victuals, I suppose, by this time. I'm awful ravenous, after the tramp I've had."

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"No, indeed," replied Bill; "we've been waitin' for you till I'm almost hungry enough to eat you up. Come on now; will you?"

As Harry arrived at the tent, the men arose, and set about fixing the fire so as to make a light in the tent, to enable them to 'find the way to their mouths,' — though, in their present hungry state, that would not have been a difficult operation,—and also divided the provisions they had been cooking.

"Well, boys," said Harry, "I've been wanderin' through the country, up here, to see what it's like. I tell you, there's some pretty scenery around these parts."

"I know it," said Bill. "I saw it when we were camped here before."

"For my part," observed Harry, "I'd sooner look at beautiful scenery than eat."

"Ah!" said Bill, disposing of his victuals at a wonderful rate, "you romantic young men are apt to let yourselves be carried away from the substantial business of life. Now, for my part, I'd sooner eat a dinner of my old mother's cooking, than look at all the pretty scenery in creation. There's nothin' like eatin'."

"Except it is drinking," added John; another of the men.

"Yes, that's well put in," replied Bill. "Good eatin' and drinkin' is a pair of things I fell in love

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with just after I was born, and the likin' still sticks to me."

"If you fellows keep on, you'll get me to quoting poetry," said Harry, who was, from his conversation, evidently a man of some education.

"Oh, don't," replied Bill. "Of all things, I hate poetry. I like to hear things said in a plain, common-sense way, and not tuned to music. Such things are foolish."

"Well, Bill," said Harry, "you are about the dullest customer I've ever had to deal with. What's a man fit for, that don't like pretty scenery and poetry? Nothing but 'treasons, stratagems, and spoils,' as Shakspeare says."

"Oh, drat the poetry, and the Shakspeare, and all that. Tell us somethin' worth hearin'. Somethin' that you've seen this campaign, if you've got nothin' else," said Bill.

"Yes," said John; "somethin' about this campaign. You've been in it all through, and you must have seen somethin' worth tellin'."

"Well, boys," replied Harry, as he put his last piece in his mouth, "I think I can tell you about things that I've seen this campaign, that'll amuse you for awhile. Let me see. You joined the army just before the last battle, I believe?"

"John and I did," replied Bill; "but Joe, over there, has been in service the whole campaign, like

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yourself. Bob, here, joined, he says, after the battle at the Court-House."

. "Well, Joe can keep himself still, while I tell you three all about the different affairs that have come under my observance. If I get too prosy and dull in my narrative, you must stop me. To begin, then. Guilford Court-House was the first place I ever saw a battle. You may have heard that, just before that battle, Greene was reinforced by two brigades of militia from North Carolina, and one from Virginia, and about four hundred regulars, raised for eighteen months. It was with these regulars that I joined the army. Before we arrived, Greene was desirous of avoiding a battle with Cornwallis, — being in no way equal to him in force; but after our arrival, he concluded that our army was strong enough to risk a battle with the enemy. We were four thousand four hundred strong; but the largest part were militia. Cornwallis had with him about two thousand four hundred men; and they were chiefly troops who had seen many a victorious field. Our troops were drawn up in three lines. The front was composed of North Carolina militia; the second, of Virginia militia; and the last, of continental troops, commanded by General Huger and Colonel Williams. The battle was opened by a brisk cannonade, in front of the British army; and then they advanced in three columns. The Hessians were on the right, the Guards

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in the centre, and Colonel Webster's brigade on the left. They attacked our front line, which, as I told you, consisted of North Carolina militia; but when they were nearly a hundred and fifty yards off, the militia gave way. The reason was, they were untrained troops; and the colonel of one of the regiments cried out to another officer, at some distance, that 'he would be surrounded.' Now you might guess what effect such an announcement would have upon raw troops. They did n't stop to inquire whether it was true or not. That shows the use of having good officers, and how much depends upon them. The Virginia militia were the next to meet the advance of the enemy; and they stood their ground, and kept up their fire, till they were ordered to retreat. That was on account of their having a good and brave commander. General Stevens was the man. He posted forty riflemen, at equal distances, twenty paces in the rear of his brigade, with orders to shoot every man who should leave his post; and although he was wounded in the thigh, he set his men the example, by keeping his place. When the Virginia militia retreated, our turn came. I suppose you know how a man feels when he first goes into battle. In my case, the cause for anxiety was much greater than it generally is. I knew that everything depended upon the regular troops, and that we would have the principal shock of the battle to bear. Then,

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of course, we would have some hard fighting. At first, when I heard the roar of the musketry and cannon, and saw the wounded of the Virginia militia borne past us, I thought that, perhaps, that would be my fate; and I thought, also, of home and the friends I had left behind me; particularly one very near friend, that I knew was looking with anxiety for my return. But then, as the time for us to engage approached, I thought of the tyranny of the enemy we were fighting against, and that I stood there as the defender of my home and fireside from oppression; and by the time the order was given for us to engage, every fear of consequence was banished from my mind. I went ahead, heart and soul, intent on doing as much mischief as I could. We fought for an hour and a half, in the most obstinate and bloody manner. The veteran troops of the British came on with the force and steadiness they had displayed on many former occasions; and our half-trained regulars met them as if they, too, were veterans. The bravery our troops displayed in that contest of an hour and a half, could not have been surpassed; but discipline triumphed. The enemy broke the second Maryland brigade, turned our left flank, and got in the rear of the Virginia brigade. They even appeared to be gaining on our right, when they would have surrounded us; and the General therefore ordered a retreat. We retreated about three miles, and then

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drew up again, expecting the British to follow up their success; but they had been too much galled for that. The victory, as they called it, beat them so badly that they dared not follow us; and when we had collected our stragglers, we retreated to Speedwell's Iron-Works, about ten miles from Guilford. I was n't hurt any; but you must n't infer that I did n't do much fighting. I stood my ground, and blazed away while the men were falling all around me; and I learned to look death in the face pretty steadily that day. However, I was n't sorry when the battle was over. We had reaped every advantage from the encounter but the bare possession of the field. They had lost six hundred and sixty-three, in killed and wounded, without the officers; and we had about four hundred killed and wounded. They were compelled to retreat from Guilford, soon after the battle, and to leave the wounded they had captured, and seventy-five of their own, in the same condition. We were ready for another battle, as soon as we retired to Reedy Fork; but they would n't attempt such a thing."

"When I went to school," interrupted Bill, "I used to read, in a Roman history we had, about a general that brought a large army into the country of the Romans; and, in a battle that they fought with the Romans, they were victorious; but, when the battle was over, the general of the army invading the coun-

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try of the Romans, said: — 'Another such a victory, and I am undone.' I guess the British commander might have said the same thing, after that battle you 're speakin' about."

"Very true, Bill. The general you mean was named Pyrrhus," replied Harry.

"Yes," said Bill.

"The loss of the battle — that is, the field — was blamed upon the North Carolina militia; was n't it?" asked John.

"Yes," replied Harry, "and with very good reason; they might have given the enemy a severe check, if they had stood their ground. Then, with our regular troops to second them, the victory would have been certain. As it was, the fate of the day was for a long time doubtful."

"Well," put in Joe, "go on with the narrative; will you?"

"All in the proper time," said Harry. "You know that, soon after the battle of Guilford Court-House, Greene marched into South Carolina, which he said he would recover, or die in the attempt."

"Yes; we've heard of the noble resolution of Greene," said Bill; "Joe was tellin' us about that."

"Well," continued Harry, "the main body of the army marched against Camden, while Colonel Lee marched to join Marion, on this river here, the Santee, to lay siege to Fort Watson, between Camden

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and Charleston. I was with the main army, and therefore I can't tell you any more about the surrender of Fort Watson than you know already. We encamped before Camden. It's a small village, situated on a plain, covered on the south and east sides by the Wateree and a creek, and was defended on the northern and western sides by six redoubts. The British force there numbered about nine hundred men; and they were commanded by Lord Rawdon,—a brave and prudent man, be it said. Our army consisted of about nine hundred continentals, and two or three hundred militia. The General, of course, would n't attempt to take such a post as that by storm, or even think of investing it, with such a force as we had. So, he took post about a mile from Camden, and waited to see if the garrison would come out of their lines. We were n't disappointed. The whole British force, under the command of Lord Rawdon, came out to meet us; and from the arrangements we had made, we thought victory was certain. We encountered the British on their advance, and drove them before us, after a short conflict. While they were retreating, pursued by some of our troops, from some mistake or other, Colonel Gurley, who commanded the first Maryland regiment, ordered them to retire. That order caused our defeat; for the enemy rallied at once, on seeing the Maryland troops retire, and returned to the charge with such

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impetuosity, that we were forced to retire; but we did it in such order, that we brought off most of our wounded, all our artillery, and a number of prisoners we had taken. So you see the enemy did n't get anything by our retreat, except the honor of defeating us. That was a great deal, however, to General Greene. He thought the victory certain; and he had taken measures to cut off the enemy's retreat. It was a bitter disappointment, I tell you, just when we thought we had beaten the enemy, to be defeated by a mistake of an officer. But Camden seemed to be an unlucky place for us. Everything we attempted near there failed; — not from any want of bravery or generalship, but from some cause impossible to be foreseen. The British lost about one-third of their whole force, in killed and wounded, and we lost about one-fourth. They retired to Camden, after our retreat; but Greene had taken such measures to cut off their supplies, that although they received a reinforcement of four or five hundred men, they soon evacuated Camden, and we attained the object of the previous battle. That was a specimen of Greene's generalship. He was just as active after a defeat as before the battle, and nothing could dishearten him."

"That was the whole secret of his success in the campaign," said Bill. "He gained his object sometimes while sufferin' from a defeat on the field of battle."

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"But you were tellin' us how you felt on goin' into your first battle," said Bob; "how did you get along in this one?"

"Oh, boy, a man never has such feelings a second time," replied Harry. "I felt like a veteran. When I heard the roar of the artillery, and mixed in the battle, it seemed like a familiar scene to me. The bullets whistled around my ears, and it seemed like music I had heard before; and then the charge with the bayonet, when the enemy began to give way;— I rushed upon them with as hearty a will as I ever did anything."

"Yes; and I suppose when they rallied and turned on you, you left in the same manner," said Bill.

"That's an insinuation, Bill. Of course, I was n't sorry to get away with whole bones; but I expected to see the red-coats whipped, and did n't feel much like leaving the ground to them."

"Well," said Joe, anxious to keep Harry to the point, "go on with your story, or you won't get through before it's very late."

"Well, I left off after the battle before Camden. I'll tell you about an incident that occurred while we were encamped near that place. After the battle, desertions of the army were increasing to an alarming extent; and the General resolved to put an end to them, by putting to death any one who should be guilty of desertion, and afterwards taken. This re-

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solve was communicated to the army; but it appears that some of the men either were n't aware of the firmness with which General Greene executed his resolutions, or else the temptations to desert were too strong. However it was, the communication of the General's resolution did n't have much effect. The men continued to desert the same as before. Greene gave orders for their capture wherever they could be found; and, accordingly, eight men were taken soon after their desertion, and the unbending Greene condemned them to be hung on one day. The army was ordered out to witness the execution, and the appointed day arrived. I shall never forget the scene presented to us, when the condemned men were allowed to take leave of their wives and children, before suffering the rigorous penalty of the crime they had committed. I call it a crime, because it appears to me to deserve that name. To desert a small army like ours, fighting for their homes, in our time of need, after a bloody battle, when we were reduced by the loss in killed and wounded, seems to me to be worthy of being called criminal. The children were clinging to the parent they were about to lose, and the women were not to be consoled, as they hung round the necks of their husbands. I could scarcely bear it myself; but the General, you know, is a man that does n't often waver from his clear line of duty because his feelings are excited. You may have

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heard that, when Andre was undergoing his trial for being a spy, he asked that his punishment by hanging should be commuted to that of being shot; for he wanted to die like a soldier. All the officers were anxious to grant his request but Greene. He said that Andre was either a spy or an innocent man. If he was a spy, the laws of war prescribed the penalty; if he was an innocent man, all punishment of him was unjust; and Greene's opinion prevailed. This showed the General's unbending firmness in the execution of the clear line of duty. But I wander away from my story a little too much. The General could not be moved by any such scene. One by one, the men mounted the scaffold which had been erected, and were launched into eternity. I could only look at the first two. I could look calmly on, and see men slain in fighting with their foes in a fair field; then they died as I would wish to die myself. But to see men walk up to meet their death like dogs, by the rope, was more than agreed with my nature. I waited anxiously till the last body was cut down, and never felt so relieved in my life, as when we received the order to move from our position.

"Ah!" said Bill, "I've seen some of that kind of work done myself. I know pretty near what your feelin's were like."

"What our nature revolts at so much, must be wrong," said Harry, argumentatively. "Whatever

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the laws of war may be, it seems to me, that putting a man to death because he deserts, is a very foolish thing. Desertion is a crime, in some cases, as I said before; but putting the man to death does n't make him a good soldier. They say, that uphold this punishment, that its object is to prevent the commission of the crime; and that a punishment not extending to the taking of life would n't have that effect; but I do n't believe it. I 'd like to see it have as much of a trial as the other punishment. Then we could tell a little truer about it."

"You talk very fine," replied Bill. "I do n't understand the why and wherefore of what you 've been sayin', but it looks as if it would stand to reason. We ought to have a trial of other kinds of punishment, before we say that none other will do."

"I think a man ought to be hung that deserts his own colors," observed Bob. "No man worth livin' will do it. He never would do any good if he was to be let off. It 's a chance if some of the men that deserted did n't go and join the red-coats that 's fightin' against their countrymen; and such men as would do that ought to be strung up without a jury."

"You say he 'll never do any good if he was let off," returned Harry. "How do you know that? He might become a good man, and do a thousand good actions, to make reparation for that one bad one.

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Men that have done the worst of actions have repented, and have done the best."

"Oh, go on with your story," said Joe, who hated arguments.

"No; I guess we'll postpone the rest of the narrative till to-morrow night," said Harry; who, no doubt, had got to thinking on the subject of the death-penalty, and did not feel in the humor of any more story-telling that night.

"Well," said Bill, "I'm willin' to go to sleep now. I've been winkin' some time. But don't forget where you left off in the story, Harry."

The fire on which the evening meal was prepared had been left to die out, and the men closed the opening in the tent, and wrapped themselves in their blankets. Two or three times, Bill interrupted the gathering silence by some question propounded to Harry; but Harry seemed moody, and returned very short answers. Bill, therefore, soon got tired of questioning, and the whole party were soon wrapped in slumber.

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Battle Ground of Yorktown.

THE CAMP-FIRE NEAR CHARLESTON.

JANUARY, 1783, saw the army of the South, under General Greene, who had so successfully conducted it through the previous campaign, encamped in the neighborhood of Charleston, South Carolina. The army had suffered greatly from the want of provisions, ammunition, and all the necessary equipage of a camp. The reason of this was, not the want of supplies in the magazines, but the difficulty of transportation. On the 4th of January preceding, a reinforcement arrived, detached from the main army at Yorktown, after the surrender of Cornwallis. The men were in high spirits, on account of the triumph they had achieved, and the prospect it opened of their

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speedy return to their homes, and the enjoyment of peace. The men composing the reinforcement were well received by their brethren in arms, to whom the details of the events which had brought about the surrender were most interesting. The watch-fires of the camp never blazed in the midst of groups of men more buoyant in spirits than those which were assembled around them in Greene's camp, after the arrival of the troops from Yorktown. Nearly all looked upon the capture of Lord Cornwallis as the termination of hostilities, and to them

"Grim-visaged War had smoothed his wrinkled front."

The night was dark and chilly — the severest winter nights of South Carolina are not much more. The warmth of the fires was in demand among the troops, and they were well heaped with their necessary food. Each had its group of five, or more, and talking and singing filled the hours before the time of seeking repose. Some of the messes were so lucky as to secure visitors from the detachment just arrived from Yorktown, and they took care to make the most of them. To one of this fortunate description we will direct our attention. It was a group of six men, sitting on some small logs they had drawn near the fire. The clothing of most of them was much soiled and worn, and their general appearance of face and feature might be classed in the same description.

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The one who honored the mess with a visit could readily be distinguished from the rest by a slight difference in the appearance of his clothing, and the general respect which was paid to him by the rest of the men. They were all attention when he spoke; though there was a cordiality about his manner which would seem capable of banishing all formality. His name was Barton, and he had been introduced and welcomed to the men through the instrumentality of an old comrade of his, by the name of Crisp. Dick Crisp and he had gone through most of the prominent battles of the early part of the war, in the same company. But when General Greene took command of the southern army, Crisp's term of service was out; and his family moving to South Carolina, soon after, he concluded to join his force. He served with Greene through his arduous but triumphant campaign, and now, near the close of the war, had the pleasure of meeting his old comrade, Sam Barton.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Dick. "You don't remember all the sport we used to have up there, in old Jersey and New York, along with all our troubles."

"Oh, yes," replied Sam, "I'll never forget some of our doings, even though I don't see any of my old comrades any more. Dick, I believe you're the only one left out of all the party of fellows we used to know when you were in our company."

"I am!" said Dick, in surprise. "Why, what's

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become of Bob Jones? — Long Bob, we used to call him, you know."

"Oh, he fell at Stony Point," answered Sam. "He was one of the forlorn hope. Poor fellow! He and I've seen some great times together."

"Then there was Harry Henkins," said Dick. "He was a whole-souled fellow. He tended me, when I was sick, just like a brother."

"Yes, there was no mistake about Harry's heart being in the right place," said Sam. "He got sick, and when his term of service was out, he left the army, and I've never seen him since. I think he must have either remained sick to this day, or else have died; for I often heard him say his country should have his arm as long as he was able to shoulder a musket."

"Then there was John Higgins," said Dick, musingly. "He's not dead, too; is he?"

"Yes; poor John fell at Yorktown, after going through the best part of the war," replied Sam. "I saw him fall. It was just as we were entering a redoubt we had captured. The last fire of the red-coats killed him."

"That *was* hard," said Dick, "after going through so many hard-fought battles."

"Come, come, men, don't have all the talk to yourselves," remarked another of the group, by the name of Rattler. "We would like to hear something about

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BATTLE OF PRINCETON.

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Yorktown. Can't you oblige us, Barton, with a few of the particulars of the surrender?"

"Oh, yes, I can tell you something about it; though there was nothing of any consequence done there, except the surrender of Lord Cornwallis."

"Oh, don't tell us that," returned Rattler. "Lord Cornwallis is not the man to surrender without some fighting. Give us some account of it, anyhow."

"I'll tell you what I'll do," replied Barton. "I'll tell you about Yorktown, as far as I saw, and then one of you must agree to tell me about something that's been going on down here. There's a good many things that you can tell me, that I want to know all about. There's Eutaw Springs, and the Cowpens, and Camden. Any of them I'll be glad to hear about."

"Bill, here," said Rattler, "was at the Cowpens. I suppose he'll be willing to tell you."

"Certainly," replied Bill, "if he tells us about Yorktown."

"Let's have a song from Rattler, first, though," said Dick. "He can sing about as well as anybody I know, and he knows some real stirring songs."

"Good," said Sam Barton. "I won't tell about Yorktown till Rattler does sing."

"Oh, I don't want any coaxing," was the reply. "'Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have I give unto you.' I don't think I can sing some of

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the songs I know, but you're welcome to it, such as it is."

"Never mind apologies or quoting Scripture, but just drive on. We all want to hear the song," said Dick.

"The song I'm going to sing," said Rattler, is one of the real grit. It has a chorus that runs this way, — and Rattler hummed over the chorus of the song that follows. "You must all join in; but don't sing too loud, or you'll have the sergeant down on us. It is called the 'Song of the Revolution.'" The men nodded assent, and Rattler proceeded with his song, in a tolerably clear and sweet voice: —

Come, freemen, rally,
  Your banners fling out,
Till the mountain's top
  Gives back your shout.
The trumpet is sounding
  O'er valley and glen;
The sword is unsheath'd
  For the murder of men!
    Death to the tory,
      Torture and shame!
    Death to the tory,
      Fagot and flame!

King George has declared
  That we shall not be free,
His vengeance is roused
  For the waste of his tea!

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His troops throng our cities,
  His vessels our ports,
And waves his proud flag
  From the tops of our forts!
    Death to the tory, &c.

All blithe is King George
  As he sitteth on high,
And the words which he utters
  Are, "Worship or die!"
And gayly he sits
  'Mid the banqueting throng,
And listens with joy
  To the reveller's song.
    Death to the tory, &c.

But his fate is now seal'd,
  And his power is shaken,
And the people at last
  From their slumber awaken;
For their blood has been shed
  On the green grass sod,
And no power now rules them
  Save that of their God!
    Death to the tory,
      Torture and shame!
    Death to the tory,
      Fagot and flame!

"That's what I call a stirring song," said Barton, when the last discord of voices in the chorus had died away. "'Death to the tory!' I say. I expect they'll be coming over to our side every day, now,

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when they see we're the strongest. That's the way with such folks."

"I told you Rattler knew how to do it," said Dick Crisp. "Now we'll have your story just as quick as you please."

"Well, I'll soon put you in possession of what I know about the surrender," replied Sam. "You must know, in the first place, that we — that is, the brigade which I belong to—waited at Williamsburgh till the arrival of the army of Washington, and also till Count Rochambeau arrived, which was on the 25th of last September. Everything was then prepared for us to move towards Yorktown, as soon as possible. You see, Cornwallis with his whole army was at Yorktown, which was strongly fortified. I guess the whole strength of the army, after the French joined us, was about twelve thousand men. Then the militia of Virginia were ordered out, which soon made us a great deal stronger. The day before we marched from Williamsburgh, General Washington told us, in his general orders, if we should meet the red-coats on our march, to place our principal reliance on the bayonet; so that we might prove how vain was their boasting of their skill in deciding battles with that weapon."

"Was Washington commander-in-chief of all the forces — French and American?" enquired Crisp.

"Yes, I believe he was commander-in-chief of the

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united armies," replied Sam. "All the general orders were issued by him, at any rate. Well, the next day, we started early in the morning, and the front of the army halted about two miles from Yorktown, at sunset of the same day. We were so near the enemy, that General Washington ordered the whole army, officers and soldiers, to lie on their arms all night. I didn't sleep much that night, although I laid down. John Higgins and I talked the best part of the night. You see, John had what they call a presentiment, I believe, that he was going to be killed at Yorktown. As we were lying there, he mentioned it to me. He said he knew he never would march again with the army. I told him it was all fancy, and tried to persuade him out of it; but he could n't be persuaded. Then says he to me, 'Sam, do n't you think I've done my duty to my country?' Says I, 'You know I can't think otherwise, John; you've been in her service for about seven years, and endured all sorts of toils and sufferings; sometimes without pay, or clothes, or anything to eat. You've certainly done your duty, and I hope you'll live to do a great deal more yet.' But he shook his head, mournfully, and did n't say anything more for a while. At last, he said, 'Sam, do you think you'll ever go back to Springfield?' — that's where we both were raised. 'If I live till the war's over,' said I. 'Then I want to ask a favor of you,' said he. 'I left a

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mother in Springfield, you know. She'll look for me to come home, when the war's over. I've been writing to her off and on ever since I left home, and sending her what money I could spare. Your parents are both dead, and mother's poor. Will you see that she don't want, for the little time she has to live on earth?' I promised him I would, should his fears prove to be true; and then he grasped my hand, and shook it, while the tears trickled down his cheeks."

"Poor John!" said Dick; and that was all he could say, although his feelings were a good deal stirred by the account of his friend's strange presentiment.

"He was a great friend to me," continued Sam, "and I'll remember his mother, if ever I get back to Springfield. But I'm wandering away from my narrative. Yorktown is situated on the south side of York river, about fifteen miles, I believe, from the Chesapeake. Cornwallis's force in the town amounted to seven thousand men, at least. Our army was encamped in a semicircle around the place. The Americans formed the right wing, and the French the left. Well, we lay there, without the British doing anything to hurt us, till the 30th, when we found that they had abandoned three or four of their redoubts, during the night, and retired within the town. That left us a great deal of commanding ground; and our troops and a party of French were ordered to advance and take possession of the ground, while some

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of the other troops threw up breastworks. The British cannonaded all that day; but they wasted their ammunition; for in the whole day's cannonade they only wounded four militia-men. On that night, we were set to work to throw up two redoubts; and we had them nearly finished before we were discovered by the British. Then they poured their fire at us. But we kept on till we finished our work. On the 3d and 4th of October, they kept up a cannonade all the time; but they still wasted ammunition. We could see that the red-coats were getting hard-pushed for supplies, by the number of carcasses of horses floating down the river near our quarters. I heard that they killed six or seven hundred of them for want of forage. The rascals resorted to everything they could think of, to injure us; no matter whether it was allowed by the laws of war or not. They sent a parcel of niggers, who had the small-pox, out of Yorktown, to try to give it to our troops; but they were driven off, and so that scheme was n't of much benefit to them, or injury to us."

"It 's just like 'em," said Dick. "They do n't act like civilized men, no how."

"Yes; no matter how they are treated when they are captured, or how they are spared when they are defeated, they always act like savages," replied Sam. "But, as I said, they did n't succeed that time in their devilish purpose. On the night of the 6th, a

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large detachment, in which was our regiment, was sent out, under command of General Lincoln, to open entrenchments near the enemy's lines. The night was very dark, and towards the latter part it was rainy. Everything was conducted as silently as possible. Every officer and soldier knew his proper station; we moved about a mile from our former position. The working party were ahead, with all their entrenching tools and fascines on their shoulders, and then we followed, armed in full. Behind us, were the wagons and horses, with bags of sand, for throwing up breastworks, and the cannon and ordnance followed. Well, we worked hard all night, taking turn about, and before daylight we had finished a line two miles in length, and laid the foundation for two redoubts within six hundred yards of the British lines. At daylight, they discovered us; but we were under cover then, and did n't mind their blazing at us. It seemed that the French suffered more than we did. One of them deserted to the British; and after that the British kept up a constant fire against the French lines, and killed and wounded some of their men. On the 8th and 9th, our troops had a mighty hard time of it, I tell you. They had to labor in the trenches, turn about, every other day and night; and you know what sort of work that is, Dick."

"Yes, indeed, I think I do know something about

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that," replied Dick. "It's the hardest work I ever was engaged in."

"Well, we had it about as hard as anything of the kind you or I ever saw," said Sam. "The weather was pretty cold and damp; and, when we were relieved, we had to sleep in the open field, with only a blanket for a covering. I didn't suffer so much from the cold, because I had come from a colder climate, and had been through some cold winters. On the night of the 9th, we erected a battery in front of our line, without being annoyed by the British while at work. We soon had two or three batteries ready to open on the town; and, on the 10th, General Washington put the match to the first gun; and then the roaring and blazing commenced in real earnest. From the 10th to the 15th, there was a continual fire kept up both by the French and American batteries. It was tremendous. Then there was the return fire from the British. At night, it seemed like a constant thunder-storm, only a great deal more severe. One night, — I forget whether it was the 11th or 12th, — a red-hot shell from the French batteries set fire to the British frigate Charon and two or three smaller vessels. It was a splendid sight. The night was dark, and we could see from our post the ships all in a blaze; and then the thundering of the cannon, and the flashing of the light they made, with the addition of the shells flying through the air, with a long line

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of fire behind them, made as grand a sight as I ever saw. We had succeeded in throwing up another line of entrenchment nearer to the town, and had batteries within three hundred yards of the enemy's lines. This was done in the night, also. But they had two redoubts in front of their principal works, which were in the way of our entrenchments; and these, it was resolved, should be carried by assault. One of them was on the left of the British garrison, on the bank of the river. This is the one our brigade was to attack, under the command of General Lafayette. The other was to be left to the French. You see, Washington wanted to make us try to excel each other in the attack. He wanted to get our troops and the French excited by a desire to carry the point of attack before each other."

"He knew, I suppose, that our troops could beat the Frenchmen at that business," said Rattler.

"I don't suppose he did know any such thing," replied Sam. "The French are good soldiers, let me tell you; and what we had in our army were some of the best of the French. You must recollect that we were led by a Frenchman — one of the best generals in the army. But I'll leave that matter to others to discuss. I'm satisfied of the bravery of the French. The assault took place in the night. The advanced body was led on by Colonel Hamilton and Colonel Yimat. It was about eight o'clock when

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it commenced, and the men advanced without firing a gun. I was just behind John Higgins, and I thought of what he had said. He marched up to the work with a firm step, like all the rest. You see, we were going to carry the works altogether by the bayonet, and we had to advance through the fire from the redoubt. Well, we pushed on after Hamilton and his men; and such was the ardor of the men, that, although there was a tremendous fire from the whole British line, we were in the redoubt in about ten minutes after the assault commenced. I think we had just fairly entered it, when John Higgins fell just ahead of me; he was shot through the head. I expected that we'd have some killing to do with the bayonet; for some of the officers wanted to take revenge for the slaughter of our troops on two or three occasions. But Colonel Hamilton would n't allow it, and I think he was right. Some of the men that did n't go into the redoubt wanted to know why we did n't kill them all; as if we could have the heart to kill men that were on their knees, begging for quarter."

"No; you did right," said Dick. "There 's but little use of our following such an example as the British give us. We 're civilized men, and we ought to keep up our character."

"Certainly," replied Sam. "The red-coats actually did go down on their knees to us, begging for quarter.

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The commander of the fort was taken prisoner by Colonel Laurens himself. Then there were thirty of the men taken; the rest made their escape."

"How many did you lose?" enquired Rattler.

"We had only eight men killed, and thirty wounded," replied Sam. "I don't know how many they had killed and wounded; but before we left the fort, I saw a sergeant and eight men lying dead in the ditch."

"How did the French make out in their attack?" asked Bill.

"Oh, I don't know much about the particulars of that attack," was the reply. "I know, however, that they carried the redoubt a little while after we did ours. They lost a good many men, too, I believe."

"What was the reason of their being longer about it than you were?" asked Dick.

"Oh, I believe they wanted to go more scientifically about it. They waited till their pioneers cut away the abattis, while we went to work at once, and pulled it away with our hands. They were, of course, exposed to the fire of the red-coats a good deal longer than we were. But they didn't flunk a bit. Well, to go on with my story, when these two redoubts were captured, our second line was complete. Then we threw up two or three new batteries in front of that line, and some other works, till we had approached to within three hundred yards of their

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principal forts. We could see the execution our artillery done, by some of the batteries of the enemy being entirely silenced, and the works almost in ruins. On the 16th, the British made a sally. I suppose they were getting desperate. About four hundred men made an attack on two unfinished redoubts, which were occupied by the French; and they made out well, too. They killed several men, and spiked seven or eight pieces of cannon. But the French advanced and drove them back, with the loss of several killed and wounded. By the 17th, we had the whole of our works in operation. There was at least a hundred pieces of different kinds of ordnance, that let loose their thunder and hail on the British works. The firing was so heavy, that the ground seemed to shake under us. We could see the ruin we were making in the town and among their works. Some of their batteries were entirely silenced. I saw where the ground was ploughed up by the shells; and now and then you would see some of their men torn all to pieces by them. It was really an awful sight. At last, towards the close of that day, (that was the 17th,) two or three flags were seen to come from the British and proceed to head-quarters; and it was finally agreed to cease firing till the next day. That evening, there was a small party of our company sent over to the other side of the camp, where the French lay, on some business for Lafayette. I'm

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not sure, but I think it was to bring some baskets of wine from the French commander's. I was with them. It was just after a flag had arrived from the enemy. We had to go by General Washington's head-quarters; and as I saw the door was open, I thought I'd like to know what was going on. So, I looked around to see if I could find any way of getting at it, and I spied John Burley, on duty as sentinel, near the door of the tent. You know John; don't you, Dick?"

"John Burley — John Burley," said Dick, musing. "I think I recollect the name, but I don't know anybody just now to put it on."

"Well, he belongs to Wayne's brigade," continued Sam. "I don't know what regiment or company it is. He's a tall, stout fellow, and he's seen some pretty rough service in this war. He was walking near the door, on duty, and I told the men to go on, and I'd catch them in a little while. I went back, and began to talk to John about old times, and how he'd been getting along; all the time trying to see what was going on inside of Washington's quarters. I asked John; and he said that a British officer had just gone in with a flag. I knew that, and just asked him, to make him believe I was n't curious about the matter. Just then, I managed to get near the door; and I looked in, determined to have something to tell my comrades when I got back. There I saw

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WASHINGTON SENDING HIS ULTIMATUM TO CORNWALLIS.

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General Washington, standing straight upright, alongside of the table. He was just handing some papers, or a letter, — I could n't see which, — to a British officer, who was about to leave. You know what a noble-looking figure and face he has. He looked prouder than I ever saw him before. Two or three of his aids were sitting on the other side of the table. I could n't get more than a glance at things inside, before John beckoned me away. But he told me that General Washington was just sending his 'ultimatum,' I think he called it, to Lord Cornwallis."

"What 's an ultimatum?" asked Rattler.

"Why," replied Sam, a little hesitatingly, "it 's a sort of a last statement of terms, upon which two generals, that are fighting against each other, can arrange a peace or a surrender. That is, if the whipped general don't accept this ultimatum, he 'll have to continue to fight. Washington knew he had Cornwallis safe enough, and he made him come into the terms that suited us. Cornwallis wanted to march out, with his colors flying; but General Lincoln was n't allowed that honor at Charleston, and Washington wanted Cornwallis to come into the same terms. Well, I bid John good-bye, and hurried on after the men, full of news of what I had seen and heard. The next morning, we found that Cornwallis had tried to make his escape down the river, in boats, in the night. Well, that morning, the commissioners

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were appointed to arrange terms of capitulation; and we still remained quiet in our works, till we heard that everything had been settled, and that the British army were to march out and lay down their arms. Then we almost jumped for joy at our triumph. We had plenty of good eating and drinking given to us, as soon as it was known that the red-coats had agreed to surrender; and we had a jolly time of it throughout the camp."

"I'd have given twenty dollars to have been on the ground at the time of the surrender," said Dick; "and that's a big sum of money for one in my condition."

"Yes, it was a sight worth seeing, Dick," said Sam. "It would have been a good deal more to you men, though, than it was to us; because you've had so many skrimmages with them. The surrender took place on the 19th of October. The red-coats were to march out with shouldered arms, colors cased, and their drums beating a British or German march. All the marines and seamen of their ships were to be prisoners of war to the navy of France, and the land troops to the United States. All their military and artillery stores were to be given to us unimpaired. One thing that galled us most, was the escape of the most rascally of the tories. You see, General Washington arranged the terms so, that the tories were to be delivered to us without any conditions for their

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treatment. But Cornwallis contrived to get him to allow a vessel to go to New York, with despatches to Sir Henry Clinton, without the vessel's being searched. In this way, the tories that General Washington most wanted to get hold of, were smuggled to New York."

"That was an ingenious contrivance," said Dick. "Them infernal tories are what you ought to have caught particularly. I know in the South, here, they've all deserved hanging."

"Yes; not only in the South, but everywhere else in the States," replied Sam. "But they got off there, anyhow. About twelve o'clock, on the 19th, we were all drawn up in two lines, extending more than a mile in length. The Americans were drawn up on the right side of the road, and the French were on the left. At the head of our line, the great Washington was stationed, with his aids; and at the head of the French line was Count Rochambeau and his aids. There was almost as many people there, from the neighborhood, to see the surrender, as there was troops; but all was in good order. I think the French looked about as handsome and soldierlike in their uniforms as any body of troops I ever saw. They had some splendid bands of music, too, which added a great deal to the novelty of the scene. You might suppose we didn't look near so well as they did, for we were not all in uniform; and what troops were in uniform didn't look very neat."

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"Yes, I suppose the French made the best show; they always do," observed Dick.

"They really looked well, that day, and no mistake," continued Sam. "But they never would have looked so, if they had seen the service most of our troops had seen. About two o'clock, when the British army began to move through the two lines, I was looking to see Cornwallis, as was most of the troops and people. Just as they came in sight, I saw an officer, on a splendid horse, dressed in a complete British general's uniform. Jack Hand was standing next to me, and he got on his tiptoes to look at him. 'There 's Cornwallis,' now,' said he; and all around us began to murmur and whisper, 'There he comes!' 'There 's Cornwallis!' But when the general got nearer, I saw it was n't Cornwallis; for I had seen him two or three times before. I saw him at Germantown very clearly, and I knew that he was n't the man that was coming up. As soon as it got to be known, everybody looked disappointed. It turned out to be General O'Harra, who had been appointed to supply the place of Cornwallis, who pretended he was sick — 'indisposed,' he called it. I guess he was indisposed to show himself at the head of his conquered army, because he was too proud. A commander who won't share the troubles of his troops, as well as their victories and conquests, ought to be shot; that 's my opinion."

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"That would n't have been the course of Washington," said Rattler. "If his troops had been compelled to surrender, he would have been at the head of the column."

"Well, you know there 's a great deal of difference between the characters of Cornwallis and Washington," replied Sam. "After General O'Harra, came the red-coat army. They were dressed in full uniform, and looked well enough, as far as that goes; but their ranks were broken, and they had an irregular step. They seemed to feel the disgrace they had to bear, and some of them hung their heads. Their arms were shouldered, and their drums beat a British march. When they got to the head of our line, General O'Harra rode to the commander-in-chief, and, taking off his hat, apologized for the absence of Lord Cornwallis. General Washington pointed to General Lincoln, for directions. That general conducted the British army to a large field, just beyond our lines, but within our view. There was the trial for the dogged, obstinate Britons. Their platoon officers gave the word, 'Ground arms!' and they threw their muskets on the pile as if they wanted to break them, till General Lincoln put a stop to it. When they had finished laying down their arms, they were all escorted back to Yorktown, by our troops, to stay there till they could be removed to the interior of Maryland. The British troops stationed at

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Gloucester surrendered, about the same time, to the French general, De Choise."

"Then, I suppose, you Americans marched into camp, to the tune of Yankee Doodle; did n't you?" enquired Dick.

"Yes, we were in high spirits," replied Sam. "The people who had come from all parts of the neighboring country, to see the surrender, cheered us loudly, I tell you, as soon as they heard that tune. It set them in such spirits that they could n't contain themselves. They burst out in cheer after cheer. It was a great day for us."

"How large was the army that surrendered?" enquired Rattler.

"The troops, of every kind, that surrendered, amounted to at least seven thousand," replied Sam. "But there was so many sick and wounded, that it was found there was only about four thousand capable of bearing arms. Then there was fifteen hundred seamen, who shared the fate of their army. I think there was about a hundred and thirty cannon and mortars, brass and iron together, that became our property; there were, also, about eight thousand good muskets."

"What was the loss on both sides, during the siege?" enquired Dick.

"I hardly know what the loss of the British was," replied Sam. "The American troops lost twenty-

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seven killed and seventy-three wounded. The French lost fifty killed and one hundred and twenty-seven wounded. I think the loss of the British was more than five hundred, anyhow."

"Well, they may congratulate themselves upon getting off with so small a loss," said Dick; "for, I suppose, if they had held out a little longer, they would have been cut up horribly."

"No mistake about that," replied Sam. "I'm sure I could n't give you an idea how things looked in Yorktown. I went all through it, soon after the siege. Some of the houses were very much like honeycomb. Furniture and books were scattered all over the ground, and the carcasses of men and horses could be seen, half covered with earth. In some places, the ground was thrown up into mounds, by the force of our shells. I did n't see any place a man could have stood in, where he could be safe. It was no wonder they surrendered."

"It would have been best for them to have done it some time before; it would have saved life," said Bill. "But Cornwallis thought only of his reputation. It was pride made him hold out."

"That's all; there's not much doubt about it," replied Sam. "But it's getting pretty late in the night. I'm afraid we won't hear about the Cowpens, if Bill don't soon get at the telling of it."

"Plenty of time, if you're not sleepy," returned

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Bill. "The battle of the Cowpens won't detain you long. It was a short action, but a confounded hot one."

"I'm anxious to hear about it," said Sam. "I know what General Morgan is. I know there must have been a hot action. Let me see. Tarleton was the British leader; was n't he?"

"Yes; Colonel Tarleton was their leader," was the reply. "He's a sort of celebrated character down this way. But Morgan was too much for him."

"Well, go on, Bill; let's hear about the Cowpens," said Sam.

"In the first place, there's no time to tell you about the manœuvring we had just before the battle," began Bill, "any more than that we were posted beyond the Wateree, to watch the movements of the enemy at Camden and Wynsborough. We took our position on the 25th of December, 1781. We were under the command of General Morgan, and numbered, after we were joined by Pickens's militia, about seven hundred in all. There was our infantry, under Colonel Howard, numbering about three hundred; about one hundred and seventy-five Virginia riflemen; and about seventy light dragoons, under the dashing Colonel William Washington. The North and South Carolina militia numbered about two hundred, under Colonel Pickens. Well, about the 15th of January, General Morgan got word from

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General Greene, putting him on his guard against a detachment he said was coming against us. Morgan thought it would be the best plan to keep out of a battle as long as possible, with such a small number of troops as he had, and he concluded to retreat from our position. On the 16th, our scouts brought us word that more than a thousand of the red-coats, under Colonel Tarleton, were coming in pursuit of us. They had seen them. So Morgan thought there was no time to lose, and we moved off in quick time; and it was well we did; for we heard, afterwards, that Tarleton was on the same ground about three hours after we had left. We marched all night, over the roughest ground, and through marshes, till we came to a place where Morgan thought there was a good chance for making a stand. It was an open wood, called the Cowpens, near the Pacolet river. Before daylight, we were all drawn up in order of battle. The North and South Carolina militia, under Colonel Pickens, formed the first line, which was advanced a few hundred yards before the second, with orders to form on the right of the second, when forced to give way. Our light infantry, and the Virginia riflemen, composed the second line, which was commanded by Colonel Howard. The cavalry of Colonel Washington, and about forty mounted militia, under Colonel M'Call, were some distance in the rear. I suppose you can understand this disposition; can't you?"

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"Oh, yes, I understand the line of battle," replied Sam. "I've seen many a one drawn up in the same manner."

"Well, if you understand it, I'll go on," said Bill. "Just at daylight, we caught sight of the enemy, coming up as fast as they could. They did n't wait even to form their line. Tarleton was so sure of victory, that he gave the order to advance while they were forming. On they came, with a shout, and poured their fire into us; but Pickens's militia were ordered to keep their fire till the enemy were within forty or fifty yards, and then throw it into them. They did their duty; but though the infantry of the enemy suffered a considerable loss, they pressed on, and the militia had to give way. I forgot to tell you that the British had two field-pieces, and we had none; that was another advantage, besides their numbers and discipline. Well, then our turn came, as the militia give way, and we stood our ground, and delivered our fire with terrible effect, till they came upon us too thick and fast, and we fell back to the cavalry. We were the only regular continental troops on the field. About the time we fell back, Colonel Ogilvie, of the British cavalry, charged on our right flank, with about forty men; and he was cutting down the militia at a butchering rate, when Colonel Washington charged them with his dragoons, and beat them back in confusion. Just as that was

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done, we saw that so many of the British had fallen, especially officers, that they were too few to follow up their advantage, and that Tarleton's cavalry did n't move to their assistance; and Colonel Howard rallied our whole force, and charged the foe with fixed bayonets. You never saw a set of men more astonished. They thought they had defeated us. The militia rallied about the same time, and charged on them. The advance fell back, and that started the whole of them. Nearly three hundred horse, that had not been engaged, fled through the woods, in confusion. The cannon was soon secured by our troops, after killing and wounding almost all that had been detached to manage them. Their infantry was thrown into confusion, as we pressed on with the bayonet; and Colonel Howard called out to them to lay down their arms, and they should have quarter. I guess about five hundred of their splendidly-equipped infantry laid down their arms to our militia and our continentals together. Colonel Washington pursued their cavalry for several miles; but the best part of them escaped. I heard, since, that Tarleton received a cut on the hand, from Washington, so near was he on to him; but he escaped. The only infantry that got off, was a body left to guard the baggage. They destroyed part of the baggage that they could n't carry off, and away they went, on the spare horses and in the wagons. They all escaped."

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"Ho, ho, ho!" laughed Sam. "That *was* a victory. How many did you lose, and how many did they lose? Tell us all the particulars."

"We only had twelve killed and sixty wounded," replied Bill. "Think of that. They had ten commissioned officers and a hundred rank and file, *killed*, and two hundred wounded. Twenty-nine commissioned officers, and more than five hundred privates, fell into our hands as prisoners. I felt pretty savage for awhile, because the Colonel would n't let us kill some of the red-coats we took. They were about as big a set of rascals as ever breathed. If we had been defeated, they would have cut us all off without mercy. But I got over my feelings, when I got a little cooler. I do n't believe a man was killed after he had surrendered. The two pieces of cannon we captured, had seen some strange travels. They had been taken from the British, at Saratoga, and then retaken by them, at Camden, and now recovered by us again. There were two standards, eight hundred muskets, thirty-five baggage-wagons, and a hundred dragoon horses, taken."

"That was as glorious a victory as was ever gained by any troops," remarked Sam. "Only think of about half as many militia as there were regular British troops, not only defeating them, but killing or capturing almost the whole force! It was really great."

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"You may well say that," returned Dick; "but the best of it was, that it happened just at the time when our troops and friends were in the lowest spirits. That made it seem more glorious; and Congress voted a gold medal to General Morgan, and silver ones to Howard and Washington."

"Yes; and a sword to Pickens," added Bill. "The militia done their duty that day, and Pickens deserved something handsome."

"Well, I'll have to get you fellows to tell me more about the Southern campaign when you get time," said Sam. "But I'll go to my quarters, now."

"I'll see you again, to-morrow, Sam," said Dick. "Good-night."

After bidding their visitor good-night, the men arranged the fire, and prepared themselves for repose, with the exception of Dick, who was left on duty as sentinel. There we will leave him to muse on the comrades he had lost during the war; the memory of them having been awakened by the narrative of Sam Barton.

General Pickens.

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THE OFFICERS' CAROUSAL.

THE war was ended in all but the name. A treaty of peace had not yet, however, been concluded between the government of Great Britain and her rebellious—because liberty-loving—child. The greater part of the army of Washington proceeded northward, soon after the capture of Cornwallis; and, after a great many movements from place to place, we find them, on the 31st of August, 1783, encamped at Verplanck's Point, on the Hudson River, opposite Stony Point. The troops were improving greatly in discipline and appearance, under the able management of the commander-in-chief, and all were in the best spirits.

It was a lovely moonlight night — such as September, in its early stage, alone can furnish. The white tents of the encampment, arranged in parallel lines, presented a singular sight to the distant spectator, while the lonely sentinels, removed from their companions, could not but enjoy the cool air, and the beauty of the night. Some of the tent-doors were

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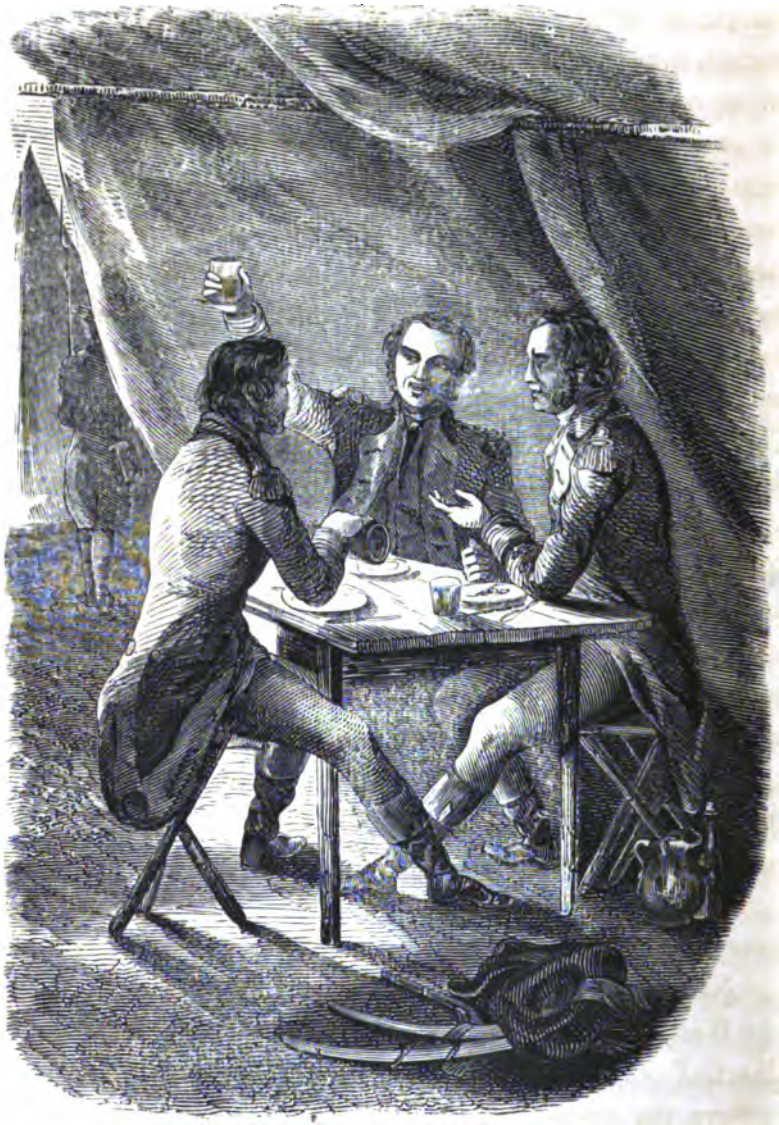

THE OFFICERS CAROUSING AT VERPLANCK'S POINT.

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pushed aside, to admit the light of the sweet lamp of heaven, to serve in the place of dimmer, yet more glaring, luminaries. From these, the hum of conversation or the voice of song issued upon the night. To one of them we turn our attention, and record what is said and done. Three officers are seated upon their camp-stools, at a common-looking table, passing the time in the joviality inspired by the rosy liquid they imbibe from their well-filled glasses. Crackers and cheese added their comforting influence to the carousal, serving to make the fare more substantial. The accoutrements of the three were thrown upon the floor; alongside of the table, were a pitcher of water and a bottle of champagne, waiting till its predecessor upon the table should be emptied. One of the officers was evidently older than the other two, and had seen harder service, —judging from his appearance. The other two were in the full bloom of manhood.

"Now, Merton, tell us one of your stories," said the youngest of the officers, to the eldest. "We are just in the humor for it."

"I suppose I have told you about Charlie Morgan; have n't I?"

"Never heard you," was the reply.

"Well, then, I'll tell you, now, all I know about Charlie."

Here the speaker, as is customary among story-

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tellers, about to begin, took a drink, assumed an easy posture, and commenced: —

Charlie Morgan, the son of a respectable farmer in Jersey, one day took it into his wise head to "'list."

"Mother," said he, "I want to 'list in the army."

"Lord o' marcy!" exclaimed the old woman, putting up her hands, and, in her astonishment, dropping her stocking, (to the great delight of a sly kitten, who immediately seized upon it,) "what? do you want to be a soger?"

"Yes, I do," answered Charlie.

"And go away and leave your poor mother, and your old daddy?"

"Why, mother, it is for the good of you both, that I want to go. I shall earn a heap of money."

Here he "put the case" in the most tempting manner to the old lady; who, when she had in some measure recovered from her astonishment, promised to speak to her "old man," and to persuade him into giving his consent to Charlie's wishes. Her son put on his hat, and stepped to the cottage door.

"But, my boy," said his mother, "there's Jenny, — what'll she say?"

Now, Charlie Morgan, who was as fine-looking a specimen of a rustic as ever walked the ground, with black eyes, under a quantity of curling brown hair, a tall, stalwart figure, and erect walk, had found favor in the sight of Jenny Commel, a pretty, blue-

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eyed damsel of eighteen, the daughter of his next-door neighbor; and his sudden determination to enlist was the result of an attack of jealousy.

"Never you mind, mother," said he, in reply to her last question, "I'll settle matters with Jenny."

Whereupon, he walked into the garden, out of the gate, up the gravel walk of the next yard, and finally stood still, opposite Miss Jenny, who was industriously spinning, at her door.

"Good afternoon, Miss Commel," said Charlie, stiffly. "I did not expect to find you at home; I thought you would certainly be out taking a pleasant walk with George Cobert, the dunce."

"George Cobert's no dunce!" answered Jenny, firing up; "he's a brave man, and a good soldier; not a man to stay at home, working on a farm, when his country's suffering!"

"The deuce!" thought Charlie. "I'm in a fair way of 'biting off my nose, to spite my face.' Jenny likes this soldiering."

"Besides," continued Jenny, "you was n't very far wrong in your guess; he'll be here directly, to take me to ride."

"The devil!" exclaimed Charlie; who straightway put on his hat, strode out of the garden, and enlisted that very evening, and set out for the army, without so much as informing Jenny of his intentions, or bidding her good-bye. He joined the Jersey brigade,

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and proving a good soldier, attracted the attention of General Lafayette. That officer, in the course of movements on the James River, being anxious to procure exact information as to the force under Cornwallis, proposed to Charlie Morgan, and to George Cobert, that one of them should enter the British camp, in the character of a deserter, in order to spy out their plans. Charlie undertook the perilous enterprise; merely stipulating that, if he was detected and hanged as a spy, General Lafayette would cause it to be inserted in the Jersey newspapers, that he had acted under the orders, and according to the commands, of that officer.

Escaping the dangers of the journey, the pretended deserter succeeded in passing the British lines, and was conducted into the presence of Cornwallis. That general, seated in his tent, began to question Charlie.

"My good fellow," said he, "why did you desert the American army?"

"Oh, your lordship," replied Charlie, "when I first entered the American army, at the beginning of the war, I was put under George Washington's command, and I was satisfied to serve under him; but, now that they have gone and put me and the rest under the command of the Frenchman, Mister Lafayette, there, I did not like it at all; and that's why I deserted."

"Then I suppose you want to enter this army, and serve us, and fight for our cause?" asked Cornwallis.

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"Yes, if it please your lordship, I should like it exceedingly," answered Charlie.

"Very well; I will receive you," replied Corn wallis; and Charlie was accordingly received without suspicion. He was punctual and exact in discharging his duties as a *British* soldier, and meantime very carefully observed and treasured up in his remembrance all that passed around him. Nothing was suffered to escape his quick observation. One day, while he was on duty with his comrades, the British soldiers, Lord Cornwallis, who was in earnest conversation with some of his officers, called to Charlie, and when he approached, asked him,

"How long, my good fellow, do you think it will take Lafayette to cross the James River?"

"Three hours, your lordship," was the quick reply.

"Three hours!" ejaculated Cornwallis; "are you sure? I should have supposed that it would have required at least three days."

"Oh! bless your soul, no! your lordship," answered Charlie. "The General, there, has so many boats; each boat will carry so many men; and if your lordship will merely take the trouble and time to calculate all that, you will come to the conclusion that he can cross in three hours, instead of three days, your lordship."

At the conclusion of this speech of Charlie's, Lord Cornwallis turned to his officers, and, in the hearing

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of the young American, said, "Our scheme will not answer at all, then."

Charlie Morgan now resolved to abandon his new friends; and, in order to escape, he determined to ply his companions with liquor, until they should be in high spirits, from the effects of the grog.

"What will you take to drink?" said he to some of them, one day.

"Oh, we'll go and 'grog,'" answered they.

"Well, come along," said Charlie; who accordingly gave them all, four in number, as much as they could drink; and when he had succeeded in somewhat clouding their intellectual faculties, and lessening their reasoning powers, he began to complain of the wants of the British troops, and to paint in glowing colors the luxuries enjoyed by the American army; extolling the kindness of the officers, the privileges granted to the soldiers, and, above all, tickling the appetites of his comrades, by a glowing description of the abundant and excellent provisions; and, in conclusion, he proposed to them to desert. They agreed to accompany him, and left it to him to manage the sentinels. This, Morgan agreed to do. When he reached the first sentinel, he offered him, in an apparently friendly manner, a draught of rum from his canteen.

"Here, take a drink," said Charlie, offering him the canteen.

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"Thank you; that's just what I was wishing for," replied the man, taking the canteen from Morgan's hand; but while he was drinking, Charlie seized his arms, and then proposed to him to desert with him and his companions; which proposition the man was obliged to accept, from necessity. Arrived at the next sentinel's post, Charlie served him in the same way; and he, too, fell into the snare, and accepted his proposals. The third sentinel shared the same fate; and when Charlie arrived at the American camp, his 'suite' consisted of seven British deserters! On his presenting himself before Lafayette, to whom he was immediately conducted, the General exclaimed,

"Well, my good friend, Charlie Morgan! have you got back?"

"Oh, yes, here I am at last, please your excellency, and I have brought seven more with me."

"Ah, indeed," said Lafayette; "where are they?"

"Here, your excellency," replied Charlie; "if you will just step out to the front of your tent, I'll show them to you."

"The General, accordingly, on leaving the tent, was shown the seven British deserters, who composed Charlie's retinue. General Lafayette offered Charlie money. "No, I thank your excellency," replied he; sturdily declining any pecuniary recompense for his important services; merely requesting to be allowed to resume his position in his company.

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"But, my good fellow," said Lafayette, "would you not like to be raised to the rank of corporal?"

"No, I thank your excellency; I am content to be what I am in the American army — a common soldier."

"Perhaps the rank of sergeant may have some attractions for you, then?" persisted the General.

"No, your excellency," was the reply; "I will not have any promotion. I have abilities and talents as a common soldier, and I have as such a good character: should I be promoted, my abilities may not answer to my rank; and then, you know, I may lose my former character. There is, however," continued Charlie, "one request which I would make, of your excellency; and that is, that my fellow *deserters*, here," pointing to the British soldiers, "may have shoes, stockings, and under garments, and jackets, provided for them, as well as for myself."

This request was straightway granted; and the General gave orders that all the wants of the deserters, as well as Charlie's, should be attended to, and supplied.

Charlie Morgan served a long time in the army; but after this first exploit, married the pretty Jenny Commel, with great rejoicing. That was a merry wedding. I danced at it; and Jenny makes Charlie a good wife.

Here the narrator ceased.

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"Now it's your turn," said the second officer, addressing the third, "to contribute to our entertainment. Will you favour us with some story?"

"Willingly," replied Wethering, the officer thus addressed. "I am sensible that I am about to repeat a thrice-told tale; but there is so much appearance of romantic gallantry in Colonel Barton's exploit, that I trust I shall be pardoned for making still another effort to keep it in view of all who delight to give to patriotic enterprise the applause which is its due. Sometime in July, 1777, Lieutenant-Colonel Barton, having received information that Major-General Prescott, who commanded the British and foreign troops, on Rhode Island, had established his head-quarters at a country house, at some distance from the main body of his army, resolved on the attempt to bring him off as his prisoner. To accomplish his purpose, thirty-eight men were selected from the line; who, being embarked in five boats, set out on the expedition. The task they had to perform was difficult and dangerous. The British posts on the island were many and strong, and reported to be ever on the alert; while a considerable naval armament protected it, on every side, from invasion. The ships and guard-boats being passed in the dead of the night, with muffled oars, and no discovery made, Lieutenant-Colonel Barton landed his party; and having first secured the sentinel, entered the General's apartment,

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and took him from his bed. His aid-de-camp made a desperate attempt to escape, by leaping from a window; but he was pursued, and speedily secured, also. Expedition was not only necessary, but essential for safety. A large body of dragoons lay in the neighborhood; and signal-rockets, discharged in the air from different quarters, showed that a general alarm had already spread. Every comfort was afforded the prisoners, that circumstances would allow; and Lieutenant-Colonel Barton had, at early dawn, the good fortune to land them in safety, after a passage of ten miles, at the spot, within the American lines, from which he had set out.

"I remember, many years since, to have heard a highly-respectable clergyman say, that, in the year 1746, he resided on the post-road between Culloden and Aberdeen; and that, in the evening of the day on which the battle was fought, on which the fate of the empire depended, he had received into his house an English officer, from the South, hastening to join the Duke of Cumberland's army. During the night, the aid-de-camp, carrying the news of victory to London, demanded hospitality also; and fully relating the extent of the triumph over the forces of the Pretender, the Englishman exclaimed, 'Would to Heaven I had that formidable rebel, Gordon of Glenbucket, as my prisoner! I would fasten him up in a cage, and carry him through England, as a show; where

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his terrific name has made such an impression, that there is not a clown throughout the country, who does not believe that he eats one child, at least, for his morning's breakfast! I should speedily make a most ample fortune.' I was present when a particular friend of my own, sometime after Colonel Barton's successful expedition, addressing him with a very serious air, said, 'I wish, my dear Barton, that I had you caged, that I might show you as the hero who made prisoner the renowned and formidable British general, Prescott. I would ask no better income than the cash that would be received from the exhibition.' The Colonel appeared delighted at the thought; and I seriously believe, if a cage had been in preparation, he would have cheerfully stepped into it, for the pleasure of enjoying the wonder and astonishment that would have been displayed, when the gaping spectators discovered that he was *but a man.*"

The third officer, a young man named Wallace, was then called upon for a story, and gave the following: —

"At a convivial meeting, (at which the healths of the captors of Andre had been drunk, and a toast proposed to the memory of Fulmer, Cory and Perkins, who achieved the capture of Joseph Bettys, a notorious traitor and spy,) the venerable Colonel Ball, who presided, made the statement which follows: — 'During the war of the Revolution, I was an officer

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in a New York line, in the regiment commanded by Colonel Wynkoop. Being acquainted with Bettys, who was a citizen of Ballston, and knowing him to be bold, athletic, and intelligent in an uncommon degree, I was desirous of obtaining his services for my country, and succeeded in enlisting him as a sergeant. He was afterwards reduced to the ranks, on account of some insolence to an officer, who he said had abused him without a cause. Knowing his irritable and determined spirit, and unwilling to lose him, I procured him the rank of sergeant, in the fleet commanded by General Arnold, (afterwards a traitor,) on Lake Champlain, in '76. Bettys was in that desperate fight, which took place in the latter part of the campaign, between the British and American fleets on that lake; and being a skilful seaman, was of signal service during the battle. He fought until every commissioned officer on board his vessel was killed or wounded, and then assumed the command himself, and fought with such reckless courage, that General Waterbury, who was second in command under Arnold, perceiving that the vessel was likely to sink, was obliged to order Bettys, and the remainder of his crew, on board his own vessel; and having noticed his extraordinary bravery and conduct, he stationed him on the quarter-deck, by his side, and gave orders through him; until the vessels becoming altogether crippled, the men mostly killed, himself wounded,

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and only three officers left, the colors were struck to the enemy. General Waterbury afterwards told my father, that he never saw a man behave with such deliberate desperation as Bettys. And the shrewdness of his management showed that his conduct was not inferior to his courage. After the action, Bettys went to Canada,— turned traitor to his country,— received an ensign's commission in the British army,— became a spy,—and proved himself a most dangerous and subtle enemy. He was at length arrested, tried, and condemned to be hung at West Point. But the entreaties of his aged parents, and the solicitations of influential whigs, induced General Washington to pardon him, on promise of amendment. But it was in vain. The generosity of the act only added rancor to his hatred; and the whigs of that section of the country, especially of Ballston, had deep occasion to remember the traitor, and to regret the unfortunate lenity they had caused to be shown him. He recruited soldiers for the King, in the very heart of the country. He captured and carried off the most efficient and zealous patrols, and subjected them to the greatest suffering; and those against whom he had particular malice, lost their dwellings by fire, or lives by murder; and all this, while the British commander kept him in employ, as a faithful and most successful messenger, and a cunning and intelligent spy. No fatigue wearied his resolution, no distance

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was an obstacle to his purpose, and no danger appalled his courage. No one felt secure. Sometimes, in the darkness of the night, he came by stealth upon us; and sometimes, in the middle of the noonday, he was prowling about, as if unconscious of danger. He boldly proclaimed himself a desperado — that he carried his life in his hand — that he was as careless of it as he should be of that of others, should they undertake to catch him—that his liberty was guarded by his life; and whoever should undertake to deprive him of it, must expect to mingle their blood with his. And it was well understood, that what Bettys said, Bettys meant; and as well ascertained, that when he came among us, to perpetrate his mischief, he generally brought with him a band of refugees, and concealed them in the neighborhood, to assist him to accomplish his purposes. Still, there were many who resolved on his apprehension, be the danger what it might; and many ineffectual attempts were made for that purpose. But he eluded all their vigilance, till sometime in the winter of '81–'82, when a suspicious stranger was observed in the neighborhood, in snow-shoes, and well armed. Cory and Fulmer, on information from Perkins, immediately armed themselves, and, with the latter, proceeded in pursuit. They traced him, by a circuitous track, to the house of a tory, and then, by a sudden effort, bursting open the door, rushed upon him and seized him, before he had

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an opportunity of effecting any resistance. He was at his meal, with his pistols lying on the table, and his rifle resting on his arm; he made an attempt to discharge the latter; but not having taken the precaution to undo the deerskin cover that was over the lock, did not succeed. He was then pinioned so closely, that to resist was useless, and to escape impossible. And the notorious Bettys, cheated of all his threats, and foiled in his most particular resolution, was obliged to yield himself a tame and quiet prisoner to the daring of Fulmer, Cory and Perkins. He asked leave to smoke; which being granted, he took out his tobacco, and, with something else, when unobserved as he hoped, he threw it into the fire. Cory, however, saw it, and immediately snatched it out with a handful of coals. It was a small leaden box, about an eighth of an inch in thickness, and contained a paper in cipher, which they could not read; but it was afterwards discovered to be a despatch to the British commander at New York, and also an order for thirty pounds sterling, on the Mayor of New York, should the despatch be safely delivered. Bettys begged leave to burn it, but was refused; he offered them a hundred guineas if he might be allowed to do it; but they steadily refused. He then said, 'I am a dead man,' but continued to entreat them to allow him to escape. He made the most liberal offers — a part of which he had present means

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to make good; but they refused to listen to him. He was then taken to Albany, tried, convicted, and executed as a spy and traitor to his country; and the only reward these daring men ever received for their hazardous achievement, was the rifle and pistols of Bettys! The conduct of the captors of Andre was noble; but that of the captors of Bettys was both noble and heroic. Andre was a gentleman, and without the means of defence. Bettys was fully armed, and known to be a desperado. The capture of the former was by accident; that of the latter, by enterprise and design. That of the former, without danger; that of the latter, at the imminent peril of life. Andre was a more important, but, perhaps, not a more dangerous man than Bettys. Both tempted their captors with all-seducing gold, and both were foiled. And Paulding, Williams, and Van Wart, though venerated in the highest degree by me, as having exhibited a trait of character honorable to the reputation of their country, have not, in my estimation, claims to celebrity superior to those of Fulmer, Cory and Perkins.' The President having concluded, the toast was drunk, amidst the most thundering applause."

"Such applause, in fact," continued Wallace, "as I deserve from you," (turning to his companions,) "for my story."

His companions gave him "three rounds," and

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then, after discussing the merits of the respective captors of Andre and Bettys, and also finishing another bottle of champagne, the three officers retired to their quarters.

Capture of André.

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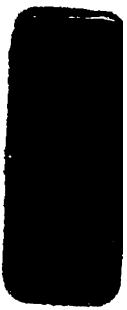

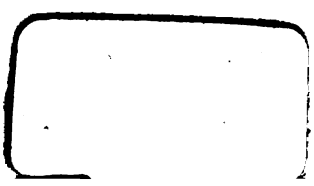

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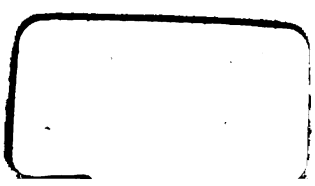

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